THE LITERARY DIGEST

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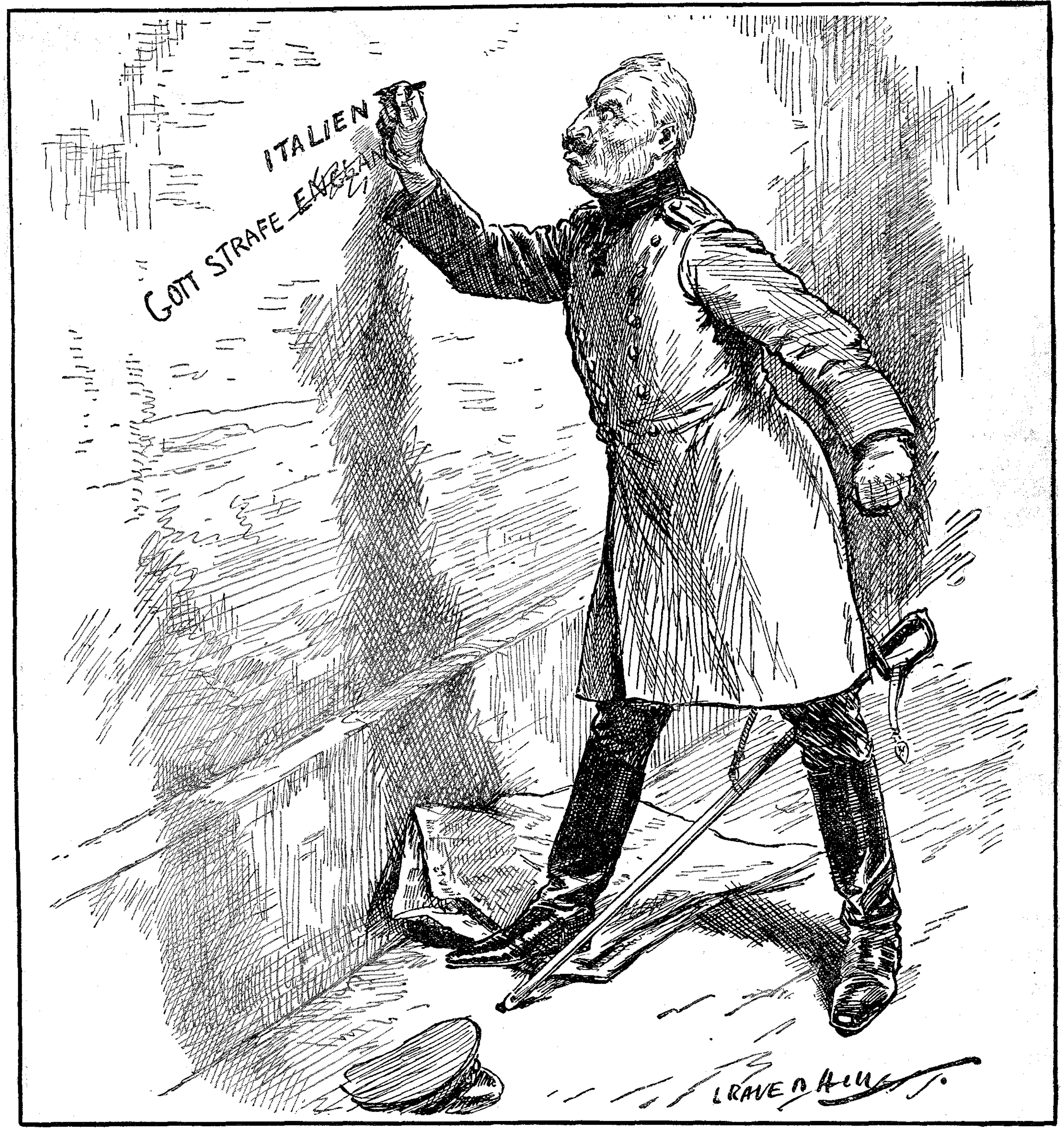

ON WITH THE NEW HATE.

—Leonard Raven-Hill, in *Punch* (London).

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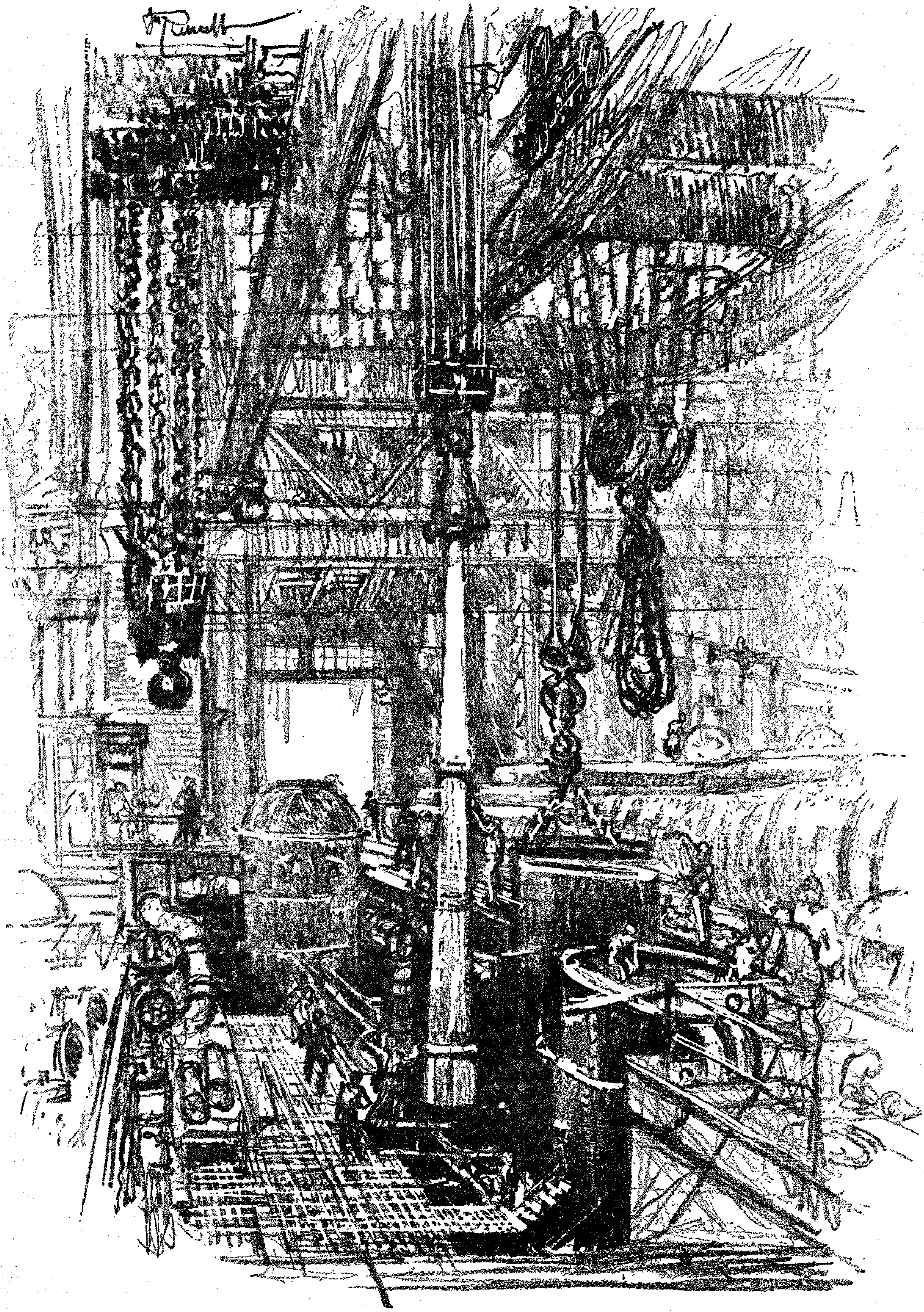

GUN DIP.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THE ITALIAN DISASTER

THE COLLAPSE OF ITALY'S EASTERN FRONT is disheartening to the Allies, says the Indianapolis *News*, "not because it points to their defeat, but because it postpones their victory." In all sections of the country we find our press discussing this staggering and unexpected blow to our hopes in a tone not of pessimism, but of increased seriousness and grim determination. "The Italian disaster will unhappily prolong the war, but it is not going to change the result one jot, if that result can be assured by the United States," declares the Chicago *Tribune*, one of the nation's most influential and representative newspapers. And it adds: "The Stars and Stripes are in the trenches to-day and they are going forward there, not back, forward till the enemy's power is beaten down and he is ready for peace for all time." "The news from Italy should intensify our work of mobilizing and organizing our forces for efficient fighting," says the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, for "all that Germany does we must undo and all our Allies leave undone we must do." The lesson we must take to heart, says the Pittsburg *Chronicle Telegraph*, is that "Germany is making a fight to a finish and America must deliver the knock-out blow." Just as the collapse of Russia threw an additional burden on America, so does this Italian defeat, remarks the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, which adds: "There can, of course, be only one ending to the struggle, but it is going to take every ounce of effort and power we can put forth to compass that end with expedition and thoroughness." "The German victory, then," affirms the Manchester, N. H., *Union*, "is a soul-stirring call to reaffirmation of high purpose to see this thing through at all costs and for any length of time, a call to unyielding refusal to consider the spurious peace offers concocted behind the German lines, and a call to accelerated war-effort in the United States, where the weapons are being forged that are to win liberty's war for existence."

While many papers share the Boston *News Bureau's* opinion that this stroke at Italy "may well be the desperate gambler's last great stake," they do not blink the seriousness of the situation nor shut their eyes to the ominous possibilities if fortune should favor the gambler. Among these possibilities, they note, are: the elimination of Italy from the war; a Teutonic invasion of southern France through northern Italy; and the undermining of the Allied morale through the strengthening of the seditious and antiwar elements in the nations arrayed against Germany. Dark enough, they admit, are such unescapable certainties of the situation as the enhanced prestige of the German Army and the German Government; the political strength added to the junker and Pan-German forces in Germany; the revival of Austria's fainting war-spirit, and the stiffening of Turkey and Bulgaria in their support of Prussianism. On the military side alone, they go on to say, it would be folly to belittle a blow that in eight days cost Italy 180,000 prisoners, 1,500 guns, and positions which Cadorna's troops had fought laboriously for two years to gain. They do not, however, concede the claim of the Bremen *Weser Zeitung*, which declares that "the most pessimistic Germans must now see that Germany is strong enough to win peace by force."

This tremendous Austro-German thrust into Italy, declares the Berlin *Vorwärts*, "was not undertaken in an aggressive spirit with the object of conquest, but solely to bring peace nearer." And in the Brooklyn *Eagle* we read:

> "It is a part of the German peace offensive and is aimed at Italy because of internal conditions there. The same Teutonic influences that have been at work elsewhere have had a measure of success in Italy. The peace intrigue that was defeated in France, that was only partly successful in Russia, and failed miserably in the United States and in England has been more fruitful in Italy.
>
> "We do not know the full story of Italy's struggle, but behind the fall of the Boselli Government was much more than the Italian defeat on the Isonzo. The Pope's peace proposal, which produced negative results elsewhere, was a powerful instrument put into the hands of the pacifists and pro-Germans in Italy. Terrible economic conditions have added to the strength of this element, which has made the most of every disturbance, and particularly the bread riots in Turin during the summer.
>
> "All these factors have played their part in weakening the Government and in strengthening the hands of certain unscrupulous politicians who have been ready to betray Italy to the Germans ever since they were defeated in their efforts to keep Italy out of the war. The real danger to Italy and to the Entente springs from this condition, rather than from any military damage the Austro-German forces are capable of inflicting. If the peace offensive at home can be overcome and Italy can quench the treacherous back-fire that is burning behind her lines, the military defense of the country may be left to General Cadorna. Properly supported by his Allies and a loyal Government, the Italian commander will save Italy."

Admitting that "here is a Teuton victory which can not be minimized," the Boston *Transcript* says:

> "In a single day, as it were, the Italians' efforts of two years have been swept away, their armies on the Julian front have been captured or broken to pieces, their whole line southward to the Adriatic has been shaken and put in danger of early destruction, and the Venetian plain, at least as far as the Tagliamento River, which seems indeed providentially drawn across the province of Udine as a possible defense for Venice, given over to the enemy. Nor do the possibilities of this victory of the Teutons end with the tactical advantage which they have gained. By it the drooping loyalty of the Austrians and Hungarians to the tyrannical rule of Berlin will be revived, and the growing rebelliousness of the Slavic peoples of Austria-Hungary will be subdued. The courage of the German people will be renewed, and all present hope of separating them from their Kaiser paralyzed. For the time being, and unless the fine resolution and the inherited magic of command of King Victor Emmanuel can succeed in rallying his troops and his people, the Italians are put in the miserable position of the Russians. To the German people the Berlin Government will be able to represent the British and French successes before Ypres and Laon as of no comparative consequence. The victory opens the way for not merely a campaign of Belgian ravage in Venetia, but for a German campaign of disintegrating intrigue and bribery in all the Allied countries.
>
> "It is proper to note all these elements of encouragement to the German side in the victory on the Italian front. But it would be base to yield in any degree whatsoever to the menace of them. Did France yield when her beaten armies poured in upon Paris after their defeat at Mons and Charleroi? Did not French and British resolution, bravery, and resource then rally for a noble effort, which hurled back the Germans to the Aisne? Was not that German success the very thing that united France and Britain? Did the German rush into France have any other effect in this country than to intensify American sympathy with France and prepare the way for our eventual entrance into the war on her side? Not otherwise can be the effect of the dreadful Italian reverse on the Allied, and particularly the American, support of Italy. . . . . . .
>
> "It is a time to double every effort. It is an emergency that must be met. Tactically, we may hope that in some measure the disaster may be redeemed. The line of the Tagliamento may be held through the restorative effort of the brave young King's genius. There is a limit to the expenditure of German man-power possible on this line, with Haig and Pétain pressing to fresh victories in the West. A new chapter of success may open for the Allies in France and Belgium and even in

ITALY
INTERNAL DISSENSION

CADORNA,
Who lost in a week the fruits of two years' fighting.

UNDER THE TEST.
—Pease in the Newark *News*.

MACKENSEN,
Who now strikes at Italy as he struck at Servia, Roumania, and Russia.

LEADERS IN THE GREAT BATTLE THAT MAY PROVE THE CRISIS OF THE WAR.

Macedonia. It is time to fight, to organize, to push, to pay. The eventual victory must and will be won."

As an almost immediate sequel to Mackensen's terrific drive against Italy comes Russia's virtual withdrawal from the war. This was revealed in Premier Kerensky's statement, through the Associated Press, on November 2, that Russia, worn out by the strain, "claims as her right that the other Allies now should shoulder the burden of the war." Commenting on this, a Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Sun* says:

> "No doubt exists in Allied quarters that the first great Entente Power to enter the war is quitting. Whether she will make a separate peace or merely remain inactive until spring, information available here does not make clear.
>
> "Russia's decision to cease active participation in the war is believed to have been reached some time ago. There have been closely veiled intimations in some Allied quarters for several days that Russia had decided to quit and that Germany knew it before the Kaiser swung his legions from the Russian front to northern Italy to support the Austrians in the great drive against Cadorna."

In Italy, on the other hand, public opinion seems to be solidified instead of demoralized by the invasion—a unity symbolized by the new Coalition Cabinet under Premier Orlando. The Italian comment that reaches us, moreover, reflects nothing but confidence and determination; and an Associated Press dispatch from the Italian front drops this remarkable hint of actual benefits accruing to the Allied cause:

> "While the horrors of the recent experience stand out boldly to those who went through it, yet this is offset by the magnitude of the beneficial military and strategic results accomplished.
>
> "Exactly what these are can not even be hinted at for the present, but the main fact is that another wall—another line of steel—will face the enemy and all Europe and America are now doing their part to second Italy's tremendous task."

"It is easy to come down to the plains!—it is not so easy to get back again," remarks Capt. Lamberto Vannutelli, of the Italian Embassy at Washington. And General Corsi, the famous military critic of the Rome *Tribuna*, reminds us that the lines of communication through the Alps will soon be covered deep with snow, while the Allies will have the plains of Italy at their back.

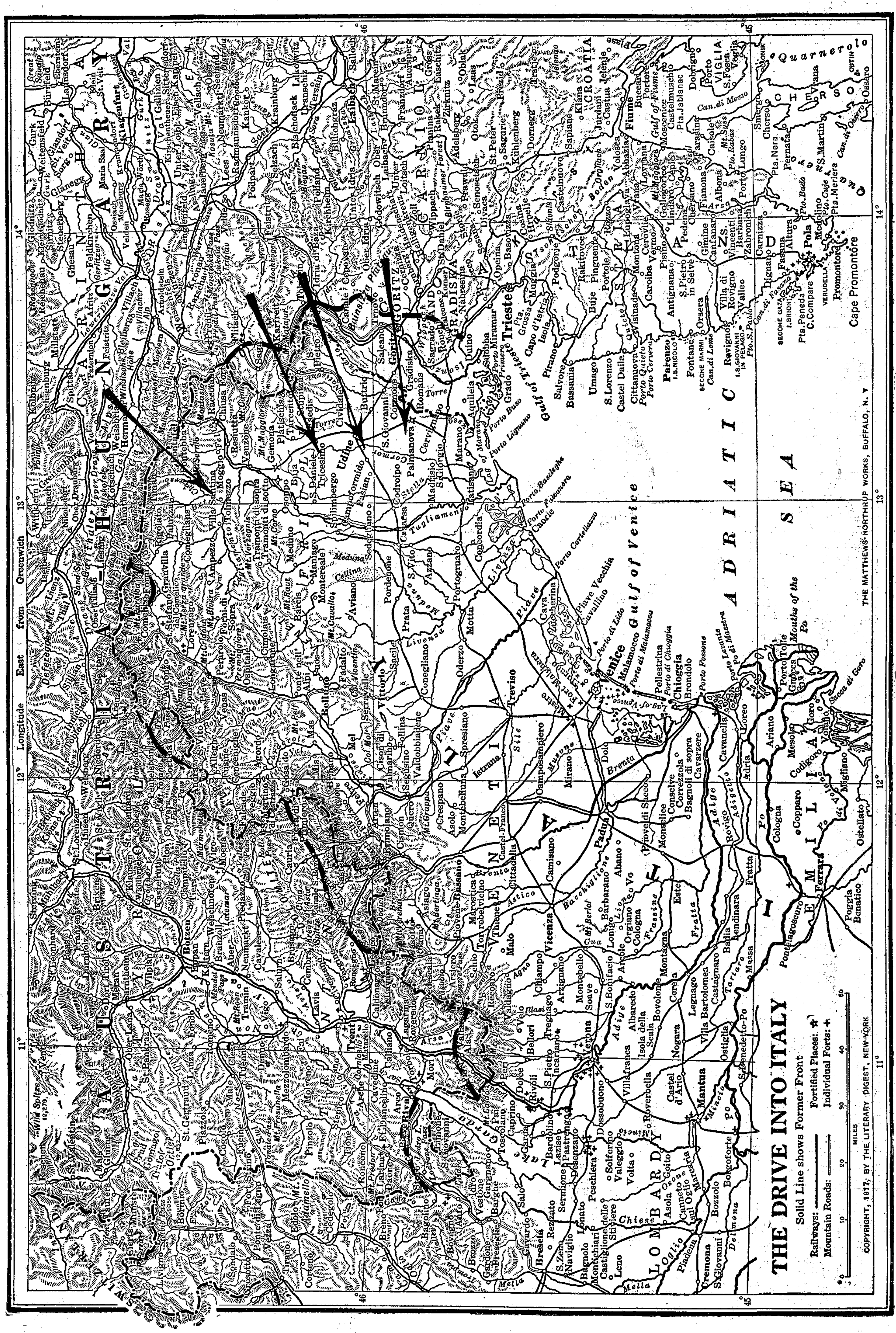
All sections of Italy have been welded together and political antagonism suppressed, reports the Milan correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Dispatches from Rome claim that even in retreat the Italian forces have "inflicted terrible losses on the enemy and captured thousands of prisoners," the number of Germans killed in the great battle on the Bainsizza Plateau alone being placed at 30,000. The French and British troops rushed to the support of Italy report that they found the Italian armies "stronger materially and morally than had been expected in view of their reverses in the mountain sector," and in the semi-official *Giornale d'Italia* (Rome) we read:

> "The Entente immediately understood that at Friuli will be decided not only the Italian war but the European War. Before the imposing concentration of German, Austrian, and even Bulgarian and Turkish forces, there have been hurried to our battle-fields Franco-English soldiers to defend by the side of our Army the future of world democracy."

Turning again to the statement of General Corsi as cabled to the New York *World*, we read:

> "The enemy in launching his offensive must have decided on three objectives, one of tactics, one of strategy, and one of politics, deriving his success from the strategical objective. He took advantage of the Tolmino door to break through our lines on the middle lower Isonzo, and with a maximum expenditure of effort succeeded in this plan. He hoped to achieve also a political objective in the dissolution of the Italian Army and the weakening of the national resistance. This strategical political offensive induced the enemy to employ all the strength he could assemble, otherwise the enormous Austro-German-Turkish-Bulgarian effort could not be explained.
>
> "The enemy, however, has not achieved the result he expected, since the withdrawal of the Italian Army was successful. . . . . .
>
> "With the entrance into action of the Italian cavalry, the command announces successful maneuvers carried out by the horse, which, for the first time, appears to be playing an important rôle in the war since the battle of Charleroi.
>
> "Prompt, resolute decision has been shown by the nation, afflicted with sorrow, but firm and determined to fight until final victory shall have been obtained.
>
> "The Austro-German offensive has entered upon a new phase, in which the fighting is being conducted in the open, and in this phase the measure of the enemy will be taken by the Entente Powers, and a decisive battle on the plains is probable. . . . . . .
>
> "Whatever the number of Italians taken prisoner, the strength of the army of General Cadorna has not been weakened. It must not be forgotten, in fact, that Italy has under the colors more than 3,000,000 men. As for guns that the Austro-Germans claim to have captured, they only represent the production of a few weeks of the munitions-factories of our Allies."

Gen. Pasquale Tozzi, head of the Italian military mission to



AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
CARINTHIA
TYROL
CARNIOLA
ISTRIA
CROATIA
GORITZ-GRADISKA
FRIULI
VENETIA
LOMBARDY
EMILIA
ADRIATIC SEA
Gulf of Venice
Gulf of Trieste
Quarnero
Venice
Trieste
Udine
Gorizia
Pola
Fiume
Padua
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THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.
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THE DRIVE INTO ITALY

Solid Line shows Former Front

Railways: ——— Fortified Places: ✡

Mountain Roads: - - - - Individual Forts: +

the United States, is convinced, according to the Washington correspondents, that the invaders will be stopt at the Tagliamento line, altho Berlin claims to have captured already several important bridge-heads on that river. "The supreme command is looking forward, not backward," says a dispatch from Italian headquarters, which adds: "War is a game, and if the enemy gives a hard blow, you must give a harder counter-blow." "Both country and army have the firm and unanimous will to fight and win with sure faith in victory," declares Count di Cellere, Italian Ambassador at Washington. Premier Orlando, in a telegram assuring General Cadorna that this terrific Teutonic blow "has not curbed our spirit nor broken up the inner strength of the country," speaks of the "victory which can not fail us." And Premier Lloyd George affirms his confidence that "Italy and her Allies will not only stem the tide of the enemy advance, but in due course will roll it back forever."

"The Germans beckon us to the Italian front, and with a very hearty good-will we shall oblige them," remarks the military correspondent of the London *Times*, while from the Associated Press correspondent at Cadorna's headquarters comes the statement that "another wall will face the enemy," and that "all Europe and America are now doing their part." These words are interpreted by the New York *Times* to mean that the Allies will now seek a military decision on the Italian instead of the French and Belgian front:

> "It seems certain that the Allies at their Paris conference have decided on nothing less than the transference of the winter's warfare from Flanders and the Aisne to Italy. They will hold their lines in the north, of course, and continue to pound the enemy there; but Germany has offered them the opportunity to face a German army in the open, before it can dig in, and without doubt great French and British armies will be sent to Italy with the idea of striking the smashing blow there. And it is to be borne in mind that if a German army is smashed in Italy, the smashing can be followed up as it can not be on the Aisne or at Verdun. If the Germans can be driven back in Italy they can be followed; they can be followed to enemy territory. The German drive at Italy was a calamity, but it has in it the possibility of a blessing. If that German army can be defeated, it can be routed, it can be driven home; whereas, a German defeat in Flanders or France offers no such possibility.
>
> "Thus it seems probable that the whole aspect of the war may have been changed in the twinkling of an eye; that the Allies have the intention of making Italy the great battle-ground for the defeat of Germany; and it certainly seems that their opportunities on such a battle-ground are very much greater than they could become for a long time in the northern field.
>
> "There is every reason to expect that, with unified Italy at his back, Cadorna will perform his task of holding the Germans either at his present line or at some other until Italy's Allies can have their men and supplies on the spot in sufficient force to turn northern Italy into the place where the issue of the war can be fought."

The Springfield *Republican* also recognizes the possibility that "the military center of gravity may abruptly shift to the plains of northern Italy, where history has so often been decided, and where winter need bring no slackening whatever in the intensity of the struggle."

The great lesson of the Italian disaster for the Allies, according to Mr. Frank H. Simonds, military expert of the New York *Tribune*, is the need to pool military resources, centralize control, and frame a concerted program. All Germany's victories during this war, he reminds us, have been due to the ability of the High Command to concentrate its forces and stake all on a single blow, while "so far the Allies have been unable to attain a similar unity of purpose." Recalling Napoleon's insistence on unity of command and concentration of effort, Mr. Simonds says:

> "Through all the period of his great wars Napoleon fought coalitions and alliances. His victories in the early period of the Empire were won with inferior numbers under conditions which should have produced victory for his opponents. Austerlitz was possible because of division in the counsel of Russian and Austrian leaders. It was not until 1813 that his opponents learned to act together with any measure of coherence, and as late as the Marne campaign of 1814 division of forces gave Napoleon his last victories and almost enabled him to triumph over vast numbers when his armies had been reduced to a handful.
>
> "We have always known that the Germans were close students of the Napoleonic warfare, and from the very outset of this war their operations have been conducted on the Napoleonic scale and with the Napoleonic principles in mind. Whether German armies have been acting alone or have been joined with Austrian, Bulgarian, or Turkish armies, the German General Staff has been the master, as was Napoleon in the days when he drew armies not alone from smaller subject states, but even from Prussia, to serve with his own Grand Army. The result has been in the case of Germany, as in the case of Napoleon, that the whole striking forces have been concentrated on a single point, sometimes with fatal consequences to the enemy, never without carrying immediate and deadly peril not alone to the armies, but to the whole existence of a hostile nation.
>
> "Going backward to the beginning of the war, one sees that the Germans struck at France with all their forces, after superior preparation, possessing troops better equipped, provided with better artillery, and, like their commanders, animated with the determination to destroy at a single thrust.
>
> "French strategy availed to parry the blow at the Marne and pinned down the German attack at the Yser, but German High Command was thereafter able to forge a new thunderbolt against Russia, which eventually destroyed Russian military power and for all practical purposes put Russia out of the war. The blow at Servia accomplished the same thing on a smaller scale. The blow directed at France at Verdun was for exactly the same purpose, altho it failed. The blow that has now fallen upon Italy has the same character, the same purpose, and has had great initial success.
>
> "Now, when one sets against this policy the Allied policy of three years of conflict one sees clearly why superior ultimate resources and devotion not less great have failed so far to win a decisive victory. While the conflict was between France and Germany in the Marne campaign there was unity of command on the Allied side, and this unity of command enabled France to save Europe. But after the Marne and the Yser there begins a long period in which we have side-shows—the wasting of scanty British numbers at Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia, the transfer of French and British troops to Saloniki, the collapse of Russia in 1915, due in the first instance to the inability of the Allies in the West to occupy German troops on their front, and we are now seeing the defeat of Italy because of the failure of Russia."

In the long run the coalition against Napoleon triumphed, in spite of all handicaps, just as the coalition against Germany must triumph. Mr. Simonds, however, seems to still expect the decision on the French and Belgian front:

> "Even were Italy to be crusht, Germany could not win the war against Britain, France, and the United States, unless these three nations should consent to give up a struggle which they could not lose if it were pursued. Russia and Italy, even if Italy were permanently removed from the war now, have lasted long enough to destroy Austria's value as an ally to Germany, and Germany must stand or fall alone in a battle with three nations, two of which in wealth and in population vastly exceed the Kaiser's empire.
>
> "Napoleon failed at the task which the Kaiser has undertaken. Louis XIV. failed, with better initial advantages, against a Europe more completely disorganized. Nothing is more eloquently illustrative of the situation than the fact that every German success is immediately used in Berlin and elsewhere by every German agent as the basis of the flotation of peace propaganda.
>
> "On the other hand, it is plain that German defeat will be tremendously delayed if the French, the British, and the American High Commands, together with the Italian, if Italy is to remain a belligerent, as one should now believe, do not imitate the German method and measurably, at least, seek to achieve unity of command in all directions and concentration of resources on a single front. If Italy can now be saved and the enemy pinned down at the Tagliamento, Italian man-power should thereafter be joined to French, British, and American on the Belgian and French fronts, and the campaign of 1918 should see the concentration of every man and every gun available in a final effort to break the military power of Germany, as Germany has sought to break the military power of each one of her foes separately."

“OVER THE TOP” WITH MEN AND MONEY

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON of the last day for Liberty Loan subscriptions. In all our cities hoarse and weary workers for the Loan, tired bank-clerks giving up their Saturday half-holiday for the cause, citizens crowding to buy bonds at the last minute, other citizens till then deaf to the call to buy, all were suddenly thrilled by the appearance of newspaper extras telling that American soldiers had gone into the first-line trenches and had opened fire on the Kaiser's minions. All that evening till the stroke of midnight, such a flood of eleventh-hour money poured in as to swamp many a banking force and to sweep away all doubts of the subscription of more than the five-billion-dollar maximum. The next morning the nation knew that its dollars, as well as its soldiers, had gone “over the top,” and that the Hohenzollern sneer at our Army and our “dollar-mad” people was being answered. “Over the top” was perhaps the commonest phrase in exulting newspaper editorials. We had subscribed more money for a single loan than had the people in any other belligerent nation. A not too thrifty people, unaccustomed to bond-buying, had subscribed more than six billion dollars in two loans, before any real fighting had occurred to stir their souls. Moreover, the second Liberty Loan of 1917 had been taken, according to newspaper estimates, by nearly ten million persons, and here again the European records had been broken. Yet there were not wanting reminders that this is but a beginning, and that modesty still becomes us. Even if nine million subscribed to the loan, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* points out that this number is “less than one-third of the wage-earners of the country, so it can be seen that we have only begun to tap our resources.” Man for man, the New York *Times* asserts, other peoples have far outdone us. “Not until one in each four of us is a bondholder, not until our taxes are $60 apiece, can we add our boast of what we have done for democracy as individuals to our fair record as a nation. The true touchstone of our stability lies ahead.” And a Pittsburg daily gives a concrete meaning to these last words by quoting the warning of the Secretary of the Treasury that we shall be expected to take some thirteen or fourteen billion dollars' worth of bonds before another summer.

THE COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE LOAN DRIVE.

The magnitude, importance, and novelty of our war financing give Secretary McAdoo a place beside that of Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Treasury head. He made a speaking tour of cities and army camps for the loan, telling one body of soldiers like those in the picture: “With the money we are borrowing we are going to give you men the best guns and the best equipment in the world, and we hope to put on every gun a bayonet that will be long enough to reach to Berlin.”

Now that the vigorously pushed campaign has ended successfully, the New York *Evening Post* cheerfully notes how it went very much as we all expected it to, in the good old American way:

“The breakaway amid cheers, the prolonged jockeying around the track, and the heart-in-the-mouth rush for the tape are characteristic of the national temper. Why, knowing that it is always so with us, there nevertheless should be an interval of low spirits and doubt is a psychological problem that is interesting without being important. Before the opening of the Loan one might have drawn up a complete time-schedule for the four weeks: so many days we shall be buoyant; on this date we shall begin to have our doubts; on this date we shall begin to be seriously alarmed; on this date we shall resort to frantic efforts; on this date we shall know that the Loan is safe, and now let us roll up a huge oversubscription! The two outstanding features of all our popular movements are general apathy and the rousing finish. What else is to be expected from a people which rises at the last possible moment and sprints for its trains, hangs back with its Christmas shopping, and storms the registration-booths after sunset of the last day?”

With something over $4,000,000,000 actually realized by the second Liberty Loan, the United States has now, the Springfield *Republican* notes, raised at least $6,000,000,000. The popular acceptance of these loans, it says, “is a message of renewed encouragement to the Allied Governments at the beginning of the fourth and severest winter of the war.” And a more intimate connection is seen between these loans and the vigor of our Allies' military efforts:

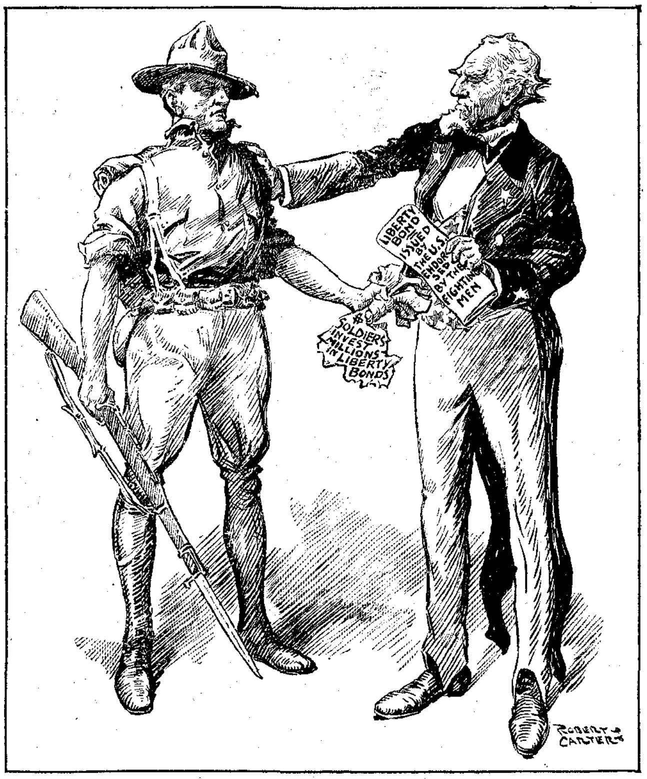
“The credits our Government has extended to them, now amounting to nearly $3,000,000,000, have been used wholly in meeting bills payable for supplies bought in this country. Obviously, had the credits not been extended, England, France, Italy, and Russia would have been obliged to stop buying here on the old scale, for their ability to meet debts abroad in gold or securities was nearly exhausted last spring, and the result must inevitably have been smaller supplies of war-munitions and foodstuffs. Let no one depreciate the value of American financial aid to the Allies. It is not too much to say that in the absence of such aid there would have been no such exhibition of offensive power on the Western front as the French Army has given the past week.”

Then there is encouragement for ourselves, this editor points out—

“With at least $6,000,000,000 already raised by bond issues, it is also evident that the country has not been brought anywhere near to the point of financial exhaustion. While the ordinary sources of new capital for the investment markets have been swept pretty clean—as shown by the absence of new capital flotation by corporations—the money loaned by the Government has thus far been largely drawn from the recent or current earnings of the people, such as the surplus profits of corporations, incomes from securities, and the wages and salaries of individuals, while the cutting out of luxuries has yielded funds also. We shall learn soon how far bank-credits have been extended in floating this second war-loan;

doubtless some credit inflation must result from the flotation process.

"On the other hand, the steady pressure upon the people to take bonds in small denominations has been bringing out of hoarding-places a large amount of currency and metallic money put away for a rainy day by persons of small means. The French peasants of fifty years ago who paid the German war-indemnity by emptying the old stockings hidden in the fireplace have their counterpart in this country, altho it is difficult to reach them. Offerings by this class would be facilitated, perhaps, if they could be afforded safe places for keeping their bonds without expense to themselves. But the greatest source of wealth remaining untapped in the country is the agricultural West. The farmers of that region, so much favored by high prices, have still to subscribe to the Government's securities in proportion to their real capacity to absorb them; and it would seem that more intensive and persistent methods of solicitation among the wheat- and corn-growers of the West, such as were used in the Civil War, would have to be adopted in the future."


LIBERTY BOND ISSUED BY THE U.S. ENDORSED BY THE FIGHTING MEN
$ SOLDIERS INVEST MILLIONS IN LIBERTY BONDS
ROBERT CARTER

THE FIGHTING PATRIOT!

—Carter in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Soldiers in camp bought over $75,000,000 worth of Liberty bonds.

In another editorial *The Republican* contends that the 10,000,000 Liberty Loan subscribers compare well with the 16,000,000 voters for Wilson and Hughes and equal the 10,000,000 men of draft age called to register, and they "undoubtedly constitute the backbone of the Republic." It matters little, the Massachusetts editor thinks, that there are disaffected spots, for "the America that counts and will dominate is the America of the 10,000,000 who took Liberty bonds."

Many of these subscribers, the New York *World* remarks in calling attention to a different cause for rejoicing, had been savings-bank depositors, "but it is equally certain that some millions of the whole number taking bonds from $50 to $500 have never had a bank-deposit and have never invested on their own account." "There has thus been recruited by the two Liberty Loans an army of savers, a number of people newly given to thrift and husbandry and personal interest in the stability of the nation and its Government," and they, *The World* concludes, "are the assurance not of exhaustion for the next war-loan, but of equal or greater success."

This forward look also characterized the utterances of Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury, in the effective speech-making campaign which he undertook in addition to his gigantic administrative task. In one address he called attention to the magnitude of the Government's financial operations in this war, and declared that their success depended entirely on "the united support of all the people of the United States." As he continued:

"The question naturally presents itself as to how these great operations of the Government are to be financed. They can be financed only through the united support of all the people of the United States. The kind of support I mean is that every individual, every partnership, every corporation, shall invest not only their available means from time to time in Government bonds, but that they shall make sacrifices of comfort and convenience; that they shall economize; that they shall avoid waste; that they shall save in every possible direction in order that they may increase their available resources for the purpose of assisting the Government in these prodigious operations upon which the national security absolutely depends. We must encourage thrift and industry throughout the land, and we must make everybody understand that the first duty of the hour in this critical time is to place all their available resources at the disposal of the Government.

"Fortunately the resources of America were never so ample for ourselves and so formidable for our enemies as now. The combined resources of the National and State Banks (including trust companies) of the United States are now $37,000,000,000. At the outbreak of the Civil War the combined resources of the banks were estimated to be $1,500,000,000, and yet with these limited banking resources the Union Government raised $3,000,000,000 by bond sales, or twice the amount of the banking resources of the country. Upon the same basis we should now be able to raise $74,000,000,000 through Government loans. I *am not suggesting that this may be done;* I am only drawing a comparison. . . . . .

"In the matter of savings, which are of such prime importance, the Treasury purposes to issue in the near future and to sell to the people war-savings certificates in as small denominations as $5, maturing in five years, and upon such a reasonable plan that the humblest person in the land may be encouraged to save all that he can and to invest in an absolutely safe security bearing interest, while at the same time doing his part to sustain the Government and help win the war. It will not be possible to offer the war-savings certificates during this Liberty Loan campaign, but as quickly as possible these certificates will be made available for the people of the country through the post-offices, internal-revenue offices, customs offices, the banks, and other agencies that may be designated by the Government.

"The value of this campaign for war-savings certificates is not alone in the amount of money that may be saved, but in teaching the people of the United States on a nation-wide scale, and through an intelligent presentation of the facts, the value of thrift and saving. Its beneficial effects ought to survive the war and have a permanent effect upon the future economy of the country.

"Whatever differences of view there may be about the annual savings of the American people, it is undoubtedly true that they are so large that, with the other resources of the country upon which we may draw, there can be no doubt whatever of the ability of the people of the United States to finance every demand which the Government may make upon them for the purposes of this war. If the ordinary savings which have been made heretofore voluntarily are now augmented by the savings which can be effected under the pressure of patriotism and necessity, by prevention of waste, the practise of genuine economy, and the cutting off of luxuries during the period of this war, what may not the American people be able to do?"

The need for such saving was set forth by the Secretary in his speech to the bankers' convention at Atlantic City, which the Pittsburg *Dispatch* quotes in connection with the success of the second Loan. Mr. McAdoo said:

"Roughly speaking, and after allowing for the revenue to be raised by taxation for the fiscal year ending June 31, 1918, we shall have to raise by additional bond issues between thirteen and fourteen billions of dollars. To raise thirteen or fourteen billions of dollars on or before June 30, 1918, by the sale of bonds in recurring instalments seems to some people an impossible task. It is a stupendous undertaking, but it is not impossible for America. It is not easy, but it can be done. Our resources are adequate; our will is perfect; our spirit is indomitable, and our success is certain."

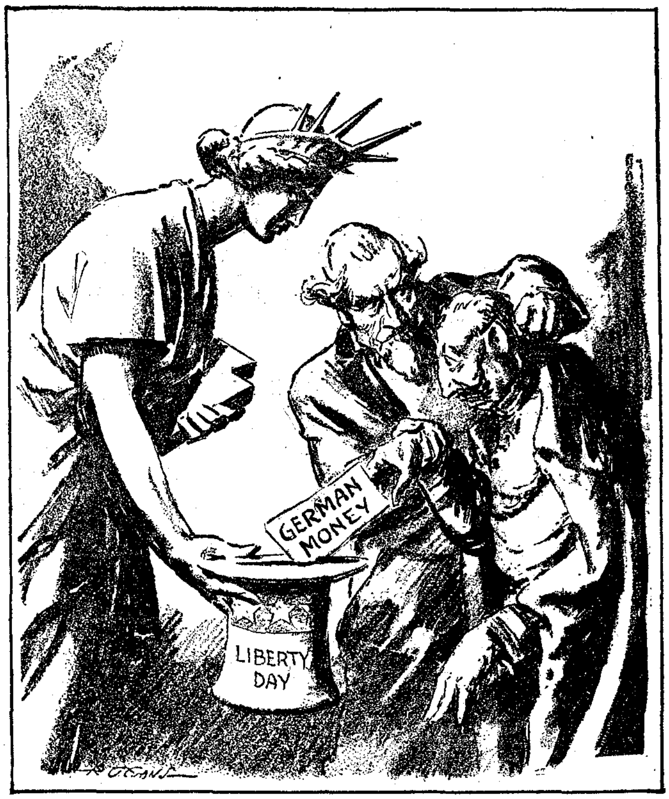
GERMANY'S TWENTY-FIRST ENEMY

BRAZIL IS THE TWENTY-FIRST COUNTRY at war with Germany, and while some observers predict that other South-American nations will quickly follow her lead, the more common question, as the St. Louis *Star* and other dailies say, is whether the German people will not begin to wonder if Germany "must not be at fault herself to arouse this almost universal opposition of the rest of the world." Some point out that Brazil has been driven into the world-conflict much as we were; and the Boston *Christian Science Monitor* holds that "only a nation running amuck would so persistently court and compel the hostility of countries disposed to avoid complications likely to involve them in the conflict." Alluding to Germany's goading methods with Brazil, other American republics, and some of the smaller European nations, *The Monitor* concludes that "it would seem as if she would not be content, if given the time, until she has arrayed against herself every self-respecting people in the world." The Brazilian President's proclamation of a state of war with Germany, we learn from Rio de Janeiro dispatches, followed an almost unanimous favoring vote that was received with general acclamation. The vote in the Chamber of Deputies was 149 to 1, while in the Senate there was not one dissenting ballot.

In noting that the greatest of the South-American republics takes her place in the war against autocracy, the Albany *Times-Union* recalls that:

> "Brazil was on the eve of war in April and at that time broke off diplomatic relations with Germany. This grew out of the torpedoing of the Brazilian ship *Parana* by a German *U*-boat. The German Minister received his passports, and anti-German riots broke out in several cities. A large number of German vessels in Brazilian ports were seized. But matters quieted down considerably and the great German influence was able to stem the tide and prevent an actual declaration of war. But, as usual, German diplomacy came to the front and helped its enemies instead of its friends. Blundering German intrigues to bring about a conflict between Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay were disclosed. This caused renewed irritation, and the torpedoing of the Brazilian steamship *Macau* caused the climax."

The German population of Brazil is larger than that of any non-German country in the world except the United States, *The Times-Union* reminds us, and forms a much larger percentage of the whole than it does here. What the press call "highly censored" dispatches from Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires indicate serious trouble with the large German colonies in southern Brazil and speak of the mobilization of the Army against the chance of an uprising. That Germany has definite plans for Brazil has become known through telegrams given to the press by Secretary Lansing, in which Count Luxburg, of *spurlos versenkt* ill-fame, said to the German Foreign Office: "I am convinced that we shall be able to carry through our principal political aims in South America, the maintenance of open market in Argentina, and the reorganization of south Brazil."



MAKING *HIS* DOLLARS FIGHT.

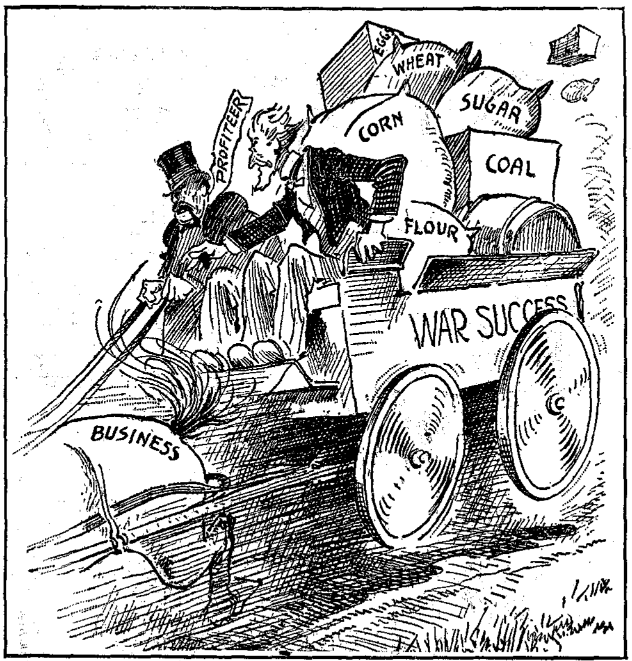
—Evans in the Baltimore *American*.

GERMAN CASH FOR OUR WAR-CHEST

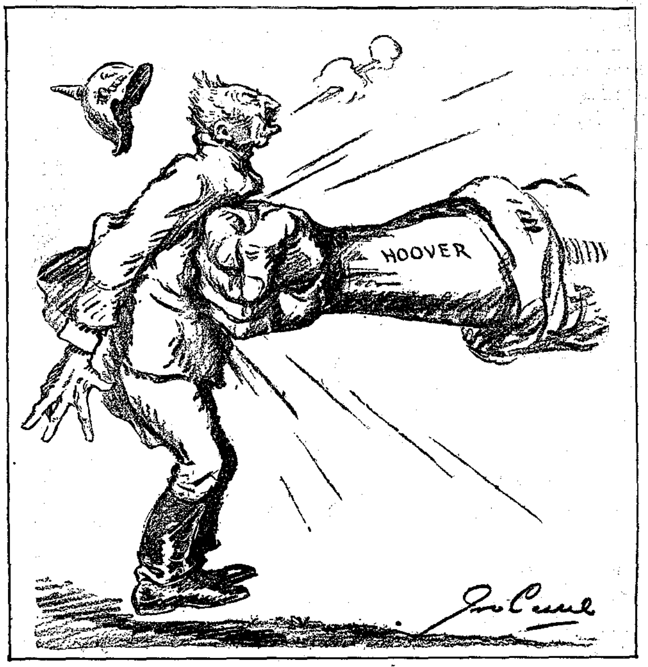
COTTON, COPPER, CHEMICALS, currency, credits, and real estate, property of all kinds belonging to the Central Powers, their agents, representatives, and subjects, now being taken over by our Government will, in the opinion of interested editors, be no negligible factor in the defeat of Germany. Not all this property will need to be seized by force; indeed the very first payment to the Custodian of Enemy Property under the Trading with the Enemy Law was a draft for $100,000, which was voluntarily handed in and was promptly invested in Liberty bonds. President Wilson has named as Custodian Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer, a former Congressman from Pennsylvania. One of his duties, it has been observed, may be that of real-estate agent for Germany, for since the German Government owns its embassy in Washington, Mr. Palmer is now in a position to take this valuable piece of enemy property, rent it, and turn over the rental to the Treasury Department for safe keeping. Government officials are said to be hesitant about estimating the immense total value of enemy-owned property and securities here, but newspapers have put it at from $800,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. Subjects of Germany and her allies who have been worrying lest the operation of the new law would deprive them of their investments and bank deposits here have been relieved by Mr. Palmer's explicit statement that they are not included in the term "enemy or ally of enemy" as used in the law. On the other hand, all residents in Germany, of whatever nationality, and all corporations of German creation, wherever situated, are affected by the law. Dividends on American securities owned in Germany, the New York *Tribune* explains, will henceforth be paid over to Mr. Palmer, and in some cases actual control of corporations will pass temporarily to him. Similarly, "payments of insurance premiums, patent royalties, debts for merchandise bought before the war must be turned over to the Custodian, while all property in the United States actually owned by enemies within the definition of the law may be seized by him." Any who fear that the necessities of war have forced our Government to regard the eighth Commandment too lightly are reminded by the Louisville *Post* that "there is nowhere the slightest idea of stealing this money."

> "It will be kept under close supervision, and, when the war is over, there will be an accounting. Eventually, the German merchants will get their money, but before they do so steps will be taken to require the German Government to compensate the families of those American citizens who lost their lives on the *Lusitania*, the *Sussex*, and other vessels. Losses in war will, of course, not be considered."

Much of the German-owned property in the United States was acquired in the natural processes of trade between the two countries before the war. But an enormous amount of such commodities as cotton, metals, chemicals, oil, leather, etc., were bought up by the German Government through its open or disguised agents between 1914 and 1917. As the Boston



UNCLE SAM—"Give me those reins before you break something!"
—Tuthill in the St. Louis *Star*.



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IN THE BREAD-BASKET!
—Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.

DRIVES ON THE FOOD-FRONT.

Christian Science Monitor retells the story, the purpose was to get them through the British blockade on American or other neutral ships, either direct to German ports or by way of Holland and Scandinavia. Much was actually shipped to Germany, but, we are reminded, "the latest revelations make it clear that the great bulk of the materials have remained stored in American ports." And Germany "apparently entertained the hope that she would be able to obtain an early peace on her own terms, in which event she would have within reach sufficient raw material to start her factories going in advance and to the disadvantage of Great Britain and France, and resume her foreign-trade relations where they were broken off in August, 1914." A subsidiary purpose, it is believed, "was to tie up material which the Allies otherwise would have obtained." The Boston editor proceeds:

> "These goods might have remained safe in storage for German use after the war if the United States had not been forced to enter the conflict. An inventory of articles, it is asserted with seeming authority, would show that they comprise more than 1,000,000 bales of cotton, a great stock of steel products, chemicals, oils, leather, raw hides, and miscellaneous commodities. A Government official, on being questioned with regard to the value of the confiscated stores, is quoted as saying: 'Any estimate would sound ridiculous unless backed by an itemized statement of the holdings. It would run into figures which the ordinary mind would consider absurd.' . . . . . .
>
> "The Trading with the Enemy Act makes the seizure of all this merchandise not only lawful, but obligatory. Moreover, the act requires all brokers and agents who have purchased and warehoused goods on German account to reveal the places of storage. Neglect to do this would constitute a crime. They were guilty of no criminal act in the first instance, but they will be guilty if they shall attempt to cover up their transactions in behalf of an enemy nation. . . . . . .
>
> "It is, perhaps, more difficult to estimate the moral than the intrinsic worth of these seizures. But regarded in either aspect they assume importance."

The moral effect upon Germany is seen by the Chicago *Herald* in two aspects.

> "It will knock out at least one of the props on which the general German scheme rests. It will convince her that her prospects immediately after the war are worse than she even imagined. It will likewise convince her that if there is any fool in this business it is not the Government of the United States."

GERMANY'S ARSON OFFENSIVE

A VICTORY MUST BE CONCEDED to Germany in the destruction of foodstuffs and other war-material by incendiary fire in various parts of the country, admit some editorial observers, who deplore the lack of vigilance that has permitted German spies to wage their arson offensive so successfully. And they are indignant that this should happen at the moment when, under the leadership of the President, our united nation is mobilized to conserve food. While millions of men and women throughout the country are signing food-pledges, remarks the New York *Morning Telegraph*, and undertaking by self-denial and the strictest personal economies to save supplies for our hard-prest Allies, we hear of Germany's wide-spread conspiracy, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Hoover will be able to find the conspirators and see that they receive the "shortest possible shrift under the law." Our men are in the trenches and every obstacle thrown in the way of supplying them with necessities will cost American lives, and this journal hints that the "wholesome moral effect of a firing-squad at this time can hardly be overestimated." In addition to their arson activities, we learn from Washington dispatches that German agents have hampered the Food-Administration in some States by intimating to housewives that if they signed the food-pledge cards the Government would seize their household stores for the Army. But the greatest German successes are gained by the swifter agency of fire, which impels the New York *World* to observe that if it is worth while to save food, it is worth while to guard it day and night after it has been saved. These fires, resulting in enormous losses of food and munitions, show clearly enough in the *World's* view that "conservation must be preached by people to Government as well as by Government to people," and it adds:

> "Those who by self-denial and taxpaying are faithfully doing their part in the promotion of the war unquestionably have a right to ask that what they save and pay for shall not be easily exposed to the torch. . . . . . .
>
> "A spy scare in which every man turns upon his neighbor is ridiculous indeed, but it is even more foolish to amass great stores of food for military purposes and by inattention invite evil-disposed persons to destroy them for the glory of the Kaiser.
>
> "Every warehouse, dock, and ship in America should be under ceaseless guard. It is with these that we make war. Without

them all our men and all our money will avail nothing. We know that we have an enemy who until recently boasted of his burnings and dynamitings. He is at work everywhere to-day, and the victories that he is winning by stealth are as valuable to him as many that he has gained by force in the field."

Two capital cases of supposed arson were the burning of great stores of grain at Brooklyn and the stockyards fire at Kansas City. Yet hardly had the warning of these conflagrations been spread broadcast than there followed the water-front fire at Baltimore, which involved an estimated loss of about $5,000,000 in material and the lives of several sailors who were aboard a British ship tied up at a pier when the fire occurred. Only a few days before the fire at Baltimore, Food-Administrator Hoover, according to a dispatch to the New York *Times*, said in a public address that "there is considerable danger from German plots to burn cattle in the stock-yards and grain in elevators throughout the country," and he added:

> "The danger is sufficiently great for me to have advised the Governors of some of the States to guard stock-yards and elevators with troops. Is it a nation-wide plot? Well, I don't know whether we can say it is so great as that or not. But we do know that there have been nineteen such fires in the last month. That is a larger number than we ever had before. And we do know that there is considerable German sentiment throughout the country, do we not?"

In its news column the New York *Tribune* reports that nowhere in the country have adequate steps been taken to control the activities of enemy aliens, and it cites this city as typical of the situation, with its estimated German citizenry of 100,000. At the beginning of the war, it is recalled, all enemy aliens were required to register in order to obtain permits under which they might enter "barred zones," or districts lined off to protect arsenals, armories, fortifications, munitions-works, storage places, warehouses, etc. Only 65,000 German subjects presented themselves for the blanks on which to write out the request for permits, and only 30,000 of the blanks were returned. This means, in the *Tribune's* calculation, that some 70,000 unregistered and unknown enemy aliens are going to and fro in Greater New York with absolute freedom. The situation is the same in every community where there is any large German population, we are told, and it is in these localities that warehouses bulging with grain and other foodstuffs and war-materials have been burned down.

The first measure taken in New York to cope with the new menace is the regulation controlling enemy-alien movements on the Brooklyn and Staten Island water-fronts, which supersedes all previous rules, the press inform us, and prevents German subjects from being employed in any capacity within one-half mile of the water-fronts of these boroughs. Permits to reside or work within the water-front zones become void, and persons who have them must quit their jobs and seek new homes beyond the limits of the prohibited areas. It is estimated that between 1,000 and 2,000 Germans were employed along the Brooklyn water-front, and probably 500 more on Staten Island. Since the United States entered the war there have been thirty-two suspicious fires along the Brooklyn water-front, and Federal officials, according to the New York *Tribune*, privately admit that most of these bore all the marks of having been started by enemies. The remedy demanded by this journal is—

> "to intern all enemy aliens resident here. The rules of war authorize this measure. It is just and right as well as obvious, necessary common sense. By sequestrating their property the burden of internment would be borne by the interned.
>
> "*The Tribune* has already urged the internment of all German citizens in America. In view of Mr. Hoover's revelation of plots threatening our vital food-resources, of the apparent conspiracy at Baltimore, *The Tribune* reiterates its demand: Intern all enemy aliens. To omit this measure is not only to hazard the lives of Americans at home and compromise the whole future of our cause, but to stab in the back day by day our men fighting in the trenches, for whom shells and more shells are the one effective defense left in modern warfare."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

As they say in Canada, millions bear arms, but only the kilties bare legs.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Putting politics in the schools is the next thing to putting poison in the wells.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Bulgaria is beginning to see that she is playing on the wrong team to share in the gate receipts.—*Detroit Journal.*

In one way, tho, the Kaiser is holding his own. He started in the war with six sons, and he's still got 'em.—*Macon Telegraph.*

The coal companies are doing everything in reason to back up Lloyd George's advice to keep cool.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The *Zeppelin* is the only engine of war that is peculiarly and exclusively German by invention and contrivance, and it is a failure.—*Columbia State.*

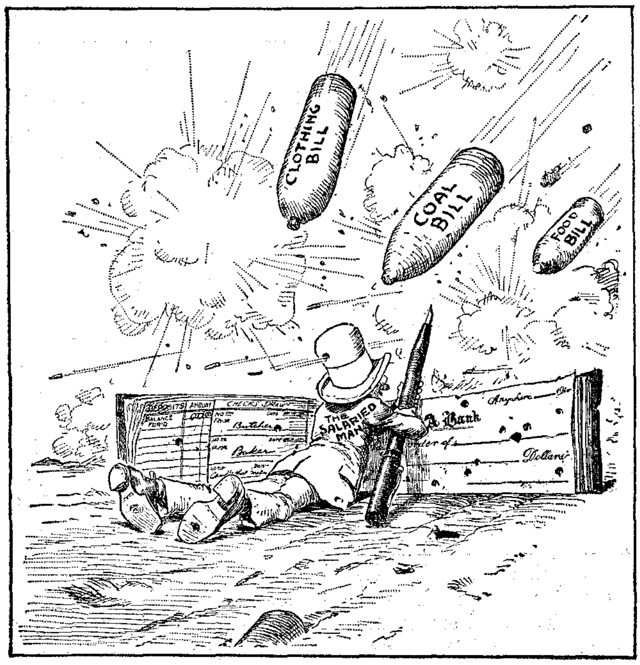
Russia needn't be discouraged, the United States once moved its capital to the back of President Madison's horse.—*Boston Transcript.*

German soldiers in their desperation are again heroically assaulting fruit-trees in the war-zone which they find untenable.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Of course, ever so many people who don't like the Lincoln statue are people whose farthest north in art is a crayon enlargement of a family photograph. —*Chicago Tribune.*

The grand dukes have appointed a committee to investigate and see if there is any discontent in Russia. Now isn't that just like a Board of Aldermen?—*Buffalo News.*

An Irishman in collusion with the Kaiser reminds me of that boarder who helped a burglar rob his own boarding-house so that he could get money enough to pay his board.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*



ALL THE EXCITEMENT ISN'T IN THE TRENCHES.

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger.*

The Teuts have lost the Poelcapelle brewery. Now for fresh peace terms.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Germans appear to be getting ready to wage peace against the whole world.—*Boston Transcript.*

The victory of the German Fleet in the Gulf of Riga appears to have been of the Jutland sort.—*Boston Herald.*

In bottling up the Russian Fleet in Moon Sound the Germans seem to have neglected to put in the cork.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

It is no paradox to say that the sweets of victory will be won sooner by conserving the sugar.—*Newark News.*

Surely campaign mud-slinging can go too far. Philadelphia politicians are now calling each other "Huns."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

That United States transport put it over on the Huns anyway—it delivered the goods before they sank it. —*Wall Street Journal.*

George Sylvester Viereck should tarry a season at the mourner's bench before trying to get into the Amen Corner of American patriotism.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Calling La Follette a copperhead is likely to give a false impression. If his head were composed of copper it would have some actual value.—*Springfield Union.*

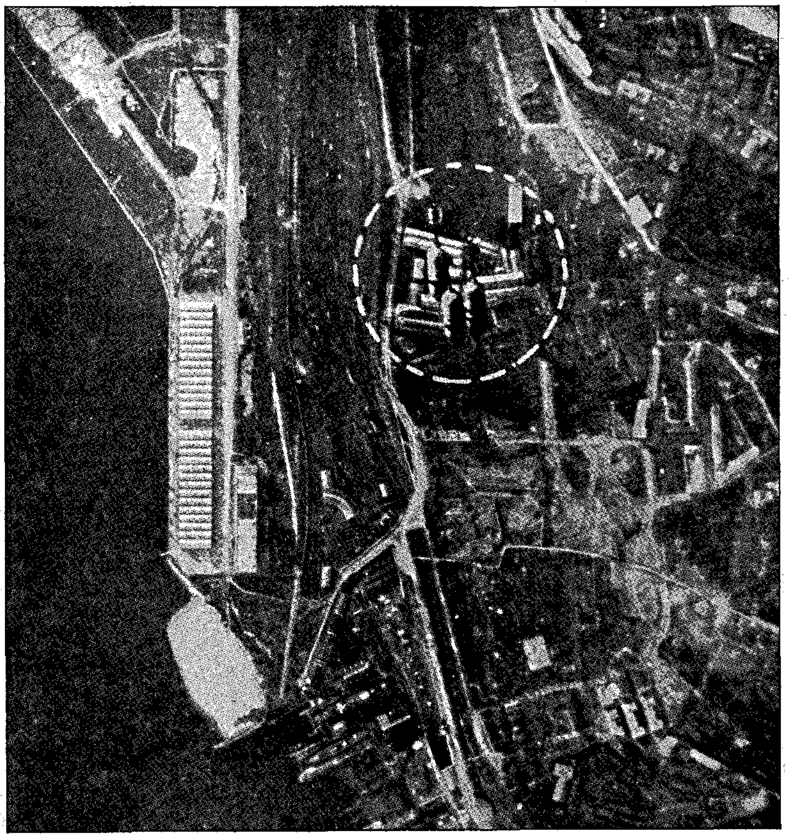
We are told that no one in Germany but the Kaiser rides in an automobile sporting the luxury of rubber tires, which shows how they are still keeping the auto in autocracy.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

It may be true that Colonel Roosevelt has not enjoyed the sight of one eye for many years, but no adversary, so far as we know, has ever been lucky enough to get on his blind side.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE ITALIAN DRIVE AS AN ACT OF DESPAIR

SEEKING PEACE WITH A CLUB, the Germans are making a last despairing effort in their drive against Italy, Allied editors tell us, to secure that "peace on the basis of the map" which Bethmann-Hollweg made such desperate attempts to gain. Nor is this the only object, we are told, for Allied journals are careful to point out it is the Germans, not the Austrians, who are doing the greater part of the fighting on the Italian front, and the reason given is that Berlin sees the necessity of drastic action to prevent something like an utter collapse in the Dual Monarchy. The desperate position of the whole Teutonic Alliance is emphasized by that habitually cautious and almost pessimistic soldier and statesman, Gen. Jan Christiaan Smuts, in a speech made at Cardiff, in South Wales. As reported by the London *Daily Telegraph*, the former Boer leader said:



ITALY STILL A POWER ALOFT.

Italian bombs, shown within the circle, falling upon Austria's greatest seaport, Trieste. The photograph was taken by the observer in the raiding Italian plane.

> "Germany now sees America rushing in with tremendous weight. Therefore she is trying to dodge the issue and catch some advantage in a minor theater of war. It will not help her. It will only prolong the war a few months. The issue is no longer in doubt.
>
> "The German offensive against Italy is a repetition of the history of previous autumns. You remember the first autumn of the war, when Germany crusht Servia. She had to offer her people some encouragement to go through the winter on, and, as with Salomé and John the Baptist, she brought the head of Servia on a platter. In the autumn of 1916 she brought Roumania's head on a platter, and now we see the onslaught against Italy.
>
> "Italy's position is serious, but not discouraging. Italy already knows that the Allies will stand by her to the end. We shall not see her head on a platter. I shall not be surprized to see the boomerang come back on the Germans. The war was not decided in Servia nor Roumania and will not be decided in Italy."

While all this is, of course, purely Allied reasoning, it derives a certain confirmation from recent articles in the German press, and, taken in conjunction with Count Czernin's recent peace speech and the comment on it in German and Austrian papers, it would seem that the publicists of the Entente are not far wrong in their deductions. For example, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* prophesied a "peace offensive" as a "psychological process" for winning the war, and it may be that the psychological reaction from such an offensive was not altogether intended for the enemies of the Central Empires alone. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* remarks that in "this latest stage of the war, in which it is an early peace that is first of all being fought for," Germany must combine "the methods of policy and diplomacy with the highest conceivable demands upon military weapons and military leadership." A new offensive, it says, must be undertaken, as "deliberate work in the spirit of a policy which aims at preparing psychologically the peace of agreement and winning recruits for it, and at taking the ground from under the feet of the war-agitators in the Entente countries."

With the usual German gesture, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* points to the map and bewails the fact that despite German victories in Servia, Roumania, and Russia, we and our Allies obstinately refuse to recognize defeat. This is regarded by the Teutonic mind as bluff, and this great organ of German finance observes that "political bluff without a decisive military victory is quite senseless and in the long run positively injurious." In proceeding to take us to task for this reprehensible habit of bluffing, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says:

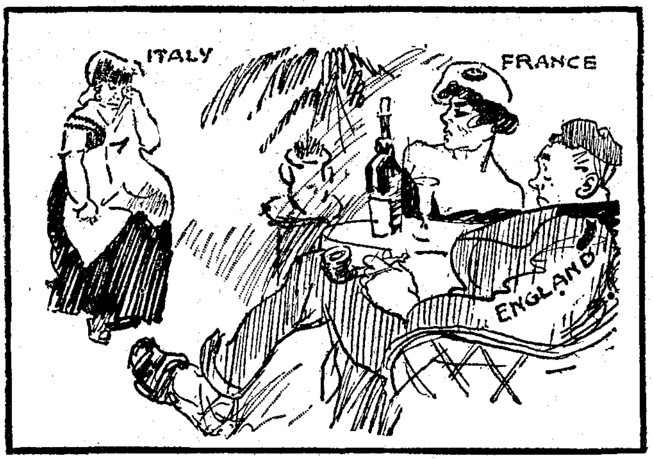
> "The precise object of our political method is to make the bluffing of our enemies with ministerial speeches and senseless break-through battles impossible, through the fact that we open wide the doors to peace—so wide that one day, in spite of all agitation, the majority of the Entente peoples will be disposed to march through the open doors with us, with or without their present leaders. A reasonable peace offer, which is accompanied by good hard military blows, and which can not therefore seriously be misinterpreted—such a peace offer and such a peace policy have an enormous attractive strength, a magnetic energy which, in the long run, no people can resist, if at the same time the hope of final victory through physical force is frightfully destroyed."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* argues that with the present situation on the map so favorable to Germany, a "smashing offensive" will complete the psychological process, and that the Entente will come to Teutonic Powers, cap in hand, asking for peace. It argues:

> "Nobody among us doubts the fact that in our general situation the military advantages far outweigh the political disadvantages. The fear in the Entente states of a conclusion of

peace affords the best proof of this. Our military and political leaders, the directors of the Empire, with the Kaiser at their head, would not have joined together in the peace policy of the Central Powers if they did not know that our vital necessities were absolutely secured in this policy of peace. Have no fear! The readiness for peace is of itself no sign of weakness; the decisive factors which determine the nature of the peace lie in the actual situation in our hands, in our reserves, and in the increasing pressure of our submarines. In spite of many entries on the wrong side of the account, the situation is favorable for us and will be proved before many days."

This valiant statement of peace aims does not altogether jibe with the speech of the Austrian Foreign Minister at Budapest, where Count Czernin, while affirming his insistence on the integrity of the Dual Monarchy and asking for indemnities for damages committed on the Isonzo, in Galicia, the Bukowina, and other parts of the Empire, was yet willing to indorse the most radical disarmament ideas, and to emphasize the readiness of the Austro-Hungarian Government to discuss peace with the Entente at any moment. As reported by the *Pester Lloyd*, Count Czernin said:



NEGLECTED ITALY.

THE ITALIAN SERVING-MAID—"No pay, no food—nothing. I was better treated by my last employers."—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).

"Europe must, without doubt, after this war be placed on a new basis of right, offering a guaranty of permanence. This basis of right must offer a security that a war of revenge can not occur again on any side. This measure of disarmament must comprise the land, sea, and air in the same degree. On an international basis under international control universal, equal, and gradual disarmament of all the states of the world must take place, and the defensive force be limited to what is absolutely necessary.

"Gigantic fleets will have no further purpose when the nations of the world guarantee the freedom of the seas, and land armies would have to be reduced to the level required by the maintenance of internal order.

"This great pacific movement can only be realized slowly, but I consider it our duty to place ourselves at the head of this movement. At the conclusion of peace its fundamental bases must be laid down."

In commenting on this speech, however, both the German and Austrian papers give us a hint that a "peace offensive," such as is now in progress on the Italian front, would be the next move in the Teutonic policy. Thus the Vienna *Fremdenblatt* remarks:

"Our enemies must recognize that their continuous refusals to terminate the war in a manner satisfactory to both parties is not without danger and that they can not continue their wanton game indefinitely."

That often inspired organ, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, gives us an even broader hint when it remarks:

"Germany and the Central Empires are willing to wait, but not for long. Unless the enemy quickly comes to his senses, he will feel our force. The question of peace has been put to Europe and must be answered by all, including those few who are preventing peace."

Turning now to the idea that the Italian drive has been started by the Germans to hearten the Austrians, we must call attention to the very remarkable admissions of the Vienna correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which we discuss in another article on this page. This picture of a war-weary Austria is confirmed by the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, which says:

"Austria is on the point of exploding, and it is becoming clearer every day that in Germany they are beginning to reckon seriously with the possible collapse of the Danube Monarchy. It is certain that at the moment Vienna is doing all that is possible to bring Berlin to the desired declaration regarding Belgium, without which there is not the slightest chance that the Allies will regard the peace note as worth an answer."

WAR-WEARY VIENNA

A REMARKABLE ADMISSION of Austrian lukewarmness for the Teutonic cause is made in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* by its Vienna correspondent, who is distinctly annoyed by the apathetic attitude of the Austrians in general and of the inhabitants of Vienna in particular. As a straw which shows how the wind is blowing in the Central Empires, this letter makes significant reading for us and our Allies. The *Frankfurter's* correspondent writes:

"People no longer speak of the war, or, at most, they ask: 'When do you think it will be over?' There is no further interest in the details. The question whether Cadorna will try his luck for the twelfth time on the Isonzo is a matter of some interest only to those who have relatives in that hell. The others hardly read the reports any more. There are in part apathy and fatalism and in part confidence. What has failed eleven times will not succeed the twelfth time, and Trieste will doubtless remain Austrian whatever attempts may be made on the other side."

The writer then makes the important admission that effective support from Austria is now out of the question:

"For Austria the war is finished. There can be no further change in the military results, and so every drop of blood that still flows is a pity. People are becoming angry because the other side will not yet see it. And people are annoyed at the privations which have quite unnecessarily to be borne. Vienna is becoming bad tempered. For three years Vienna has shown a courage and good behavior which could be expected of this city of pleasure only by those who knew from history how bravely Vienna stood the Turkish siege. To bear the inevitable with indifference and if possible with a joke on the lips is the good Vienna fashion. But the Viennese will not put up with what is not necessary. Altho the Viennese put the chief blame for their sufferings upon the stubborn enemy who will not let go, yet ignorance, indolence, and the 'parochial' spirit bear their full share of responsibility for the bitterness of these 'great times.'"

The writer has some hard words for the selfish Hungarians and for the press in both Austria and Hungary. Incidentally he reveals a German design to bring the entire food-supply of the Central Empires under the control of a "food commander-in-chief," a consummation devoutly to be wished on the part of Prussia, who would doubtless see that she obtained a lion's share. Of Hungary he writes:

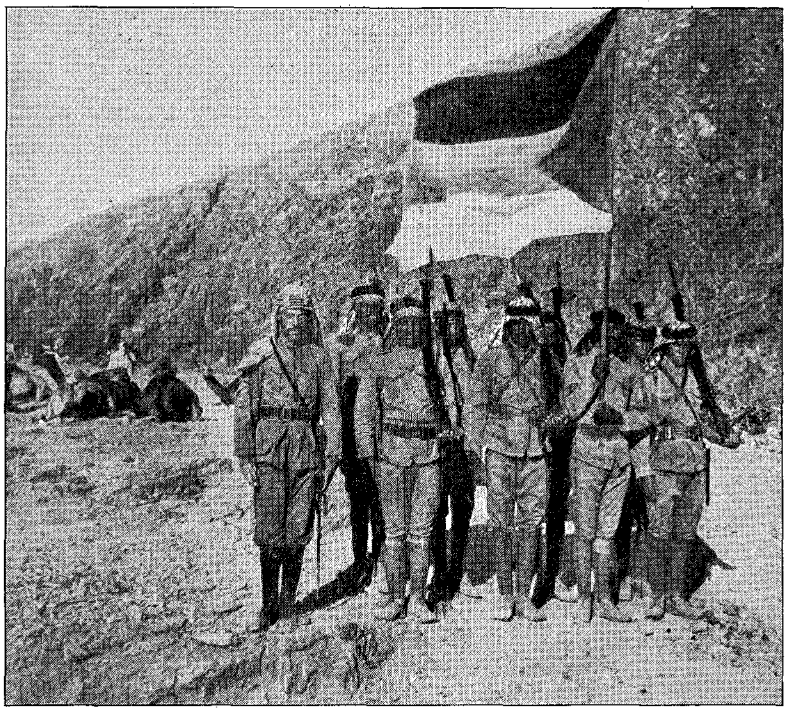
"Hungary, no doubt, gives her blood for the joint defense, but in all food matters her charity begins at home, and we have not yet been able to establish a joint Commander-in-Chief for the feeding of the allied Empires.

"When travelers tell of the milk and honey of Hungary the Viennese feels his golden Vienna heart turn at the sight of the long cue before every fat, coal, or soap store, or if he is himself in the cue, he gives still more drastic expression to his feelings.

"An infamous press, which live upon stirring up jealousies and are tolerated from above only because they divert the bitterness from better protected persons and institutions to the more defenseless classes, complete the poisoning of public opinion. In short, it is not exactly a pleasant time despite a brilliant blue sky and an unusually good wine year."

ARAB JOY AT TURK DEFEATS

THE SMASHING DEFEAT of the Turkish forces at Ramadie, in Mesopotamia, is hailed by the Arabic press with pæans of joy, and it is regarded as consolidating the capture of Bagdad and rendering that historic city the undisputed and permanent possession of the "Holy Alliance," as the Arab papers term the Entente. What an influence the possession of Bagdad has upon the Arab mind can be seen from the remarks of the editor of the leading Arabic monthly in Cairo, *Al-Hilal*, who writes:



SIGNS OF THE ARAB RENAISSANCE.

The flag of the Kingdom of the Hejaz and some of the workmanlike troops of the newest kingdom in the world.

> "The entrance of the British troops into Bagdad is an epoch-making date in Near-Eastern politics. It was, indeed, the greatest blow at German aspirations in the East. But besides its political importance, Bagdad and the adjoining country can not fail to remind the student of history of a series of memories going as far back as the days of creation. Moreover, Bagdad is a familiar name to English-speaking peoples; this is especially due to the fact that the most widely read book of Eastern origin among them, besides the Bible, is the book of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainment,' or, as it is more properly called, 'The Thousand and One Nights,' most of whose stories took place in Bagdad.
>
> "But this event has more than a transient interest to the Arab world: it has created a new state of mind among the Arabs, and revived in them old but latent aspirations. The Arabic press see in it the dawn of a new era, the beginning of an Arab renaissance."

Another sign of the Arab renaissance, we are told, is the undisputed success of the new Kingdom of the Hejaz, founded by the Grand Sherif of Mekka, himself a descendant of the Prophet, who, since his revolt against the Turks, has conducted a victorious campaign against them, driving them almost completely out of western Arabia. Notwithstanding the sanctity of the Holy City of Mekka, Bagdad seems to exert an even greater influence upon the Arab mind. The leading Arabic daily of Cairo, *Al-Mokattam*, says:

> "What magnificent visions are brought before the imagination of an Arab by the name of Bagdad! It reminds us of all the glory of ancient days, of the great Arab Empire founded on justice and order, by our progressive and daring ancestors, who loved science and developed art, commerce, and agriculture. Such was Bagdad, the seat of glory and wealth, the capital of the Arabs and the whole East."

The writer then draws a parallel between Bagdad at that time and London to-day; the first was the capital of the great Arab Empire as the second now is the capital of the British Empire. He then proceeds to show the havoc the Young Turk Government has wrought in that magnificent inheritance.

> "That is the glorious heritage of our ancestors, which has remained for twelve centuries an eloquent testimony of the grandeur of the East, until it fell into the hands of the Young Turks, who lost it as they lost other gems entrusted to them, while their troops were being marched outside of Turkey to defend foreign lands."

Turning to the future, *Al-Mokattam* says:

> "Will the Arabs, after the war is over, awake from their long sleep, and regain their place among the civilized peoples of the world, or are they condemned to live only in past memories? Will they form a united nation or remain disunited and oppress as they have been for the last few centuries? Such are the questions which we hope will have a favorable solution at the peace conference."

Especially instructive and interesting is the attitude taken by the Moslem press of Egypt toward Turkey. From a legal point of view, Egypt was until the beginning of the war a Turkish province, and, what is even more important, has always recognized the Sultan of Turkey as the religious head of Islam. Now, however, the Moslem press are strongly criticizing all that is Turkish and Ottoman. Concerning the fall of Bagdad, the *Wadi-el-Nil* (*i.e.*, the Valley of the Nile), the leading Moslem paper of Alexandria, writes:

> "The British victories will have far-reaching results and their importance can not in the least be minimized by the pretension of the Turkish Government that Bagdad was evacuated on strategic grounds. Doubtless the Young Turks have already regretted their entry in the war."

As to the present condition of the city, we quote the following from *Al-Hilal:*

> "The width of the Tigris at Bagdad is about 700 feet, four-fifths of the city being on the eastern bank. Its population is differently estimated at from 75,000 to 200,000, but the most correct estimate would be midway between the two extremes. Two-thirds are Moslems, most of the rest being Jews.
>
> "Bagdad was a great commercial center before the opening of the Suez Canal. Since then its importance has diminished, but it is yet one of the most active cities of the East."

BULGARIA'S BRIBE—A somewhat cynical statement of Bulgaria's motive in joining Germany is given by a representative of the Bulgarian semiofficial press in the *Néue Zürcher Zeitung*. It runs:

> "We went into the war after getting definite assurances that our rights should be attended to in case of victory. We have in our diplomatic portfolio certain very valuable agreements without which we should not have made war; otherwise we could have given the war a very different turn.
>
> "What Germany's war-aims are does not concern us a jot, but our concern is that Germany will not agree to any alteration in our present frontier to the advantage of Turkey. Constantinople should remember that her proper sphere of expansion is in Asia, not in our direction. What Turkey has done calls for no gratitude from us. We want to keep the whole of the Dobrudja and on the south Macedonia, including the towns of Kavalla, Seres, and Drama, which we promised to restore, it is true, but to Constantine, not to Venizelos."

THE COMING EVACUATION OF BELGIUM

THE STRIKING VICTORIES won by Field-Marshal Haig east of Ypres have convinced British strategists that the German occupation of Belgium has become burdensome and that the Teutons are carefully preparing plans for withdrawal. This question is exhaustively discust by the military correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, who tells us that we may expect to see a big German retirement in the early spring. He argues:

"The Germans went into Belgium mainly for military reasons; they will evacuate Belgium for the same reasons. Von Tirpitz, now definitely in opposition to the policy of the Government, is addressing meetings of German patriots on the folly of Germany's disinteresting herself in Belgium, but the very violence of his language shows that he feels himself to be fighting a cause which is losing, if it is not already lost. . . . . . .

"The leading fact is that the occupation of Belgium, always a mistake, is now become such an entanglement that Hindenburg wants to cut himself loose from it. The explanation of the message to the Pope and of von Kühlmann's statement is probably that he has already decided to do so, if he can. The best time for the evacuation is, of course, not now, but early next spring, just before the Allies are ready to attack. If the evacuation is to be brought off successfully it is important, especially in a flat country like Belgium, that as many screening heights as possible should be retained. Hence the extreme obstinacy with which the Germans are clinging to their positions on the heights east of Ypres and the high importance of every hundred yards of progress that we can make now before winter sets in."

Why the evacuation of Belgium is forced upon the Teutons is next explained:

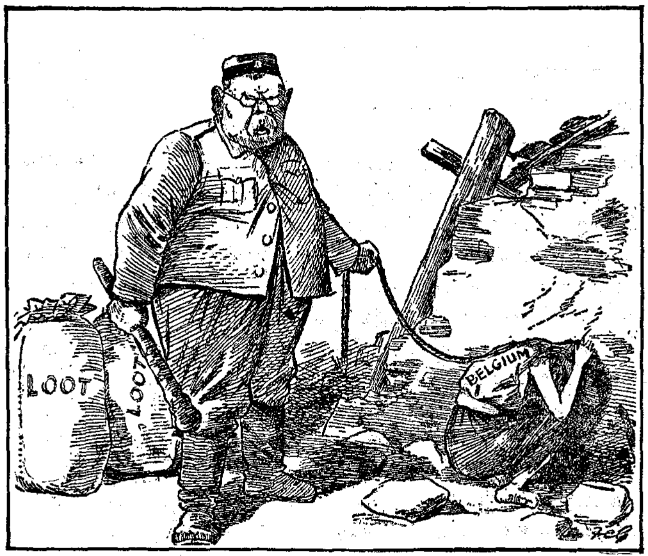
"It will be asked why Hindenburg should evacuate any part of Belgium before he is compelled. The answer is that he is being compelled. The pressure on his lines is already very severe, and it will be severer still next year, when the Americans have arrived in force. We know from Ludendorff's orders that the High Command is worried over the losses of the German Army. It wants to economize men. There is no prospect of such economy next year, when the numerical disparity between the opposing armies has been increased, so long as the Germans keep to their present lines. But if those lines are shortened the numerical disparity between the armies will be reduced, and in addition it may be possible even to save men for other enterprises. The Germans know that mere passive defense never won a war, but only a vigorous offense. There is no possibility of a successful offensive in the West. And to create the possibility of an offensive anywhere the lines in the West will have to be very considerably shortened.

"From Nancy to the Belgian coast along the present German lines is about 260 miles; from Nancy to Namur is about 160 miles; from Nancy to Liége along the line of the Meuse is about 145 miles. That is to say, Hindenburg, by evacuating Flanders, could reduce the length of his lines by one-third, and by nearly one-half if he abandoned Antwerp. In addition, his new positions, centered as they would be round the great massif of the Ardennes, would have much greater natural strength. These are advantages very well worth having. They have no doubt their corresponding disadvantages.

"The Belgian coast is valuable as a base for submarines and for air-raids on England. But by next spring Germany will have got all the usefulness that she expects out of this particular form of warfare. The advance of the British armies again in Belgium would bring our airmen nearer to Germany, but the chief obstacle to effective raiding of Germany is the crossing of their lines, and this the Germans would not forfeit by a retirement. It must be remembered that the German occupation of the Belgian coast was an afterthought and not part of their original plans. If Hindenburg decided to fall back he could always have it said that he was reverting to the original plans."

What the Germans will gain by leaving the territories of King Albert would be a distinct addition of strength on their Eastern front, always the favorite theater of operations with Hindenburg. We are told:

"The saving of the men by the shortening of the Belgian line could be used in two ways. First, to strengthen the reserves behind the front lines, and, secondly, to attack Russia. Hindenburg, it must be remembered, is an East Prussian, and has no sympathy with the Westphalian commercial interests which, in the person of von Tirpitz, allied themselves with the Prussian Junkers for the purposes of this war. He might have a chance, if he can spare anything like 500,000 men from the West by the contraction of his front, of occupying Petrograd and Moscow—unless, indeed, the Russian armies reformed—and perhaps of forcing a separate peace on her. To an East Prussian that is a more important thing than the occupation of a few miles more or less of Belgium."



GENEROUS GERMANY.

FRITZ—"Let her go? *Ja wohl*—brovided dot I geep her on de rope and she guarantee dot she will not me again attack."

—*Westminster Gazette.*

Nor are the advantages to be gained wholly of a military character:

"The political advantages of such a program are obvious enough. Germany might try to secure peace with Belgium, or, at any rate, an undertaking that in consideration of the evacuation Belgium should not be used as a basis of attack. Belgium would refuse such an offer. But apart from that Germany would probably hope by evacuating the larger part of Belgium and a promise to evacuate the rest on the conclusion of peace to further her peace propaganda.

"A further advantage of this new orientation of German policy toward the East would be that it might enable her to give more effective assistance to Turkey, or, at any rate, to induce her to prolong her resistance. There are signs of the approach of a vigorous Turkish offensive which may be directed against Mesopotamia or possibly Palestine. Von Falkenhayn has not gone to Turkey for nothing."

JAPAN'S "GAME" IN CHINA—Regarding Japanese policy at close range, the editor of *Millard's Review*, the leading weekly of Shanghai, seems to be somewhat apprehensive of the ultimate designs of the Mikado's statesmen and fears lest America be innocently beguiled into "playing Japan's game" in the Far East. He writes:

"The Japanese plan seems to be to have America 'evacuate the waters of the Pacific,' as the European Powers already have been compelled to do by the grim necessities of war. Then Japan could play her cherished rôle of acting as the spokesman for the Allies in any negotiations with China. Let us hope that the American Government will not be 'jockeyed' into playing Japan's game. Japanese leadership in Chinese political affairs would not only be detrimental to the best interests of China, but would also be a great drawback to American trade in China—and, if we may say so, an even greater handicap to British trade. There is no desire, and should not be any, on the part of Americans to oppose the legitimate expansion of Japanese trade in China. As a matter of fact, cooperation with Japanese, on terms fair to China, is invited. But the idea of Japanese 'paramountcy' can not be tolerated."

THE ISSUE THAT IS SPLITTING RUSSIA

THE MOST INARTICULATE MASS in Europe is the peasantry of Russia, who, we are told, comprise no less than 80 per cent. of her population. From Russian sources we learn that the *muzhik's* sorest affliction, since he was freed from chattel slavery fifty-five years ago, is land poverty and land hunger. The old Czarism was the régime of the big landowner, and its stupid blindness in thwarting the dreams of the landless peasant for a piece of land to till explains the completeness of its crushing downfall.

The line of cleavage between the proletarians of the city, as represented by the *Soviets* of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, and the Peasants' *Soviets*, is clearly drawn on the degree of importance each side attaches to the land issue. But all shades of opinion concede that the ultimate success of the revolution will depend to a great extent on the ability of its leaders to appease this age-old land-hunger in an equitable manner. Already the rumblings of the coming thunder are heard. The peasants are cutting down the forests of the nobility for fuel, taking the monastery lands and cattle, and making various other agrarian disturbances. The coming Constituent Assembly has a tremendous problem to solve, and the world lying outside the great Slav country offers few examples to follow.

Says the *Russkoye Slovo*, the leading liberal organ of Moscow:

> "How are we to solve the land problem? The opinion of the country, we believe, is divided along two lines. One is for the immediate transfer of the land to the village *commune*, which would allot it in equal shares to the working units of the village. This would include the transfer of the present individual holdings by peasants, and would surely call forth a strong dissatisfaction from this numerous type of small landowners. The other way would be to preserve the present holdings by farmers and to split up only the landed estates belonging to the nobility. This plan is strongly opposed by those elements who fear that such a method of distribution would leave the old evils and inequalities in the village and would still permit speculation, transfer, and concentration of lands in some hands.
>
> "In deciding this problem it may be well, at least for some stipulated period, to give over the full control over land into the hands of village authorities and to leave it for the immediate future to decide whether this method is the best and most expedient for the needs of the agricultural population of our country."

Is there land enough for all of Russia's huge population, particularly under the still prevalent archaic methods of agriculture? The Moscow *Russkiya Vedemosti*, one of Russia's most influential organs, is inclined to doubt this, and quite frankly points out that the redistribution of land will not prove the panacea for all evils, as its advocates expect, nor will it produce the immediate inauguration of the millennium:

> "The results of the Moscow municipal elections which gave a majority to the Socialist-Revolutionists, the peasant party, must have surprized a great many thinking people, who can not see the meaning of this phenomenon.
>
> "How did it really happen that our city workers have elected to vote not for the party of the city proletariat, but for the party of the peasants? The answer to this question is not difficult. Socialist-Revolutionists have won because of their land program. The rights to land, 'land and freedom,' these are slogans which work with equal charm and power on the masses in the cities and the villages. It appears that our city workers, as well as the peasants, are dreaming and yearning for a plot of land and a household of their own. But the dream about land of the contemporary Russian city workers is an idle fancy for a majority of them, just as it was for the English workers during the days of the Chartist movement.
>
> "The right to land, no matter who may grant it, can not give everybody land, if there is not enough of it, and this is precisely the condition of Russia to-day. The peasants without, or with very little, land will receive some land, but those who left the villages will not find any more a place for themselves within its limits. The great land reform will be a blessing to millions of peasants, but it will call forth just as great a disappointment and discontent among those whose hopes have been aroused in vain."

The Petrograd *Ryetch* is inclined to view the situation from the same grave view-point:

> "The peasant movement is directed not only against the land-holding gentry, but the well-to-do peasants as well. Every attempt to appropriate these lands will meet a most stubborn resistance on the part of these landed farmers, who number millions, and this may lead to a civil war. Inspired by the Social-Revolutionists, the peasants now want a 'black division' of all the lands of the Empire, going in their demands further than their party ever contemplated. We foresee in this development a grave danger for the Russian revolution which not even the Constituent Assembly may be able to ward off. The interests of Russian freedom demand that our political parties devote their full attention to the political education and enlightenment of the peasant masses. There is but little time left, and no delay is excusable."

The views of the landowners are reflected in the *Novoye Vremya*, the Petrograd conservative organ, which still hopes, tho against hope, that the plans for the division of land will not be put into practise:

> "Minister of Agriculture Chernov states that 80 per cent. of the peasant population are Socialist-Revolutionists. The Minister clearly has a right to this assertion. Did not all the Peasants' congresses adopt the program of that party, and are not the leaders of that party in full control of affairs among the Deputies of the Peasants' Council? Yet the fact remains undisputed that at the village and even district meetings not more than 1 per cent. of the population is ever in attendance, and that the 80 per cent. of which the Minister speaks consists of the silent, speechless mass who never say much. This is the same mass which, in spite of the prevailing license and disorder, does not proceed immediately to divide up the estates, kept back probably by the healthy natural instinct of self-preservation. This dormant instinct of order and conservation may in the end yet save our country."

Meanwhile the Provisional Government had prohibited every form of alienation of lands in anticipation of land reforms by the Constituent Assembly. The Socialist papers hail this measure with delight, but the *Ryetch* is quite pessimistic concerning it:

> "The Provisional Government had decided to prohibit absolutely every form of alienation of lands outside of town limits, including the placing of mortgages and the creation of other vested rights until such time as the Constituent Assembly may meet and change these rules. This was enacted apparently as a measure to prevent the splitting up of land-holdings into small parts, a tendency which is alleged to be against the best interests of the Russian people. We have already on many occasions pointed out the practical difficulty of enforcing this measure and its financial and economic consequences. The best informed persons in the land have warned the Government against it. It is easy to foresee that this measure will not lighten the burdens of the Constituent Assembly when it takes up the solution of the agrarian problem. It will not prevent any number of fictitious transactions, but will extremely involve and complicate the present serious economical and financial condition of the land. We hope that this hastily adopted measure will be soon revised."

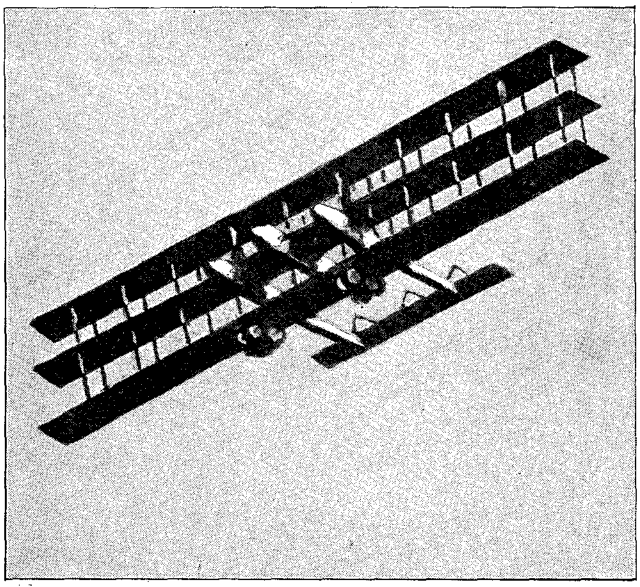
But the Constituent Assembly is still far away, and meanwhile the agrarian riots are increasing both in quantity and in fury. Even the Socialist press are alarmed over it. Says the *Zemlia i Volia*, the Socialist-Revolutionists' daily of Moscow:

> "It must be admitted that the activities of some members of the Council of Peasants' Deputies have created a lot of disturbances in the villages along the Volga districts. We know of numerous cases where, owing to misunderstood orders, the *muzhiks* have made up their minds immediately to take possession of the forests near their lands and have prevented other peasants from providing themselves with fuel from these woods. Such actions might easily lead to bloody encounters between village and village, and the landed gentry would be the one to profit from these clashes. The folly of attempting to divide lands and forests before the Constituent Assembly has decided and sanctioned the method and manner of it is too apparent to deserve anything but condemnation."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT COMING

HOW SHALL OUR WAR-PLANES GO to Europe? Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America, says in *Flying* (New York, October) that they will fly across, and he urges that experimental transatlantic air-trips be made as soon as possible in order to pave the way for this greatest of migratory bird-flights. The job of flying over the Atlantic is not half as big, he thinks, as some of the feats that have actually been accomplished in this war. We have plenty of machines with the necessary power and endurance; and the hardest nut of all—the problem of keeping one's position and finding one's way in a long aerial journey—has been cracked by the radio direction-finder, now in actual use on shipboard. The Government, Mr. Hawley thinks, should contract with a responsible firm (there are at least three American ones that could deliver the goods) for an experimental transatlantic trip, after which all would be easy sailing. There is no time to be lost, and if the United States does not take the lead in this practical demonstration, it will be carried out, he says, by private citizens. In other words, an American aeroplane will shortly cross the Atlantic from west to east, under either public or private auspices. Recent press dispatches indicate that the Germans may "beat us to it," as they are said to be constructing a fleet of powerful fliers especially for this purpose. We read:



IT MAY SOON FLY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

One of the great Italian Caproni triplanes in flight. Aeronautic authorities consider this type quite capable of crossing the ocean.

"The most difficult problem in the cross-Atlantic flight has always been considered the problem of finding one's way during the flight. The distance between Newfoundland and the Azores is less than 1,200 miles, and those who have given thorough consideration to the subject have had little doubt for the past seven years that an aeroplane could be built to cover the 1,200 miles. But we appreciated the danger involved in the pilot losing his way, drifting from his course, and missing the Azores. To solve this very difficult problem, a number of authorities set to work to evolve tables of navigation and instruments to assist in the navigation. A lot of important pioneer work and research was done and valuable results were obtained. . . . . . .

"The practical solution of the problem of directing the aviators in a transatlantic flight was found by accident in 1914. Soon after the declaration of war, the Aero Club of America—the headquarters of the national defense movement—was notified. 'The sky over New York' was full of radio code messages. In considering what could be done to assist the Government in finding the source from which these radio code messages were sent, there was found that the Allies were using special 'radio direction-finders,' which were installed on ships and permitted the ship to find the direction from which radio messages were sent at sea. Reports were also received stating that the Germans were using such devices for the *Zeppelins* to find their way over London on very dark nights.

"Investigation proved that radio direction-finders were being used and that the nature of those instruments permitted applying them for aerial navigation purposes.

"With the development that has taken place in perfecting radio direction-finders it would be possible to equip a transatlantic flier with such a device, which would always point to the direction of a sending station, so that if any station was established at the Azores the aviator would have no trouble in finding the Azores and all possibility of losing himself would be precluded.

"We have been assured that an instrument can be obtained weighing less than 100 pounds, and having a radius of close to 1,500 miles, for a flight across the Atlantic. This instrument would be tuned with the sending station at the Azores and then with the instrument on the Irish coast, and the aeroplane crew would not have to worry regarding the possibility of drifting and missing the Azores and Ireland. The instrument being tuned to the sending-station, the operator would recognize 'interferences' caused by radio messages being sent from ships or other stations, and would have no way of being put off his course by them.

"We have discust at length with Major Perfetti, head of the Special Italian Missions for Aeronautics in the United States, his plans for the transatlantic flight, every detail of which has been worked out carefully. Having considered a great many such plans in the past ten years, we are thoroughly familiar with the problems and difficulties attending such a flight—and are convinced that it can be done and done well. The largest Italian Caproni triplane can make the transatlantic flight easily, and as Major Perfetti has stated, the Caproni Company will be glad to undertake it if arrangements are made for the flight.

"Italy built these huge Caproni machines for her operations against the Austrians over the mountains and the Adriatic Sea. They have all the requirements necessary for major operations against the German *U*-boat and military bases. If duplicated a thousandfold and flown from America to Great Britain, their next flight would be from Great Britain to Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, and other German bases.

"Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss has also designed an aeroplane suitable for the transatlantic flight. The Gallaudet Company in this country and the Handley Page Company in Great Britain are also ready to produce a transatlantic flier.

"Everything seems to be ready, in fact, for the solution of this problem of delivering to Great Britain the war-planes necessary to conduct the aerial operations against the German *U*-boat and military bases. . . . . . .

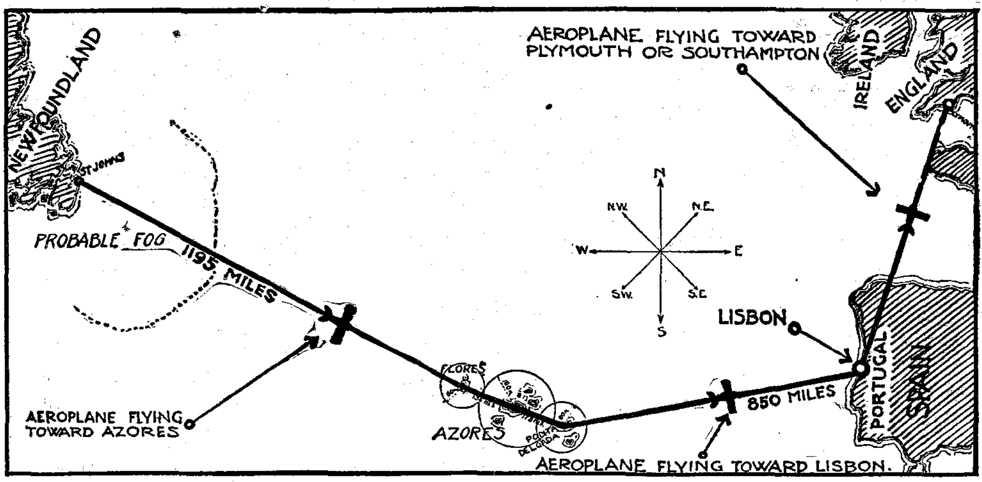
"The United States Government can have the transatlantic flight made by placing a contract with any of the above-mentioned firms for the flight. These firms are willing to contract to make the flight at their own risk for a given and comparatively small sum. It is to be hoped that the Government will act promptly in this matter. If the Government does not act, then patriotic Americans will have again to come to the front and demonstrate their practical patriotism by having the flight made at their own expense.

"It is best for the Government to do this, because such a plan should not be carried out on a limited scale. There should be several machines and a number of aviators available for the flight, so that a thorough demonstration can be given with two or more machines if necessary, and with the proper attendance of ships along the route to be covered by the aeroplanes."

Considering the tremendous cost to the Allies of even the most insignificant advances in the present war, Mr. Hawley feels that this project affords the simplest and most economic solution to breaking Germany's power. To carry out the plan with one machine, he says, may cost $100,000. To do it with several machines and ships along the route may cost $1,000,000. The flight is really simple, he asserts, when compared with some of the operations that have had to be conducted in the present war, such as the operations that resulted in mining and blowing up the Messines Ridge. He goes on:

"If the machines were ordered right away, the flight could probably be made between now and early spring, and arrangements made to produce thousands of these machines and deliver them by air by next summer. . . . . . .

"The life of large machines like the Caproni and the Handley Page has been estimated at a minimum of 150 hours in the air, after which they must be overhauled. The flight across the Atlantic, together with the preliminary flights, would take about forty hours of the aeroplane's life. That would leave 110 hours with which to conduct major operations against the German bases. As the distance between Great Britain and Kiel, where the German Fleet is, is about 425 miles, and these giant aeroplanes go at a speed of about ninety miles per hour, there would be an expenditure of about ten hours of flight in each raid. Therefore, the aeroplane would last throughout the flight across the Atlantic and for eleven raids—unless brought down by the enemy.



From "Flying," New York.

THE AIR-ROUTE TO EUROPE.

By using the new radio direction-finder, the aviator can keep to his course, and there are several firms that could furnish machines capable of making the trip.

"Supposing that in the delivery of one thousand war-planes across the Atlantic there should be a 10 per cent. loss of aeroplanes landing in the war, this loss would be insignificant; the crews would undoubtedly be saved by the destroyers patrolling the route, and the motors could probably be saved. But the Allies would get 900 machines with which to conduct major aerial operations against the German bases, which they have not been able to conduct heretofore because of lack of sufficient number of war-planes."

"DAYLIGHTING" A ROAD—Sharp curves of mountain roads are danger factors to which engineers are giving serious thought, says an editorial writer in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago). He goes on:

"The more serious the longer the road, the greater the number of abrupt turns, and the steeper the hill slopes. The last-named element, a steep side-hill, is the cause of many collisions of automobiles; for timid drivers hug the 'inside' of the roadway, regardless of their right to be there. In a trip over the Ridge Road in California, the editor recently saw an ingenious and effective method of reducing the number of collisions. The side-hill at each sharp curve was excavated so as to 'daylight the curve.' This consists in widening the side-hill cut, but not carrying the cut clear down to the grade of the road. The cut is carried down to within three feet of grade, and a bench or berm of earth is left, over which the automobile-driver can look. Then, if the driver is hugging the hillside, he can, nevertheless, see an approaching car in time to swing out of its way. Experience has taught the engineers of the California Highway Commission that if they widen steep side-hill cuts on sharp curves in the ordinary way, that is, by widening the roadway, cars still continue to hug the side-hill and drivers are unable to see approaching vehicles much better. The new method of 'daylighting' is a decided improvement."

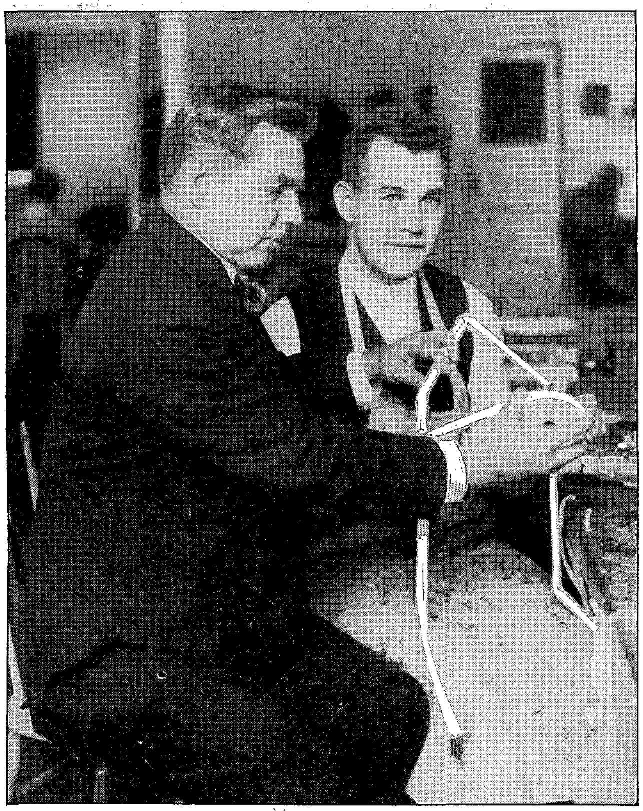
ARE TIRED PEOPLE POISONED?

IS "THAT TIRED FEELING" caused by the poisoning of the system by some kind of toxin, possibly due to the breaking up of muscular tissue by exertion? That something of the sort occurs during fatigue has generally been regarded by physiologists as proved; but recent experiments in Columbia University, New York, seem to throw doubt on this conclusion. Possibly when animals are killed by extreme fatigue, death may be due to a toxin; but there is no reason to suppose that anything of the kind occurs when one is normally weary. The vogue of the toxin theory of fatigue is explained by an editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, October 6), to be a result of the general popularity among physiologists of toxin-antitoxin theories and the tendency to explain all phenomena in terms of these. Says this writer:

"In the domain of medicine explanations of phenomena are not infrequently colored by the popular theories of the day. It has always been difficult to elucidate the chief manifestations of fatigue. These have been further complicated by the peculiar interrelations of the nervous and muscular system where the problem of fatigue is concerned. Not long after the toxin-antitoxin theories began to attain a vogue in immunology, the claim was made by Weichardt, in 1904, that the chief agent in the production of fatigue is a specific substance, a fatigue toxin. A corresponding or identical substance, designated 'kenotoxin,' was alleged to be produced by chemical manipulation of protein materials in definite ways. However obtained, these substances were asserted to have the significant property of inducing the development of an antitoxin when they were introduced in suitable ways into the animal organism. Here, then, there was presented an apparent opportunity of combating fatigue by scientific methods quite as striking as the subsequent method of eliminating certain cases of laziness and langour by eradicating the hookworm from mankind."

But, like so many other hopes of promise, remarks this writer on medical topics, this expectation, too, "seems to have been shattered by the outcome of critical investigation." As he informs us:

"Only recently Lee and Aronovitch, of the Department of Physiology at Columbia University, New York City, have subjected the specific fatigue toxin to a crucial test. They noted that when test muscles were suspended in the juice of fatigued muscles of animals their working power was diminished considerably in comparison with the contractile power of normal muscles not treated with juice. But practically the same quantitative effect was observed when the test muscles were subjected to the juice of non-fatigued muscles. The New York investigators conclude that no acutely toxic fatigue substance is produced. Weichardt's assumption of the existence of a specific fatigue toxin is, therefore, not sustained. It seems probable, they say, that Weichardt's animals, which were actually killed by his extreme methods of inducing fatigue, were put into a profoundly pathologic condition in which the toxic component of the protein molecule was split off. There is no reason to believe that this occurs in the normal course of fatigue."



TEACHING A NEW TRADE TO THE SIGHTLESS.

Dr. Wheeler teaching a blind man, at his left, to wind armatures. Note his happy expression at finding new usefulness.

THE NURSE'S VOICE

NURSES ought to take courses in vocal expression and voice-production; or so, at least, thinks Dr. Irving W. Voorhees, who contributes to *The Nurse* (Jamestown, N. Y., October) an article entitled "The Voice at the Bedside." On the nurse's voice, he thinks, depends a considerable part of her usefulness, and if she has not a good "bedside voice" by inheritance and home-training, she should proceed to acquire it at all costs. We Americans, Dr. Voorhees is by no means the first to point out, do not realize how important a part of education the training of the speaking voice is. European nations all realize it more than we do. But whereas a disagreeable voice in some professions may be simply a personal matter, in the nurse's case it may actually interfere with her business. Says Dr. Voorhees:

"Speech is an art which must in every case be laboriously acquired through months and years. One must learn to control voice and body, to coordinate sounds with movements and gestures, in order to make one's personality effective. Unfortunately the child in the home suffers from lack of care in the speech of his parents. Even among our educated classes, grammar seems often to be unheard of, and effectiveness of speech is secured by the use of slang and expressions that have only a short time before found origin in the gutter. . . . . .

"From this category of vocal sinners I can not omit the doctor, much as I should like to do so. Some months ago a writer in *The Medical Record* scored the profession very justly for this lack of refinement. 'In every-day life,' ran this editorial, 'the quack with his polished manners and trained voice makes a profound impression, while the highly trained doctor without this is unnoticed. There is nothing more important in the medical college and in the training of medical students than voice culture.'

"If the success or failure of a physician is, in some cases at least, determined by his tongue, how much more important is this matter of speech to the nurse, who must be constantly with the patient, and whose every look and gesture are watched—targets for criticism, silent or open! It is said that in some hospitals this question of refined, pleasing speech has become a part of the nurse's course of training and that she is demerited for disregard of the principles as set forth by her teachers. Altho I have no personal knowledge of these hospitals, it is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished that every one who comes into the sick room should know how to speak softly and agreeably. . . . . .

"The nurse is at a very great disadvantage if she has been brought up in surroundings where refinement in manner and speech were unknown, for in such a case she has no standard for comparison, and is likely to think that her own way of expression is unique or smart or an evidence of her indifference to the cold conventionalism about her. To overcome this drawback is one of the most difficult things that she will ever be called upon to do, but much can be gained by intercourse with those who have been more fortunate in early life, especially if some friend can be found who seems to embody the essentials of careful modulation of tone and sustained vocal power. This is a matter which must at times be worked out with a teacher of expression—in fact, it would be advantageous to most of us if we could enjoy the skilled direction of a vocal teacher until we had learned how to place the tone so as to make it effective. . . . . .

"Is it not worth while for the nurse at the bedside to think carefully and seek the way by which she can make her speech most effective? She should learn to listen to the expression of her own thoughts as others must listen to them and see if they seem to convey her exact meaning. Then will she begin to exert the greatest influence not over her patient alone, but over all with whom she comes in contact."

ELECTRICAL WORK FOR THE BLIND

WORK FOR THE BLIND is generally regarded in the light of a charity. We buy the products because of their source rather than their quality. Is there any work that can be done by blind persons quite as well as by the seeing, or even, perhaps, a trifle better? Apparently one job of this kind has been discovered by Dr. Schuyler S. Wheeler, of New York, president of the Crocker-Wheeler Co., manufacturers of electrical apparatus. It is the winding of wire coils for armatures and similar devices, including the insulation of the wires by wrapping them with tape. This work is exactly suited to the blind; they do it rapidly and well, and it is no charity to

WOMEN WORKERS WHO CAN NOT SEE,

But who can earn a good living in doing important electrical work.

BLIND WORKERS WHO CAN HOLD THEIR OWN WITH THE SEEING

In the workroom set up in connection with a New Jersey electrical concern, and described on this page.

pay them for it at exactly the same rate as the seeing workman. Dr. Wheeler is quoted in the New York *Herald* as saying in an interview:

"One day I was walking through the winding-room of our plant and I stopt to watch the work, much of which is done by women. There they wind the coils for armatures and similar apparatus, and as I watched the flying fingers of the workmen the thought came to me that the fingers of the blind could do this work, and do it well.

"I wound coils myself years ago, and I know exactly what is required. I realized that I could do the work myself after some practise even if I were blindfolded. Finally I made up my mind that I had found what I was looking for—necessary work that could be done by the blind.

"This work consists of wrapping with tape the coils of wire used in the electrical machines. Millions of these wire coils are used and their number is growing each year. Wrapping or insulating them with tape is a kind of work very similar to basket-weaving and chair-caning, in that it does not require the use of machinery and depends solely on the touch of the fingers of the operator. The great advantage is that this work is staple, there is a large demand for it, and no difficulty is experienced in selling it.

"Six weeks ago I started our blind winding-room at No. 22 Park Avenue, Ampere, N. J., where our plant is located. We started with only a few blind persons; now there are nearly twenty working there, and three of them are women. They all had worked at manual trades before and took to the coil-winding very readily. Most of them have been blind all their lives, and their fingers are trained to such an extent that they do the work with ease and precision. We find the blind are slower and more cautious, and their work is actually more thorough and perfectly smooth. This is very desirable, for smooth, even electrical winding and insulating are very important. In fact, altho they are slower than those with sight, their work is as good, if not better.

"The great thing, however, is that they can make a living. They are paid by the piecework system, and we find that they can make a living wage after a very few days. As they improve their earnings increase, and it will not be long before they are making fair wages, and, what is more, they will be worth every cent they get.

"Our little shop, which is entirely a private enterprise, is only the beginning. Those whom we have been able to teach will teach others, and before long the blind should be doing this kind of work all over the country. What is more, the success of our experiment will make the way clear for the authorities to take up the matter. Then the many war-blind will become of use to their countries and will cease to be a burden. In England, France, and the countries of our other allies men can be released from service with their respective armies and their work done in this line by the blind heroes. Furthermore, steady and remunerative employment will make these blind soldiers independent, and this is the greatest feature of it all, for there is nothing so pathetic as the dependent hero."

The workroom at No. 22 Park Avenue is described by the *Herald* reporter as a large, airy store, with plate-glass windows bearing the inscription, "The Double-Duty Finger Gild." Inside are long tables down each wall at which the blind men work. At a table in the middle are three blind women, and there is also a phonograph, which plays whenever the workmen wish. The whole atmosphere, he says, is one of hope and activity. "There is a constant buzz of conversation and frequently the bass voice of a man breaks into a laugh." There is none of the deadly hopelessness usually associated with such rooms—everywhere the deft fingers are flying and no one is idle. He goes on:

"Back and forth among the workers goes a forewoman from the regular shop who has become the instructor and friend of all. She gives out the material, inspects, accepts the finished product, and pays off. This is her first work for the blind, but she is an expert at their work, and, what is more, is an enthusiast. It is a pleasure to watch her capable hands guide the willing fingers, and it is remarkable how little training she has to give.

"'They are wonderful,' she said, 'they learn so quickly and do the work so well.' . . . . . .

"Walter E. Baker, a graduate of Columbia University, and blind for twenty-four years, voiced the feeling of all of them. He was graduated in 1912, has taught himself several languages, and is a well set-up young man with the carriage of a soldier:

"'This is the greatest thing yet for the blind,' he said. 'For the first time in our lives we feel that we are really of some use in the world—we are doing work that is needed! What is more, it means that we will become independent, that we can make our own living anywhere there are electrical works. You can't imagine what it means to me, to all of us, to know that we don't have to depend on any one.

"'Then we have the bully feeling that we are helping our country to win the war. We are winding coils for armatures that will go in the great motors that will be used in making munitions. We feel that we are 'doing our bit' in the war!

"'There are seventeen of us here, and soon there'll be more. I've been here five weeks, and I know the business. I can earn my own living and I'm looking forward to the time when I can teach other blind men to earn their living.

"'Right now, after less than two months' training, the best of us can do as much in eight hours as the sight-workers do in five. But we're improving all the time, and I hope that the time will come when I will be as good at this work as any one, sight or no sight.'

"It is expected that blinded soldiers from the armies of the Allies will soon be receiving instruction at the 'Double-Duty Finger Gild.' When these are proficient they will return to their various countries and carry on the work of making the blind self-supporting by instructing others of the thousands of war-blind."

LETTERS - AND - ART

THE BAY-CROWNED POETS

THE POETS who await Mr. Braithwaite's annual awards are an increasing group, for his bay-leaves grow on a flourishing tree. Where so many are crowned there is room for little heart-burning unless it be among those who are given the fullest honors. The magic number seven, which used to limit those who achieved "highest distinction," is stretched to twenty-seven, while the titles of those poems which are graced as "distinctive" seem to fill columns in the Boston *Transcript*, where the preliminary survey occurs. They will all find their proper exploitation in the annual volume which is promised for the early part of this month. Some of the wearers of bay-leaves are to be read in our "Current Poetry" column. One thing that all this aggregation shows, according to the appraiser, is that "physical boundaries," such as determined the character of nineteenth-century poetry, are swept away, and "aims, principles, and forms" are seen to differentiate the output of to-day. There are just as many, if not more, *vers libristes* in the West or the Middle States as in New England. That is the hopeless prospect for the conservative stickler. "There are, of course, centralized forces, but they are forces of individual power, rather than propinquity of ideals," says the anthologist. "There are tendencies and schools, and they are struggling against each other for predominance." This, we are assured, is a state of affairs that has never happened before in the history of American poetry. What it means to Mr. Braithwaite is the proof of two things: "First, that the condition of American poetry is persuasively healthy; and, secondly, that a continuity is defining itself underneath the shifts and changes of expression—showing a rooted poetic impulse in the American people that is going to grow and develop into larger achievements of which the present accomplishments are only the significant and convincing indications."

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK,

The writer of "Earth" and "The Most-Sacred Mountain," two poems among those chosen by Mr. Braithwaite as the most distinctive of the year's output.

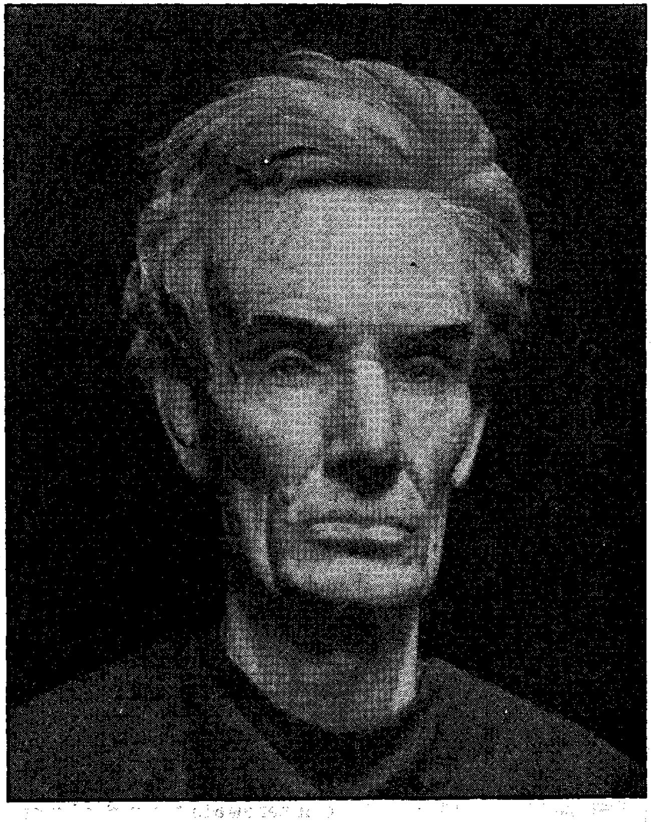
Taking the year 1916–17, the output of poetry is declared to have "variety in the individual and unity in the group." Furthermore:

"There are two groups opposed in the matter of form, tho in the instance of a few poets we find them utilizing two methods of expression, and sometimes producing a hybrid form of rhythm. Some of the work of Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher is of this character, and in each case the practise is a purely literary device rather than a natural and colloquial rendering of spoken sounds. Amy Lowell employs this form, too, and it is an effort to produce scale values in color and sound, a combination of exact pictorial and emotional effects. Robert Frost may also be said to produce this form; but if you study his blank verse closely, and particularly the idioms of his lyrics, it will be seen that it is not a literary innovation that he achieves but the unconscious tone of colloquial speech in which the sense of sound molds the rhythmic outlines. But this middle ground—on which stand some others that are important tho not as notable in actual results as those I have mentioned—is flanked with work that is tenaciously conservative and traditional on the one hand, and work that is radical and revolutionary on the other. Within both these limits of expression—the formal and free—there is a range of inventiveness that might furnish a thesis for the erudite, but should be of little concern to the true lover of poetry only where, in either case, the invention fails to communicate adequately and appealingly the substance dealt with. So much for the matter of form. It becomes a fallacy when you conceive it to be anything else than a kind of function performing through symbols the revelations and evocations enjoyed by the individual. After all, it is only a medium, and as such must obey laws, but these laws, generally well defined in the abstract, change esthetically in their manifestations, and the most convincing artist is he who can penetrate the veil of secrecy that surrounds them and force their elements into service."

Going on to note the essential differences and resemblances between the American and English poets of to-day, Mr. Braithwaite continues:

"As to form, most of the poets in England are working in the main current of English poetry. Certain distinctions they possess, a subtle verbal ease, not common to the conservative American group. This gives them a quality of magic that is delightful—a quality that is mellow, atmospheric, retrospective. This is offset in the work of the Americans by magical glamor, by a fiercer tussle with the issues of life, a vibrant sense of the destinies that envelop the mind and soul of man, and a stronger personal reaction to normal experience. It is a difference of culture, not spirit, that contrasts this English group of conformists from Americans, but the advantage is certainly not all on the side of culture. It may produce a ripeness of art that has charm and distinction, but it loses a freshness, a buoyancy, a flexible adaptation of mood and sympathy toward the fermentations of new life. The anarchistic principle must violate culture to propagate a new and vivid content in poetry. Abercrombie, considered by many the greatest of all living English poets to-day, Masefield, and Gibson have done this. Davies, de la Mare, Hodgson, and a few others, traditional in methods, excel by the virtues of their talents. Behind them for the most part is a welter of clean workmanship, illumined here and there with a special quality of one kind or another, which can set no fair claim to be as good or better than our contemporary poets in America.

"The spirit of the American conformists is a greater element of poetic strength than the culture of the English conformists. Beauty it regards as desirable, but truth is essential. And it is very largely this motive which has made so intense a response on the part of the American mind to the new art forms. That other group of American poets who practise free verse, or *vers libre*, have emancipated emotion for the full exercise of the intellect. Here the situation is similar to the situation among the English poets of to-day. The anarchistic principle has not only violated form but made substance yield a new significance. It is to art what the liberal influence has been in latter-day English politics. The particular merit of this group, mostly carried by two or three strong figures, is an intellectual advance over their contemporaries in both England and America. However are regarded the forms in which they write, they have revived a note of romanticism in American poetry, and given to its expression a stimulus that will impart a tone to invention of whatever pattern, and make it worthy of the intense substance which is the fiber and texture of our national existence.



THE LINCOLN HEAD.

This head of the Barnard statue is slightly different from the one used for the Cincinnati figure. If the statue goes to London it is this "counterfeit presentment" that the British will see.

"The thing criticism should remember when it considers American poetry to-day is, that it must be studied as American poetry. It is already a little too old to be regarded as an experiment, and it is yet too young to render a judgment as to its ephemeral or permanent character. But it is worthy of the highest appreciation and the most sympathetic interpretation, because it has seized upon and embodied aspects of character and life hitherto unrealized in rhythmic expression, and registered them upon the spirit of the nation."

Naming below the "outstanding" poems that have appeared in the various leading magazines, the anthologist feels that these mentioned will support the statement that if no books of poetry were published at all, the magazines would be a sure and practical basis for a study of the production of present-day American verse:

"'Earth' and 'The Unknown Beloved,' by John Hall Wheelock; 'The Most-Sacred Mountain' and 'To My Friend Grown Famous,' by Eunice Tietjens; 'The Wave,' by Louis Untermeyer; 'Guns as Keys: And the Great Gate Swings,' and 'A Bather,' by Amy Lowell; 'The Interpreter' and 'Old Youth,' by Orrick Johns; 'Boyhood Friends' and 'The Loom,' by Edgar Lee Masters; 'Artemis on Latmos,' by Amelia Josephine Burr; 'The Bunty Shoe,' by James E. Richardson; 'The Headland,' by Arthur Davison Ficke; 'Immortal Love,' by George Edward Woodberry; 'Eye-Witness,' by Ridgely Torrence; 'The Child of God,' by Louise Driscoll; 'These United States,' by Benjamin R. C. Low; 'An Ode of Dedication,' by Hermann Hagedorn; 'The Bonfire,' by Robert Frost; 'Memories of Whitman and Lincoln,' by James Oppenheim; 'War,' by Eloise Robinson; 'The Sons of Metaneira,' by John Erskine; 'Children of the Sun,' by Wallace Gould; 'The Secret,' by Frederick Faust; 'The Winter Scene,' by Bliss Carman; 'Songs Out of Sorrow,' by Sara Teasdale; and 'The Seventh Vial,' by Willard Wattles."

LONDON'S AMAZEMENT AT THE "LINCOLN" QUARREL

LONDON MIGHT WELL EXCLAIM, "Save me from my friends," as the controversy over the Lincoln statue waxes warmer here. Even if she be not outraged, as many fear possible, at the gift now proposed for her, she justly has a grievance against being asked to settle the differences of quarrelsome donors. In fact, dispatches from London show that she is resorting to various means of pacification. One is to wash her hands of responsibility and take what is offered with becoming gratitude; the other is to ask for as many statues of Lincoln as Americans choose to offer, with the promise that sites somewhere in the English metropolis will be found for them. The quarrel going on here, and finally taking on a formidable aspect in the organization of a committee of artists showing many prominent names arrayed in opposition to the Barnard statue, was reported to the readers of the London *Times*, and the cudgels to some extent were taken up on the other side of the water. *The Times* itself rather holds its breath at the spectacle of warring factions, saying that "the merits of the statue seem to have been taken here on trust, and it is only at the eleventh hour that influential American opinion has shown itself so decisively against them." It adds:

"There can be no question, of course, that the outspoken condemnation of the great President's son and the protests of men like the late Mr. Choate will settle the matter so far as this country is concerned. It is inconceivable now that this particular statue should ever reach our shores. But the public, and especially the London public, have also a right to know by whose authority so grave a blunder was committed in their name. . . . By all means let us have our memorial of Lincoln, whose size and achievement were never so fully recognized in England as to-day; but let it be a memorial adequate to its subject, a source of unqualified pride to Lincoln's countrymen as well as to ourselves."

Following up this outbreak of the controversy in London, Lord Weardale, the chairman of the "Hundred Years Peace Committee" in England, writes to *The Times* to set the facts straight, which he feels have been put somewhat awry by the *Times's* American correspondent:

"When it was decided by our committee to set up in public positions in London statues of Washington and Lincoln, a fine replica of a statue of the former for this purpose was presented by the State of Virginia to the British Government, and it was further proposed by our American friends that a statue of Lincoln should be similarly presented, and a replica of the statue by Augustus St. Gaudens was suggested as suitable. Time passed, however, and this suggestion never materialized, and eventually Mr. Charles P. Taft, brother of ex-President Taft, made to the committee the generous offer of a replica of Barnard's statue, which the committee gratefully accepted.

"The statue by Barnard was erected by public subscription in the City of Cincinnati, and is considered, we understood, by millions of Americans as a most faithful presentment of Lincoln as he really was.

"It is doubtless, judging from the sketches sent, and to use an apt American expression, somewhat 'homely' in its characterization, but for that very reason perhaps appealed to a wider American sentiment; and in any event, our committee could but welcome a gift made to us by so prominent and responsible a personality as Mr. Taft. It was very distressing to our committee to hear that Mr. Robert T. Lincoln entertained such strong objections to this statue of his illustrious father, but we were unable to discover that he manifested disapproval of or had taken steps to oppose its erection at Cincinnati, and obviously in matters of art or esthetic treatment judgments must ever greatly differ."

It would not be fair that Mr. Barnard should go without champions at this new scene of conflict, and straightway he finds a vigorous one in Mr. W. Roberts, who writes also to *The Times* to say that he knows Mr. Barnard and is "acquainted with the motives which inspired him in this work." Moreover, he also claims the advantage of having seen the statue when it was on view in New York. He calls it, indeed, "a very wonderful work, one of the most original and striking ever done by an American artist." His defense touches on many points:

"I am aware that the statue has given rise to very sharp controversy, just as did Rodin's great statue of Balzac. Anything out of the common order is bound to be adversely criticized and condemned. A few years ago we were throwing stones at Whistler, while (to go no further back) Manet and other painters of his group were denounced in the bitterest terms. Yet how many of those who came to curse have remained to praise?

"Mr. Barnard's statue of Lincoln is of heroic size, fourteen feet in height. It occupied the sculptor over five years, and is the result of over two years' preliminary study of Lincoln and his career. By idealizing the real Lincoln Mr. Barnard has realized the ideal. He shows us Lincoln in all his ruggedness, the loosely fitting frock coat, the massive hands, and the large feet. The model for the figure was a man named C. A. Thomas, who was born (as his father and grandfather had been) on a farm only fifteen miles from where Lincoln was born. This man startlingly resembled Lincoln in bodily proportions and in face; he posed in Lincoln's clothes, and in mentality too he came as near as possible to being the President's 'double.' For the face Mr. Barnard had Douglas Volk's life-mask, which was given to him by Volk's son. And it is in the face, the result of many months' work, that Mr. Barnard has succeeded in revealing the man's character—determination and humility, with sensitiveness, silence, and repose. All the tenderness and 'motherhood' side of the man, as the artist himself has pointed out, are visible in the left side of the face, with the lines which reflect his exquisite sense of humor; while the right side is the man's side—stern, sinister, and stoical—'here are the lines that held a nation's foundation—held it when its entire superstructure tottered.'

"St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln, now at Chicago, to which your Washington correspondent refers, is also a wonderful work, but it shows Lincoln as the President, and not, as does Mr. Barnard's, as a man of the people."

Without denying even Mr. Roberts's championship of the artistic gifts of Mr. Barnard or the merits of his work, Sir Claude Phillips, the English art critic, writes to the London *Daily Telegraph* to say that what is wanted is not a work realizing "the rough-hewn figure, the tough, time-worn envelop, the physical defects, the uncouthness of aspect of the great man."

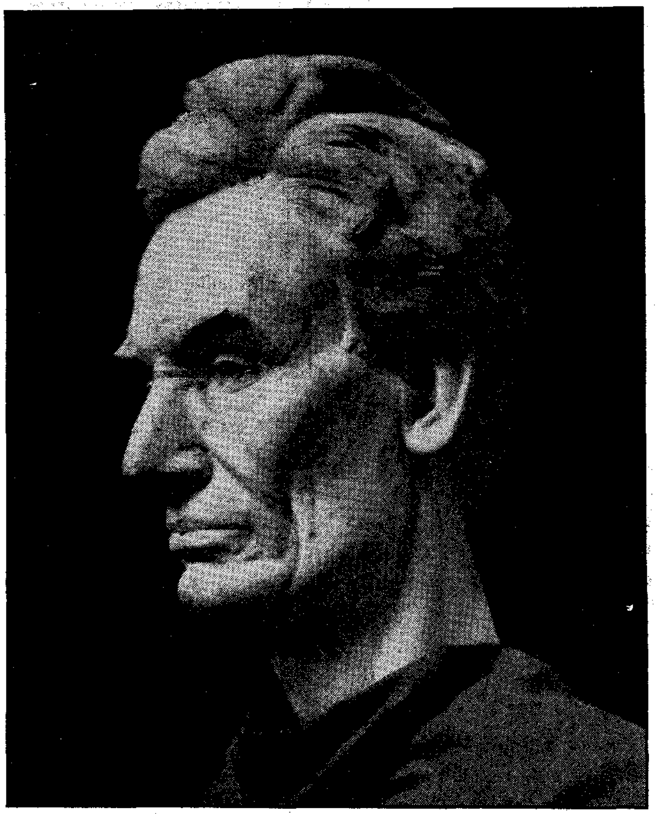
"This is assuredly not what we want when the task is—as it must be here—to produce a strongly rhythmic monumental figure that shall stand before all the world, in the open, powerfully impressing, nay dominating, the beholder. Such a figure should in its massive strength, in its pathetic simplicity, but also in its loftiness and dignity, express the true character, the true spirituality of this leader of men, the greatest personality, and the least obscured by private ambitions, of all that the nineteenth century has to show. In a statue of these dimensions, that must in the first place be an architectonic decoration, we have to consider not so much intricate detail, supersubtlety of expression, as monumental grandeur and characterization that, rising above the merely literal, shall render in strongly emphasized traits the nobler, the more permanent aspects of the human being."

Mr. Sidney Colvin, the art critic, states the same objection:

"On the merits of the offered statue I do not enter—they can not be judged from the only illustration of it which I have seen. But if, as seems admitted, it is an example of tendencies ultramodern, and defiantly—to use the current and question-begging word—'realistic,' then I would say, Do not place it in a scene on which antiquity and tradition have indelibly set their stamp, but let a new site be found where it may hereafter be joined by new things in harmony with itself."

WHAT THE SOLDIER READS

NO ARMIES EVER READ like the armies of to-day, because no armies could read as they can read. It does not need the *Evening Post* writer to tell us that the reason for this fact is the trench warfare which gives the fighting men a good deal of idle time. So the books actually called for, as the nations long at war have found out, match in variety even the flotsam and jetsam that came at call from garrets and storehouses, to the relief of housekeepers. Almost at the beginning of the war an English committee began supplying books to its soldiers, and *The Library Journal* of the New York Public Library has issued a pamphlet to tabulate from experience the kind of books soldiers like to read. There have been calls for donations of books as well as for money to buy books, and the Y. M. C. A. has undertaken the office of distributing agency. What was forthcoming in England from a similar call was not a small response:



THE LEFT SIDE

Of the Lincoln face, which, Mr. Barnard says, reflects "all the tenderness and 'motherhood' side of the man, with the lines which reflect his exquisite sense of humor."

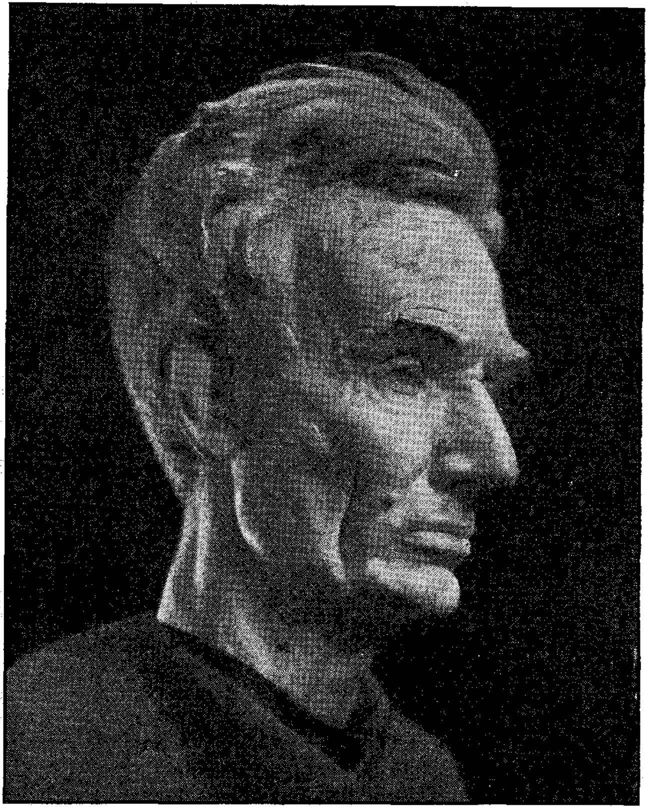
"Empty wagons had to be hired and kept at the door for the refuse that people had seized the opportunity of sending under the pretext of being charitable. Old parish magazines were received and sent to the pulp-makers by the tens of thousands. Enterprising householders were soon raking up copies of *Punch* bearing the date 1846, 'Hints to Mothers,' 'How to Cut a Blouse,' 'Guides to English Watering-places,' even old telephone-directories and—*mirabile dictu*—'Meditations Among the Tombs,' and patriotically dumping them upon the volunteer distributers. Yet the first call brought a full million well-selected books, which included rare editions of standard authors. The latter were sold, and the proceeds invested in volumes of the kind most needed. So was started an activity that speedily grew and branched until it has become one of the great departments of war-work."

The lesson of experience is that no hard and fast rule for soldiers' reading can be laid down:

"'Boswell and Pepys, Nick Carter, detective stories, the Bible, Nat Gould, Wordsworth's "Prelude," "Famous Boxers," the Koran, Miss Austen, Mark Twain, Marie Corelli, Macaulay, *London Opinion*, and the *Round Table* go side by side.' And this not by any chance arrangement, but in response to exprest preferences from the front."

If one insists that there must be some one sort of books that soldiers like better than they like others the answer is, "Detective stories are shouted for." According to *The Evening Post*, then, "favorites" come in such procession as this:

"Kipling, Jacobs, Florence Barclay, John Oxenham, Rider Haggard, Dumas, Stevenson. According to this, soldiers are very much like non-combatants. The parallel goes further. Like non-combatants, they have their 'highbrows.' Whether or not it is these that called for the 'Hundred Best Poems' and even the 'Hundred Best Love Poems' may be matter of controversy, but there is no mistaking the 'smart young soldier' who limped slightly and from whose pocket stuck out a copy of Browning. He had profited by three weeks in the convalescence camp 'to read for the first time the whole of Keats and Wordsworth, and was just beginning Browning.'"



LINCOLN'S "MASCULINE" SIDE.

"Stern, sinister, stoical—here are the lines that held a nation's foundation—held it when its entire superstructure tottered."

HOW WAR SAVES THE CLASSICS

THE TRUE MEANING of human life is coming home to us as it has not in generations past. The war has made us probe to the essentials on which human life depends; and in our educational life it has had the effect of making us retrieve the study of the classics, which had begun to slip away from us. "The call to save our own freedom and to help save the freedom of the world, to organize one hundred millions of human beings to do the work of one giant," says Dean Andrew F. West, of Princeton, in the New York *Sun*, "has compelled us to examine ourselves most carefully." The existing records of the schools and colleges in our land and in European lands, declares this educator, all agree in showing that students with classical training generally surpass the non-classical students, not only in such subjects as history and literature, but in the general range of the sciences and in the professional and technical studies. Such a "bold, hard, unanswerable fact," he thinks, ought "to have great weight with practical men who judge any system of education by its practical results." What meaning has this need for the present exigencies of world upheaval?

"It means, at bottom, that unless our democracy can raise its trained leaders from among its own people and give them the finest type of intelligent training, we shall have lack of enlightened leadership for public opinion. We shall have no sure way of securing a harmonious common view of the all-important questions on which the welfare of our land depends. Without such leadership our democracy will sink into a state of provincial dependence and become a servant in many ways, commercially as well as intellectually, of other powerful lands which are guided by clear, definite, masterful opinion.

"Germany gets this result from an autocracy at the sacrifice of liberty and truth. We can get this result and maintain with full power liberty and truth only if we have such guiding intelligence resting on the common consent of the best educated minds, all devoted intelligently to the good of our land. This is our one and only hope for leadership and success in combating the unspeakable evils of autocracy. For to do this, we must be wise as well as strong. It is the power of concentrated, definite, and related knowledge of many minds acting as one.

"If democracy is to win, it must have the power of concentrated, definite, related knowledge controlled by a common enlightened opinion of the best minds of the land; democratic in origin, democratic in spirit, and united clearly and powerfully for one end, namely, the use of the best knowledge gained through the best training for the good of all the people."

Opposition to the classics has always been inspired by the commercial spirit, he continues, and the easy-going views of life which have hitherto been so prevalent:

"It is the old warfare of soul and sense. It is the 'immortal conflict' of Plato which is now going on. In that conflict he who wins becomes a man, he who fails becomes a slave. So serious, so critical is the question which confronts every American boy. It seems almost a waste of time to discuss these matters. A man whose higher nature is blunted or dulled by love of lower things is going to sink. Arguments addrest to him are in vain. The only thing that can revive him is something like a thunder-clap. This thunder-clap has come to this land through war.

"It is almost enough to awake the dead. It has already awakened many a boy and man who had been living in easy, careless indifference. It is going through our schools and it is bound to sweep out a lot of trash that has been allowed in our schools and a lot of superintendents who have been playing politician instead of standing straight as educators. There is no true education of the highest type unless it is based on discipline and duty, and unless it involves thorough training in a few fundamental studies of most general value, which when taken in combination form a base for man's whole intellectual life. This new force may regenerate American education. It is bound to have a powerful influence. The only question is: Will it go far enough to be both sweeping and enduring? If so, the United States will enter upon a new and glorious period of intelligent educational development, the cause of freedom will be strengthened for ages to come, and we shall become a guiding light for the whole world of knowledge."

When men talk of dropping the classics from secondary schools and colleges, insists Dean West, they are talking about dropping the bottom out of a large part of our education. For example:

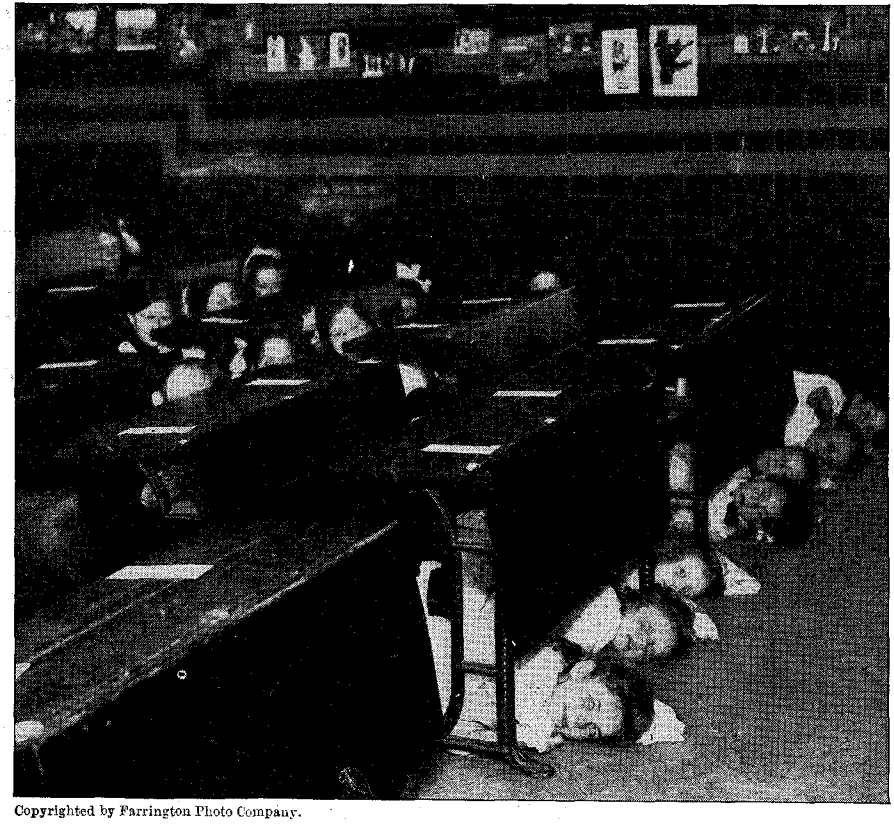
"They are dropping the best use of English, the thing every one needs for every-day life.

"They are talking of dropping the bottom out of the training for modern languages. They are talking about dropping out the spirit which inspires all pure scientific studies. They are talking of extinguishing the light of history. They are talking of abandoning the heights of literature. They are talking of silencing the tongue of philosophy. It is a splendid conflict in which we are engaged. It is nothing more, nothing less, than the cause of intelligence against ignorance."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

WHEN REPRISALS ARE ASKED OF US

ARE WE TO MAKE REPRISALS? The decision may be forced upon us at no distant date, and already the straws seem to show that the wind blows in the direction of such practises. No longer ago than last April, it is pointed out by an English writer, Mr. Cunliffe-Owen, President Wilson, in his message to Congress, discountenanced the idea of requitals. His later messages and proclamations, however, as well as his public utterances, seem to indicate that he has retreated from the high standard of last April. Such a retreat the British Government is now making under the urging of its King as well as a great majority of its people. The two primates of England, Canterbury and York, are divided in counsels; the former has been and continues to be sternly opposed to paying the German in his own coin. Not so the younger and more democratic prelate, the Archbishop of York. Mr. Cunliffe-Owen, in the New York *Sun*, reviews the past three years in this particular respect in France and England, and shows how the early vengeance taken by France saved her people from many of the horrors suffered by England. The first amelioration was effected in the treatment of prisoners:



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A LONDON SCHOOL INTERLUDE.

Since the German air-raid which took such pitiful toll of school children, this precaution is observed when the warning guns are sounded. Yet the British hesitate about reprisals.

"When she learned of the maltreatment of those of her soldiers who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Germans she lost no time in notifying the Berlin Government by way of Madrid that Germans in French captivity would lose most of the privileges which they had until then enjoyed and be subjected to increased severity. By way of an earnest of this warning of retaliation large batches of German prisoners were shipped off from the relatively comfortable prison-camps in France to Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis for employment there in road-making. These measures proved very efficacious.

"A more or less tacit understanding between Paris and Berlin was reached. The German prisoners were returned to their detention camps in France, while the French in German captivity were treated with a consideration and a regard that offered a striking contrast to the brutality, neglect, and horrible cruelty which, according to abundant evidence, including that of the former American Ambassador at Berlin, James W. Gerard, were meted out to the Kaiser's unfortunate prisoners of British, Belgian, and Russian nationality."

France's policy of reprisals in respect to air-raids has been equally effective. She gave warning, in the latter part of 1915, that every *Zeppelin* or airplane attack upon her populous centers, resulting in the killing of unarmed men, of women, and of children, would be followed by similar attacks upon German cities and towns far to the rear of the war-zone. Karlsruhe and some other cities were visited; and in the former a scar left on the palace of the reigning Grand Duke convinced the Germans that the French were not to be trifled with. England refrained so long as her great public buildings and institutions went uninjured, but the mortality among her humbler citizens at last moved even the King to exclaim, while he looked upon the mangled remains of a child victim, "And there are still people here who in the face of such sights as these continue to prate against reprisals as a means of defense." Serious as the situation is, the British seem always able to lighten it with a little humor. The other day the correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* reported that—

"Some special constables on duty near a school during a raid were listening to the boys as they were holding the usual evening service. To their great amusement they discovered that the hymn that happened to be chosen that evening was, 'Hark, hark, my soul,' with the refrain, 'Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.' And in a street that had suffered severely from enemy bombs a woman from a ruined house was seen the next morning among the crowd that had collected to survey the damage. She was inquiring for her landlord. 'I must find him,' she said; 'it is most important.' 'A question of repairs?' suggested a visitor. 'Oh, no,' she replied, flourishing a Treasury note; 'I went to pay my rent; it was due yesterday.'"

The opposition to reprisals offered by pacifists and "cranks and agitators of that type" might be ignored, points out the writer; but "somewhat to the concern of the Government, a considerable portion of the hierarchy of the Established Church, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, has been vigorously denouncing from the pulpit, from the platform, and in the columns of the press the alleged wickedness of reprisals." Particularly:

"The Archbishop of Canterbury has all along been opposed to anything of the kind. He protested on theological and

> moral grounds against the Allies adopting gas as a means of defense, being apparently willing that the soldiers of the Entente should have, so to speak, one or even both arms tied in fighting rather than that any Episcopal conscience should be seared. Later he protested in a similar fashion against British use of liquid fire at the front as a means of defense; and of late he has not only been denouncing the policy of reprisals for the air-raids, but has even lent his countenance to petitions which are being circulated against reprisals, petitions that bear his signature and those of a number of other Episcopal dignitaries.
>
> "That this attitude is by no means confined to the southern Primate and to a few of the so-called spiritual lords of Parliament—that is to say, bishops with seats in the upper house at Westminster—is apparent from the species of indorsement which their course has received from a majority of both houses of Convocation, which may be described as the legislature or diet of the Established Church. This antireprisal majority in the Convocation recently went even a step further in this direction and voted in favor of the entire deletion of the Fifty-eighth Psalm as well as certain verses in nine other psalms, because they 'invoke a ruthless vengeance upon the wicked.' Convocation took particular exception to those verses in the Fifty-eighth Psalm which contain the following appeal:
>
> "'Break their teeth, O God, in their mouths; smite the jawbones of the lions, O Lord. . . . Let them consume away like a snail, and be like the untimely fruit of a woman.' And 'The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.'
>
> "According to Canon Aitken, who is not unknown in the United States, which he has visited as a pulpit orator, such passages are 'most unchristianlike in character,' and 'unedifying for use in the public services of the Church.'"

The Archbishop of York, who is expected to visit this country in the near future, does not, as pointed out, side with his brother of Canterbury. Of him we read:

> "Far more in touch with the people, with the Crown, and with the Government than his brother of Canterbury, more virile, and therefore likely to strike a sympathetic note among the people of America, he is understood to favor reprisals as a means of defense. . . . It may be taken for granted that he will take advantage of his stay here to put before the American people the policy of reprisals for purposes of defense, as adopted by Great Britain, in its true light, not only from a military, but also from a humane and even religious point of view. It is on the cards that he may discuss the matter at the White House."

Other strong adherents of the reprisal principle are General Smuts and the Duke of Argyle, who is credited with "a very lofty sense of religion." The Duke lays stress on the necessity of demonstrating to the German people that the Kaiser should not continue his policy of bombing and massacring defenseless women and children with impunity, and that it would result in the visitation upon their heads of a similar fate, from which he would be powerless to protect them. For,

> "Fed up with mendacious stories of Teuton victories, reprisals in the way of air-raids upon their towns and cities in the interior of the Empire would bring home to them more than anything else the conviction that the *Vaterland* was on the high road to inevitable defeat. Incidentally, the Duke paid his respects in caustic language to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to those members of the hierarchy who had distinguished themselves by their opposition to the entire policy of reprisals."

General Smuts, in a recent address, spoke in no uncertain strain as the London *Times* reports him:

> "We are dealing with an enemy whose *Kultur* has not carried him beyond the rudiments of the Mosaic law, and to whom you can only apply the maxim of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' On that principle we are now most reluctantly forced to apply to him the bombing policy which he has applied to us, and I am afraid the Government has no longer any choice in the matter.
>
> "Allow me to emphasize two points which I hope will be borne in mind when it is ultimately found that my words to-day are not mere idle threats, but serious and far-reaching in their import. First, we did not begin this business of bombing industrial and populous centers. The enemy began the practise, just as he began the use of poisoned gas and many other contraventions of international law, and we have been most reluctantly forced to follow suit after a long delay, which has most severely tried the patience of the British people. Secondly, I look upon these developments of the art of war as utterly bad and immoral, and, while I do not fear them, if as in the present case they are forced upon us, yet I should infinitely prefer that both sides could desist from such cruel practises. We shall do our best to avoid the German abominations, and in an air-offensive against the military and industrial centers of the enemy we shall use every endeavor to spare as far as is humanly possible the innocent and the defenseless."

PREFERRING LUTHER TO CALVIN

NARROW-MINDEDNESS can not be charged against Boston when it proposes to exchange a neutral theologian for a Teutonic one. Yet so far as *The Transcript* speaks for Boston, or, in this particular case, for the whole of New England, there is a decided preference shown for Luther over Calvin. Luther was never New England's prophet, it points out, in the sense that John Calvin was and still is. Even those who have long since departed from the great Genevan's doctrines find his name one to conjure with, we are told. "Not only Calvin's thought and doctrine, but his very mind and nature, seemed to be those of New England." There is offered in this editorial a spur to thinking on the subject of religious leaders, tho the writer doubts, because of this Calvinistic preoccupation, whether the observances of the Reformation quadricentenary will seize very firmly upon the popular attention. In defense of this plea of Roland for an Oliver we read:

> "Luther was more or less drawn into the Reformation. Such a movement as that with which his name was eventually linked was not at all in his thought when he nailed his theses to the door at Wittenberg. But Calvin was, in fact, a Protestant from the start. Never could he have been anything else. He was also the first of the Puritans, and in that capacity came easily to be New England's prophet.
>
> "The doctrine of Luther was surely a kindlier thing than that of Calvin. If Luther saw in God his impregnable fortress, Calvin saw in him an avenging fire before which his soul bowed in fear. The rock upon which he reared his theology was the anger of God, and the church which he built represented not alone his great doctrine of justification by faith, but the stern discipline which he instituted as the expression of the divine anger. New England accepted the Calvinistic theology, and nourished upon it all its earnest generations up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Nor, in shaking off the dark mantle of his relentless doctrine, did New England quite put Calvin aside. There are a sternness and an intolerance about even our rationalism that hark back to the stake where Servetus was burned. . . . . . .
>
> "If New England could really think, at this time, about anything else than the war, it would be profitable as well as possible, apropos of the Luther quadricentenary, to consider whether we might not well begin to learn more from Luther and less from Calvin. Surely the Lutheran was the sweeter influence, and the Evangelical doctrine a more human thing than the Genevan. Alone in their adherence to the doctrine of the consubstantial presence, and their inability to follow the Genevan in his assertion of a purely spiritual presence, the Evangelicals classed themselves with the simpler souls of the world, and reached out their hands for a presence nearer to them than the vast and dominating abstraction which Calvin worshiped. The tendency, the demand, survives to this day, and is all around us. In spite of Luther's warfare with Rome, in spite of the great movement of resistance of which his name became the very emblem, his nature and his doctrine were always nearer to the Catholic peoples than that of the Calvinistic wing of the Reformation to which New England belonged.
>
> "It may seem fanciful to derive a suggestion of at least a sympathetic reunion of cults and schools from the mention of Luther's name to-day, but if Theodore Parker were alive to-morrow one might imagine him making from his pulpit a new application of his famous sermon on 'The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity,' and teaching us that the permanent and immortal element of Christianity may include the faith and the lives of the believers in the great religious system which Luther combated, as well as the faith of those who followed his illustrious leadership into the shining ways of the Reformation."

THE NEXT GENERATION

A WAR-POEM recently exprest the observation of an old inhabitant of heaven on seeing the mass of new-comers stream up from the battle-fields. "They must be rich in men down there," he mused, and wondered at the fine young fellows that could be spared. But the countries who make the sacrifices are appalled at their coming poverty, and, in their efforts to replace the lost, all sorts of old laws and traditions, human and divine, are going by the board. England has been a land of difficult, almost impossible, divorce, but now the problem seems to be to make it easy. One of the best-known legal authorities on divorce is quoted by the London *Daily Telegraph* as urging that "every legal facility be granted" in order that married people living apart may have "no excuse for avoiding the national duty of parenthood." He asserts that "at the present time a million men and women in this country are separated by justices' orders, and tens of thousands are living apart owing to domestic infelicity." In two days, it is stated, over three hundred applications for divorce were made to the Poor Persons' Department of the High Court of Justice. The great proportion of the applicants are said to be men, and the majority are soldiers whose wives, they allege, have been unfaithful during their absence. The secretary is quoted to this effect:

> "The number of applications is daily increasing. In the first six months of this year we had 14,000 appeals for assistance, of which between 500 and 600 have been granted, and the cases are now being proceeded with. There are no fees payable, but every applicant must find the solicitor's out-of-pocket expenses and expenses incidental to witnesses. If witnesses are not brought from a long distance the whole proceedings from beginning to end do not cost more than £10, and some cases may be completed for as low as £6. Before we take up a case we must be satisfied that the applicant is really poor. No one earning more than £3 a week should apply to us."

Information in a telegram from Rome, which may or may not be accurate, speaks of pamphlets widely circulated among German troops by the military authorities in which a sort of polygamy is urged under the general title, "Lateral Marriage: the Only Means for the Formation of a New Powerful Armed Force and for Ennoblement of Morality." The New York *Evening Sun* comments on the information thus obtained:

> "In one pamphlet forwarded to Rome explicit exhortation is addrest to married women, 'in the interest of the Fatherland,' to 'obtain the necessary permission from their husbands to contract lateral marriages, based upon personal inclination, with married men who in turn must obtain their wives' consent.' It is added that these lateral marriages, whose object is to increase the birth-rate and 'mitigate conditions brought about by the war,' can be 'dissolved after children are born.' The Vatican, not unnaturally, is indignant over such a proposal, and is preparing to denounce it."

In France an aspect of the question of repopulation carries the bitter reminder of the sufferings endured at the hands of the invader. It has been found necessary to organize a Society for the Protection of Children in the Liberated Regions; and this will have to deal with children of French mothers and German fathers. As more and more territory is recovered France finds herself face to face with a new German invasion. She is stirred to action by protests of French soldiers similar to one published last August in *Le Figaro* (Paris):

> "A disabled soldier went to meet his wife and child, who had been lost to him for three years in one of the occupied departments. He found not one, but two children in his home, the second a baby under two years. The soldier's letter is a cry to France to save the poor remnant of his happiness. His wife he will take back, he says; it was not her fault. But never, as long as he lives, will he return home while 'that *Boche*' is under his roof."

The matter dealt with in the New York *Times* presents these alternatives:

> "What is to be done with these baby invaders? Shall they grow up without a country, perhaps to strike a new blow at the civilization which cast them off? Shall the mothers have to choose between keeping them, and by so doing put out again the rekindled home-fires, or give them up as outcasts? Shall the '*intrus*,' as they are called, be herded in institutions with other foundlings and left in ignorance of their origin?"

The new society for reclamation has for its president Princess Murat, a descendant of Marshal Ney, whose youngest son, a boy of nineteen, gave his life for France. The Princess speaks thus to the *Times* interviewer, who went to see the *crèche* at Chambly:

> "Since the war left me the power to help others I looked about to find the greatest need. The problem of housing and feeding in the devastated territory was so well taken care of—thanks to America's generosity—that I turned my attention to the little abandoned children whose mothers had died or been carried off, or had gone back of their own accord with the invader—some of them chose that rather than face their husbands. Alone I could have done very little, but I soon found collaborators, and . . . we have now two asylums. . . . . . .
>
> "Our plan is to take the babies and care for them in our *crèche* until we can find good homes for them with peasant families. We pay the mothers so much a week for looking after them. Already a number of them have been placed. We want these children to grow up French, and to be French they must belong to France and feel that France belongs to them. Are they not half French already? If you take a horse from the south and set him down in the north, where he eats the food of the north and breathes the air of the north, he becomes like the horses of the north. So these children shall be French—good French peasants."

Their number is not small, according to the Princess Murat:

> "They are being born every day in the departments of the Somme, the Aisne, and the Oise. And that does not take into account those in the provinces which we have still to win back.
>
> "At first we planned to confine our work to the Oise, but the need was so pressing that we have taken over the Somme and the Aisne as well. The mothers bring the babies to Noyon, where Baron Henri Rothschild has a rescue station. There they are packed in boxes like little chickens and sent to us. Sometimes they are not more than two days old.
>
> "Of course, the children are not all '*Boches*.' Some are French children, born after their fathers went away. We have older children as well, whose mothers have died or deserted them. These also we place in families. Our plan is to mix them all together, so that only we shall know their origin. Naturally, if any mothers want to keep track of their children, even to see them, we shall make it possible."

This glimpse of the *crèche* at Chambly, particularly of the wards where older children are kept, is afforded us:

> "After visiting the babies, the little unconscious jetsam of the monster tidal wave, we went into the children's room. There, around the low table, in the midst of sunshine and pleasant surroundings, the conscious jetsam sit in their little chairs. They look neat and well cared for, and are beginning to show the results of feeding. The blooded cows which we saw grazing in the park supply them with milk. But they seem to have been born without the instinct of play. Each one holds a doll in its listless hands. They do not move about, nor look at each other, nor utter a sound, except to cry when some one speaks to them too abruptly.
>
> "Some of them are sweet-faced, even pretty. There is Maria du Billard, so called because she was found on a billiard-table. There is little Marguerite Juillet, who arrived in July. One was left on a train. Not one but has lived a tragedy. And in some strange way they seem to know it, like little pale reflections of their mother's anguish. Upon them all is a look of blight.
>
> "How much would you say a child of two could suffer? Before you answer you must meet the eyes of little Paul—baby eyes which brood and brood over some remembered horror, and can not forget. Neither will you forget when you have seen them. If all else were forgiven to the evil author of this war, that look of Paul's should 'hurl his soul from heaven.'
>
> "'They are different from other babies, you see,' said the Princess, 'and see, how plainly you can tell the "*Boches.*" But, no!' she added, quickly, 'they are all French!'
>
> "'They are all French!' That is to be the saving word for these tragic little victims of *Kultur*."

CURRENT - POETRY

THE following ten poems, reprinted from the Boston *Transcript*, are among the thirty that Mr. William S. Braithwaite has selected as representing "the best" among the year's product. Some of these may have already appeared in this column, but they acquire a new significance in their present classification. An article in the LETTERS AND ART department discusses the general character of the year's verse:

THE WINTER SCENE

BY BLISS CARMAN

I

The rutted roads are all like iron; skies
Are keen and brilliant; only the oak-leaves cling
In the bare woods, or hardy bitter-sweet;
Drivers have put their sheepskin jackets on;
And all the ponds are sealed with sheeted ice
That rings with stroke of skate and hockey-stick,
Or in the twilight cracks with running whoop.
Bring in the logs of oak and hickory,
And make an ample blaze on the wide hearth.
Now is the time, with winter o'er the world,
For books and friends and yellow candle-light,
And timeless lingering by the settling fire,
While all the shuddering stars are keen and cold.

II

Out of the silent portal of the hours,
When frosts are come and all the hosts put on
Their burnished gear to march across the night
And o'er a darkened earth in splendor shine,
Slowly above the world Orion wheels
His glittering square, while on the shadowy hill
And throbbing like a sea-light through the dusk,
Great Sirius rises in his flashing blue:
Lord of the winter night, august and pure,
Returning year on year untouched by time,
To kindle faith with thy immortal fire,
There are no hurts that beauty can not ease,
No ills that love can not at last repair,
In the courageous progress of the soul.

III

Russet and white and gray is the oak-wood
In the great snow. Still from the north it comes,
Whispering, settling, sifting through the trees,
O'erloading branch and twig. The road is lost;
Clearing and meadow, stream and ice-bound pond
Are made once more a trackless wilderness
In the white hush where not a creature stirs;
And the pale sun is blotted from the sky.
In that strange twilight the lone traveler halts,
To listen while the stealthy snowflakes fall.
And then far off toward the Stanford shore,
Where through the storm the coastwise liners go,
Faint and recurrent on the muffled air,
A fog-horn booming through the smother—hark!

IV

When the day changed and the mad wind died down,
The powdery drifts that all day long had blown
Across the meadows and the open fields,
Or whirled like diamond-dust in the bright sun,
Settled to rest and for a tranquil hour
The lengthening bluish shadows on the snow
Stole down the orchard slope, and a rose light
Flooded the earth with glory and with peace.
Then in the west, behind the cedars black,
The sinking sun made red the winter dusk
With sullen flare along the snowy ridge—
Like a rare masterpiece by Hokusai,
Where on a background gray, with flaming breath
The crimson dragon dies in dusky gold.

—*The Nation* (New York).

THE INTERPRETER

BY ORRICK JOHNS

In the very early morning when the light was low,
She got all ready and she went like snow,
Like snow in the springtime on a sunny hill,
And we were only frightened and can't think still.

We can't think quite that the katydids and frogs
And the little cheeping chickens and the little grunting hogs,
And the other living things, that she spoke for to us,
Have nothing more to tell her since it happened thus.

She never is around for any one to touch,
But of ecstasy and longing she, too, knew much—
And always when any one has time to call his own
She will come and be beside him as quiet as a stone.

—*Contemporary Verse* (Philadelphia).

TO MY FRIEND, GROWN FAMOUS

BY EUNICE TIETJENS

The mail has come from home,
From home that still remembers—to Japan.
My tiny maid, as faultless as a fan,
Bows in the doorway. "Honorable letters,"
She says, "have kindly come."
And smiles, knowing the fetters
That bind me still.

And all my mail to-day is full of you.
"His name," says one, "is sounding still and sounding."
And some one else, "It is astounding,
I never knew the public chatter worse.
Eighteen editions for a book of verse!"
And all the printed pages glitter, too.
With you,
With your stark vision and cold fire,
Your singing truth, your vehement desire
To cut through lies to life.
These move behind the printed echoes here,
The paper strife,
The scurry of small pens about your name,
Measuring, praising, blaming by the same
Tight rule of thumb that makes their own
Inadequacy known.
And as I read a phrase leaps clear
From your own letter: "I am tired," you say,
"Of men who talk and talk and dare not live
But take their orgasms in speech!"
Yes, that would be your way
To take the critics. It is you who give,
Not they;
And safe beyond their reach
Huge, careless, Rabelaisian, you pass by,
Watching their squirming with amused eye.

. . . .

Here as I sit,
My paper house-side slid away
And all my chamber open to the rain,
I feel a haunting, exquisite
Gray shadow of a pain.
Beauty has part in it, and loneliness,
And the far call of home—and thoughts of you
In the rain of spring.
Here in this land of frozen loveliness,
Of artistry complete, where each small thing
Minutely, preciously, is perfect,
I have grown hungry for the sight of you,
Who are not perfect;
Who are big and free
And largely vulgar like the peasantry,
And full of sorrows for mankind.
I can not find
Your spirit in this land. The little tree
Tortured and dwarfed—oh! beautiful I know
In the gray slanting rain,
But tortured even so—
The little pine-tree in my garden close
Is symbol of the soul that grows—
You would not understand—
Within this patient cult of loveliness.

Would care far less—
For the pale, silvered shadows of this land
That make it dear to me.
Yet when I see
Your clear handwriting march across the page,
And your brave spirit of a tonic age
Blow sharp across the spring,
I smother here a little;
This conscious beauty is so light, so brittle,
So frail a thing!

But you are free! "Go out," your letter says,
"Go drink life to the lees.
See the round world! Watch where Lord Buddha sits
Beneath the tree; and see where Jesus walked
And talked.
See where Aspasia and Pericles
Have visited together, and where Socrates
Leaned on the wall. . . .
Go out, my friend, and see—
And then come back and tell it all to me!"

That, too, is like you, "Tell it all to me."
I feel your spirit searching hungrily
Each human being for the stuff of life,
The sharp blue flame below the smoke,
The authentic cry
That all our mouthing can not choke.
Your hunger is for life, for life!
And you have understanding, and the power
To pierce the husk of words, to take an hour
Hot from the crisis of a soul
And live it in another, and so grow
Greater by each of us who only know
A part—and you the whole.

O friend, my friend, it's good to feel you there,
A solvent for all small hypocrisies,
A white and steady flare
That beacons over such confusing seas
To bring me truth.
It's good to know that youth
And eyes and lips are only half the tie;
That, tho all listening peoples claim you now,
Your spirit still
Holds some small emptiness that I,
And only I, can fill.

So take my homage, friend, with all the rest.
It will not hurt you—you are much too wise—
And ride the world, and battle at the crest,
As at the ebb, with lies.
Yet, if you weary sometimes of the praise
And greatness palls a little in the dusk,
I shall be waiting as in other days.
Then you can strip your world-ways like a husk,
And friendship will make wide her wicket gate
On twilit gardens, sweet and intimate,
And we will talk of simple homely things,
Of flowers, of laughter, of the flash of wings. . . .

—*Reedy's Mirror* (St. Louis).

IMMORTAL LOVE

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

I

O thou who clothest thyself in mystic form—
Color, and gleam, and lonely distances;
Whose seat the majesty of ocean is,
Shot o'er with motions of the skyey storm!
Thou with whose mortal breath the soul doth warn
Her being, soaring to eternal bliss;
Whose revelation unto us is this
Dilated world, starred with its golden swarm!
Thee rather in myself than heaven's vast light
Flooding the daybreak, better I discern;
The glorious morning makes all nature bright,
But in the soul doth riot more, and burn;
A thousand beauties rush upon my sight,
But to the greater light within I turn.

II

I know not who thou art to whom I pray,
Or that indeed thou art, apart from me,
A dweller in a lone eternity,
Or a participant of my sad way.
I only know that at the fall of day
Fain would I in thy world companion thee;
Upon the mystery of thy breast to be
Unconscious and within thy love to stay.
I lose thee in the largeness when I think;
And when again I feel, I find thee nigh;
The more my mind goes out to nature's brink,
The more thou art removed like the sky;
But when concentrated in love I sink,
Thou art my nucleus; there I live and die.

"I serve not in the battle's din
But serve the battler's dinner.
And so I take a hand to make
Our Uncle Sam a winner."

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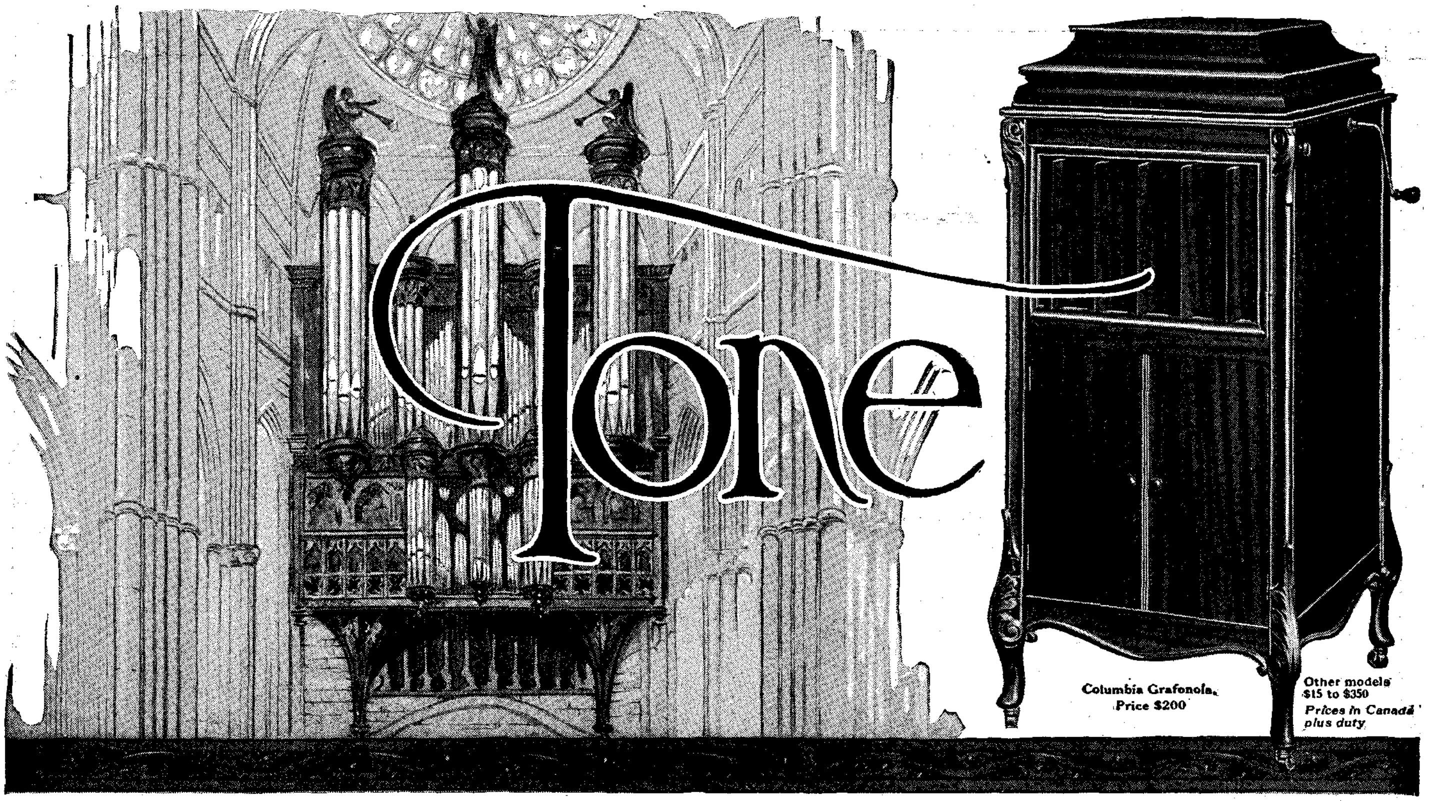

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III

Immortal Love, too high for my possessing—
Yet, lower than thee, where shall I find repose?
Long in my youth I sang the morning rose,
By earthly things the heavenly pattern guessing!
Long fared I on, beauty and love caressing,
And finding in my heart a place for those
Eternal fugitives; the golden close
Of evening folds me, still their sweetness blessing.
O happy we, the first-born heirs of nature,
For whom the Heavenly Sun delays his light!
He by the sweets of every mortal creature
Tempers eternal beauty to our sight;
And by the glow upon love's earthly feature
Maketh the path of our departure bright.
—*Scribner's Magazine* (New York).

A NUN

By Odell Shepard

One glance and I had lost her in the riot
Of tangled cries.
She trod the clamor with a cloistral quiet
Deep in her eyes,
As tho she heard the muted music only
That silence makes,
Among dim mountain summits and on lonely
Deserted lakes.

There is some broken song her heart remembers
From long ago,
Some love lies buried deep, some passion's ember
Smothered in snow,
Far voices of a joy that sought and missed her
Fail now, and cease. . . .
And this has given the deep eyes of God's sister
Their dreadful peace.
—*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* (Chicago).

FEET

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Where the sun shines in the street
There are very many feet
Seeking God, all unaware
That their hastening is a prayer.
Perhaps these feet would deem it odd
(Who think they are on business bent),
If some one went
And told them, "You are seeking God!"
—*Contemporary Verse* (Philadelphia).

EARTH

By John Hall Wheelock

Grasshopper, your fairy-song
And my poem alike belong
To the deep and silent earth
From which all poetry has birth;
All we say and all we sing
Is but as the murmuring
Of that drowsy heart of hers
When from her deep dream she stirs:
If we sorrow, or rejoice,
You and I are but her voice.

Deftly does the dust express
In mind her hidden loveliness,
And from her cool silence stream
The cricket's cry and Dante's dream;
For the earth that breeds the trees
Breeds cities too, and symphonies,
Equally her beauty flows
Into a savior, or a rose—
Looks down in dream, and from above
Smiles at herself in Jesus's love.
Christ's love and Homer's art
Are but the workings of her heart;
Through Leonardo's hand she seeks
Herself, and through Beethoven speaks
In holy thunderings around
The awful message of the ground.

The serene and humble mold
Does in herself all selves enfold—
Kingdoms, destinies, and creeds,
Great dreams, and dauntless deeds,
Science that metes the firmament,
The high, inflexible intent
Of one for many sacrificed—
Plato's brain, the heart of Christ:
All love, all legend, and all lore
Are in the dust forevermore.

Even as the growing grass
Up from the soil religions pass,
And the field that bears the rye
Bears parables and prophecy.
Out of the earth the poem grows
Like the lily, or the rose;
And all man is, or yet may be,
Is but herself in agony
Toiling up the steep ascent
Toward the complete accomplishment
When all dust shall be, the whole
Universe, one conscious soul.

Yea, the quiet the cool sod
Bears in her breast the dream of God.

If you would know what earth is, scan
The intricate, proud heart of man,
Which is the earth articulate,
And learn how holy and how great,
How limitless and how profound
Is the nature of the ground—
How without terror or demur
We may entrust ourselves to her
When we are wearied out, and lay
Our faces in the common clay.

For she is pity, she is love,
All wisdom she, all thoughts that move
About her everlasting breast
Till she gathers them to rest:
All tenderness of all the ages,
Seraphic secrets of the sages,
Vision and hope of all the seers,
All prayer, all anguish, and all tears
Are but the dust, that from her dream
Awakes, and knows herself supreme—
Are but earth when she reveals
All that her secret heart conceals
Down in the dark and silent loam,
Which is ourselves asleep, at home.

Yea, and this my poem, too,
Is part of her as dust and dew,
Wherein herself she doth declare
Through my lips, and say her prayer.
—*The Yale Review* (New Haven).

THE SECRET

By Frederick Faust

They drew the blinds down, and the house was old
With shadows, and so cold,
Filled up with shuddery silence like held breath.
And when I grew quite bold
And asked them why, they said that this was death.

They walked tiptoe about the house that day
And turned their heads away
Each time I passed. I sat down in surprize
And quite forgot to play,
Seeing them pass with wonder in their eyes.

My mother came into my room that night
Holding a shaded light
Above my face till she was sure I slept;
But I lay still with fright,
Hearing her breath, and knowing that she wept.

And afterward, with not a one to see,
I got up quietly
And tried each step I made with my bare feet
Until it seemed to me
That all the air grew sorrowful and sweet.

So without breathing I went down the stair,
In the light chilly air,
Into the parlor, where the perfumes led.
I lit my candle there
And held it a long time above my head.

There was an oblong box, and at its base
Grew lilies in a vase
As white as they. I thought them very tall
In such a listening place,
And they threw fearful shadows on the wall.

I tiptoed to the box, then, silently,
To look what death could be;
And then I smiled, for it was father who
Was sleeping quietly.
He dreamed, I think, for he was smiling, too.

And all at once I knew death is a thing
That stoops down, whispering
A near, forgotten secret in your ear,
Such as the winds can sing.
And then you sleep and dream and have no fear.

Perhaps the winds have told the dream to flowers
On nights of lonely hours;
Perhaps we, too, could learn if we could seek
The wind in his watch-towers;
Perhaps the lilies knew, but could not speak.
—*The Century Magazine* (New York).

EASTER

By Sara Teasdale

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of vine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost.
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.
—*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* (Chicago).

TO A LOGICIAN

By Dana Burnet

Cold man, in whom no animating ray
Warms the chill substance of the sculptor's clay;
Grim Reasoner, with problems in your eyes,
Professor, Sage—however do they call you?
Far-seeing Blindman, fame shall yet befall you;
Carve you in stone—that winter of the wise!—
And set you up in some pale portico
To frown on heaven above, on earth below.

I shall make songs and give them to the breeze,
And die amid a thousand ecstasies!
I shall be dust, and feel the joyous sting
Of that sweet arrow from the bow of Time
Which men call Spring.
And out of my dead mouth a rose shall come like rime!
But you, in your eternal state of snows,
Shall thrill no more to life's resurgent flood,
Nor cast death's laughter into April's rose!
You shall be marble, who were never blood.
—*Harper's Magazine* (New York).

The following poems, with their authors and the magazines in which they appeared, so the Boston *Transcript* states, make up the "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917." The text of these poems, with the supplementary "Year Book of American Poetry," will be published in book form, as usual, early in November. The best thirty poems of the year are indicated among the "Anthology" selections by an asterisk against the titles:

To the Makers of Song! Hermann Hagedorn. The Vigilantes.
*Earth. John Hall Wheelock. The Yale Review.
Highways. Leslie Nelson Jennings. The Masses.
The Land. Maxwell Struthers Burt. Scribner's Magazine.
*The Most-Sacred Mountain. Eunice Tietjens. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
In Our Yard. William Alexander Percy. The Bellman.
This Tattered Catechism. Katharine Lee Bates. The Sonnet.
*To a Neo-Pagan. Lee Wilson Dodd. The Yale Review.
Dilemma. Orrick Johns. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
A Dune Sonnet. Max Eastman. The Masses.
A Picture. Arthur Crew Inman. The Poetry Review of America.
The Tree. Harold Bullard. The Boston Transcript.
Fatherland. Olive Tilford Dargan. The Bookman.
*The Wave. Louis Untermeyer. The Seven Arts.
A Bather. Amy Lowell. Harper's Magazine.
Little Lonesome Soul. Frances Shaw. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.

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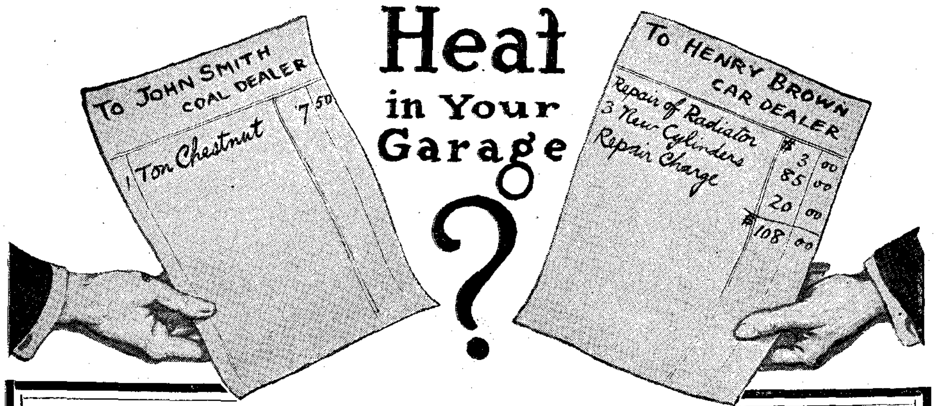

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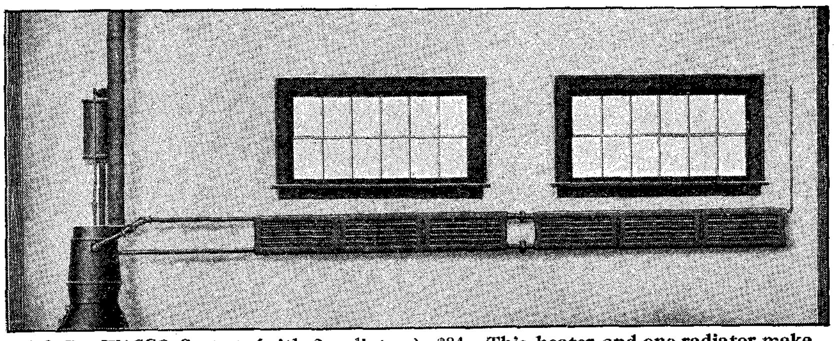

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The Doll. Agnes Lee. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
Ambition. Aline Kilmer. The Philadelphia Ledger.
"A Traveler from a Distant Land." Hermann Hagedorn. The Outlook.
The Christening. Amy Sherman Bridgman. The Poetry Review of America.
Annie. Edwin Ford Piper. The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West.
The Boy on the Prairie. Edwin Ford Piper. The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West.
The Shepherd Boy. Edward J. O'Brien. Scribner's Magazine.
Boyhood Friends. Edgar Lee Masters. The Yale Review.
*The Unknown Beloved. John Hall Wheelock. The Lyric.
A Girl's Songs. Mary Carolyn Davies. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
The Golden Heart. Witter Bynner. The Bellman.
*The Interpreter. Orrick Johns. Contemporary Verse.
After All and After All. Mary Carolyn Davies. The Century Magazine.
Sancta Ursula (After Carpaccio). William Aspenwall Bradley. The Century Magazine.
While You Love Me, Love Me. Willard Wattles. Contemporary Verse.
Wistfulness. Katharine Adams. Columbia Literary Monthly.
A Blue Valentine, For Aline. Joyce Kilmer. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
*Artemis on Latmos. Amelia Josephine Burr. Scribner's Magazine.
*The Bunty Shoe. James E. Richardson. Contemporary Verse.
Grenstone. Witter Bynner. The Bellman.
*A Nun. Odell Shepard. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
*The Headland. Arthur Davison Ficke. The Seven Arts.
*"Immortal Love." George Edward Woodberry. Scribner's Magazine.
*Songs out of Sorrow. Sara Teasdale. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
Variations. Conrad Aiken. Contemporary Verse.
The Smithy of God, A Chant. Clement Wood. The Newarker.
New China. The Iron Works. Eunice Tietjens. The Seven Arts.
Good-by. Norreys Jephson O'Coner. The Bellman.
*To My Friend, Grown Famous. Eunice Tietjens. Reedy's Mirror.
The Letter. Edgar Lee Masters. Reedy's Mirror.
Return. Willard Wattles. Contemporary Verse.
*Eye-Witness. Ridgely Torrence. Scribner's Magazine.
*Feet. Mary Carolyn Davies. Contemporary Verse.
The Coward. Caroline Giltinan. The Catholic World.
Uriel (II. Esdras 4th). Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Scribner's Magazine.
*The Child of God. Louise Driscoll. The Seven Arts.
My Light with Yours. Edgar Lee Masters. Reedy's Mirror.
Summer. William Aspenwall Bradley. The Poetry Review of America.
Seasons. Gerve Barenti. The Poetry Journal.
Pro Patria. Charlton M. Lewis. The Yale Review.
*These United States. Benjamin R. C. Low. The Boston Transcript.
An Ode of Dedication, Verses written to be read before the Harvard Chapter, Phi Beta Kappa, June 18, 1917. Hermann Hagedorn. The Outlook.
April 2nd. Theodosia Garrison. The Vigilantes.
Fall In! Amelia Josephine Burr. The Vigilantes.
*The Bonfire. Robert Frost. The Seven Arts.
The Smile of Reims. Florence Earle Coates. The Bellman.
*Guns as Keys: And the Great Gate Swings. Amy Lowell. The Seven Arts.
Not to Keep. Robert Frost. The Yale Review.
An Old Woman: In War-Time. David Morton. The Bellman.
His Share. Kendall Harrison. Reedy's Mirror.
Storm-Music. Henry van Dyke. Scribner's Magazine.
The Seventh Vial. Willard Wattles. The Independent.
To the Mantled. Georgia Douglas Johnson. The Crisis.
Ishmael. Louis Untermeyer. The Masses.
*Negro Soldiers. Roscoe C. Jamison. The Crisis.
The Old Kings. Margaret Widdemer. Harper's Magazine.
Battle Hymn of the Russian Republic. Louis Untermeyer. The Masses.
*The Song of the Uprising. James Oppenheim. The Seven Arts.

War. Eloise Robinson. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
*Memories of Whitman and Lincoln. James Oppenheim. The Seven Arts.
Rain After a Vaudeville Show. Stephen Vincent Benét. The Seven Arts.
A Clear Night. Karle Wilson Baker. The Yale Review.
Sahara. Gerve Barenti. The Poetry Journal.
*Meanwhile. Edwin Ford Piper. The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West.
Autumn. William Aspenwall Bradley. The Poetry Review of America.
The Sons of Metaneira. John Erskine. The Lyric.
On a Certain Critic. Amy Lowell. The Little Review.
Old Youth. Orrick Johns. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
*Children of the Sun. Wallace Gould. The Seven Arts.
Flying-Fish: An Ode. Charles Wharton Stork. The Poetry Journal.
The Asylum. William Rose Benét. Reedy's Mirror.
Arraignment. Lizette Woodworth Reese. The Sonnet.
*To a Logician. Dana Burnet. Harper's Magazine.
Age Invading. Aline Kilmer. The Outlook.
The Glass of Time. George Sterling. The Bellman.
The River. Sarah N. Cleghorn. Everybody's Magazine.
Adelaide Crapsey. Carl Sandburg. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
The Loom. Edgar Lee Masters. Reedy's Mirror.
*The Secret. Frederick Faust. The Century Magazine.
To One in Heaven. Charles Hanson Towne. Good Housekeeping.
Yellow Clover. Katharine Lee Bates. The Poetry Review of America.
W. V. M., 1910. Karle Wilson Baker. The Sonnet.
Epitaphs. Marjorie Allen Seiffert. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
The Broncho That Would Not be Broken of Dancing. Vachel Lindsay. The Seven Arts.
In Tall Grass. Carl Sandburg. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
*Epitaph. Louise Driscoll. The New York Times.
*Cool Tombs. Carl Sandburg. The Craftsman.
Sleep. Edith Wyatt. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.
*The Winter Scene. Bliss Carman. The Nation.
The Poets. Scudder Middleton. Contemporary Verse.
*To-morrow is my Birthday. Edgar Lee Masters. Reedy's Mirror.

Suspicious.—They hadn't been married very long when one evening Mr. Jones came home to find his bride in tears.

"My darling—my darling!" he exclaimed in dismay. "Whatever has happened? Oh, don't weep like that! Tell your husband what is wrong."

"O-o-h, John!" she gasped, as she choked back her sobs. "I—o-o-h, I've lost my diamond engagement-ring!"

And again she buried her face in her handkerchief. Then the silence roused her curiosity and she looked up to see her husband smiling strangely at her.

"Do not cry," he said, in level tones. "I found it this morning in my trousers pocket!"—*Omaha World Herald.*

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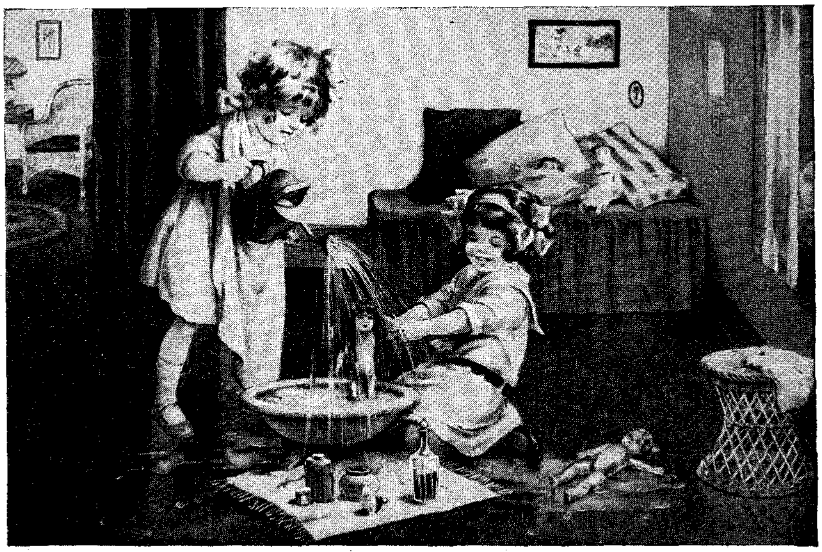

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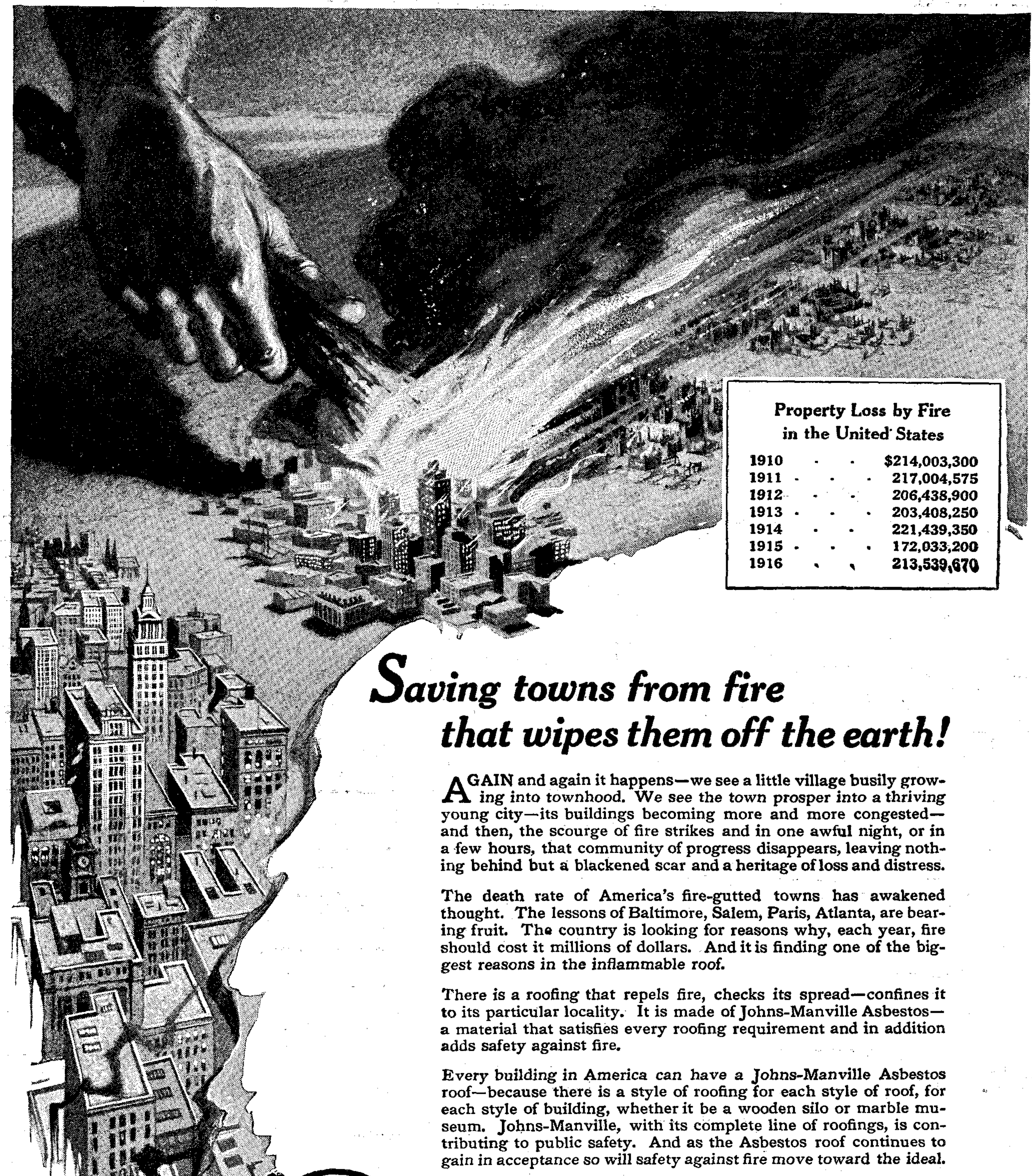

Property Loss by Fire in the United States

1910	$214,003,300
1911	217,004,575
1912	206,438,900
1913	203,408,250
1914	221,439,350
1915	172,033,200
1916	213,539,670

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AGAIN and again it happens—we see a little village busily growing into townhood. We see the town prosper into a thriving young city—its buildings becoming more and more congested—and then, the scourge of fire strikes and in one awful night, or in a few hours, that community of progress disappears, leaving nothing behind but a blackened scar and a heritage of loss and distress.

The death rate of America's fire-gutted towns has awakened thought. The lessons of Baltimore, Salem, Paris, Atlanta, are bearing fruit. The country is looking for reasons why, each year, fire should cost it millions of dollars. And it is finding one of the biggest reasons in the inflammable roof.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

MR. AND MRS. ROMANOF "AT HOME"

IN a fourteen-room flat on the second floor of a roomy, red-brick building in Tobolsk reside Mr. and Mrs. Romanof and their family. Tobolsk, it may be mentioned in passing, was the distributing point for Siberian exiles when Mr. Romanof was in the Czar business, and it is a very dreary provincial town of 45,000 inhabitants lying in the midst of a vast swamp, and credited with having the worst climate in Siberia. Like the rest of the world, Mr. Romanof is somewhat embarrassed at present by the high cost of living, his income for his household expenses having been cut from $20,000 to $1,000 a year.

When the royal exile and his family arrived in Tobolsk, after a five-day trip by steamboat up the river Tobol, there was no equipage to meet the distinguished travelers, and as all the ordinary conveyances were engaged, Mr. Romanof and his son and three of his daughters were obliged to walk to their flat, which is situated on the low ground beneath the aristocratic section of the town, which occupies the higher level on the opposite bank of the river. Mr. Romanof carried his favorite samovar under one arm, and to the mildly curious natives he did not look unlike the exiles they were accustomed to see in earlier days. A carriage was finally obtained for Mrs. Romanof and her eldest daughter.

In the Romanof apartment the former Czar and his wife occupy two rooms, two rooms are assigned to the four daughters, and one to Alexis—once an apparent heir to All the Russias. There are also a dining-room, kitchen, and general living-room. The Government allows the family four servants—a butler and three women—and they occupy the remainder of the flat, which is rather close quarters for once royal persons.

The lower floor of the house is occupied by a company of soldiers, strictly loyal to the cause of the Revolution, for Mr. Romanof is really a prisoner, altho his daughters are free to come and go. In the Denver *Post* Ivan Narodny, the Russian author, tells many interesting details of the daily life of the family. Of their present surroundings he writes:

> Contrast these quarters with those the Romanofs formerly enjoyed at Tsarskoe Selo, at Peterhof, at the Winter Palace, in Petrograd, at Livadia, in the Crimea, and the twenty odd principal palaces they possest. The Peterhof palace is so large that a person can lose himself in it, and two hundred servants were employed solely to steer guests through it. The Hall of Mirrors in the Winter Palace at Petrograd was 200 feet in length. The principal living-room of the Romanofs at present is fifteen feet by ten. Perhaps it adds to Nicholas Romanof's troubles to learn that his former quarters in the Winter Palace are occupied by socialist politicians.
>
> The Romanof flat in Tobolsk does not contain the comforts to which ordinary Americans are accustomed. It has no bath-room, no running water, hot or cold, no steam heat, no gas or electric light. Luxurious baths were a distinctive feature of the Czar's favorite palaces. The apartment is heated by Russian tile stoves, and the wood for heating is carried up-stairs daily. The climate of Tobolsk is extremely cold during nine months of the year. The water for the household is pumped up from a well and is carried into the house in buckets.
>
> There is no garden about the house—only a small yard, which has been shut off from prying eyes by a high fence. This offers no attraction to Nicholas Romanof as a place for exercise, altho he is fond of gardening. There is a balcony on the house facing east, and here Mr. and Mrs. Romanof obtain their only fresh air on ordinary days. The windows of the Czar's private room look out on those of an old cobbler across the street.
>
> Nicholas and his wife are thus kept really prisoners within their flat. They are only allowed out for the purpose of attending services in the Cathedral of the Annunciation or the Monastery, or going to the public baths. They attend divine services twice every Sunday and on religious anniversaries of importance. They attend the public baths once a week.
>
> Whenever they go out they are followed by four officers of the guard, and others are within call. The entire guard consists of 400 soldiers of proved revolutionary sympathies. They watch the dethroned family day and night, working in four watches, one hundred men being always on duty at a time.
>
> All the mail sent out or received by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Romanof is carefully read before being delivered, not excepting the letters of Nicholas to his mother. The colonel in command of the guard has orders to kill them should any attempt to rescue them be made.
>
> All the food required by the family is purchased for them by the officers of the guard. The Government has made an allowance of 5,000 rubles a year to buy provisions for the Romanof household. This sum is equivalent to about $1,000 in American money. At this rate Mr. Romanof can obtain an ample supply of simple food for his family, provided he avoids all extravagances.

Mrs. Romanof is extremely fond of German cooking, and therefore finds it necessary to spend much of her time in the kitchen directing the preparation of the family meals. Mr. Narodny thus describes the domestic routine of the Romanofs, the meals being planned—as is sometimes the case in other less conspicuous *ménages*—to suit the convenience of the servants:

> The Romanofs have a light breakfast at ten o'clock, luncheon at one, and dinner at six. The late hour for breakfast and the early hour for dinner are planned to suit the convenience of the servants.
>
> Day after day the same monotonous routine continues, with its painfully simple meals and its lack of excitement. There are no social pleasures, no entertainments, for Mr. and Mrs. Romanof. Until re-

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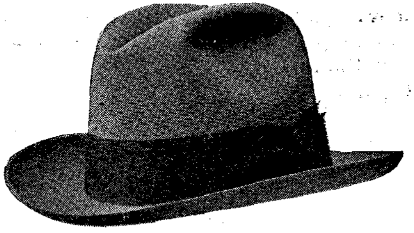

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cently their lives were filled with state banquets, great court balls, and receptions, and pageants of various kinds, not to mention the Rasputin orgies and other diversions perhaps equally exciting. Now they can not even entertain the mayor or school children of the town.

Tobolsk reports that the former Czarina is very lively in her conversation and bitter with her tongue. When the meal is served she keeps up a series of comments in this strain:

"Now, children, let's have our prison fare. But there's a better time coming. Believe me, I will make the monsters suffer who have treated us like this!"

The former Czar, on the other hand, is very silent, gloomy, and reflective. He has grown very haggard, gray, and old-looking. He wears ordinarily the old undress uniform of a colonel of the Preobajensky Regiment, which he is allowed to use, altho he no longer enjoys the rank. His chief dissipation is drinking tea. He usually consumes twenty to thirty cups a day, and the failure of his health is evidently due in large part to this cause. He also smokes a great many cigarets.

Perhaps the most interesting news of the Romanof family relates to the daughters. There are four of these girls, all pretty and attractive—Olga, aged twenty-two; Tatiana, aged twenty; Marie, aged eighteen; and Anastasia, aged sixteen. They were nearly frightened to death at the outbreak of the revolution, but now, under just treatment, they are developing into good republicans, and perhaps even socialists.

The Government has very kindly, and no doubt wisely, allowed these young girls to come and go as they please, without any watch being kept upon them. They mix freely with the people of the town and travel to other parts of the country if they wish. They are usually addrest, according to the regular Russian style, as "Olga Nicolaievna," meaning "Olga, daughter of Nicholas"; "Tatiana Nicolaievna," and so on. The former Czar is addrest as "Hospodin Romanof" and his wife as "Hospasha Romanova," the prefixes used being the Russian equivalents of "Mr." and "Mrs."

Miss Tatiana Romanof is rapidly imbibing the spirit of freedom. It is said that she disappeared one day, and there were rumors that she had married a young naval officer and run away to America. But she returned after two weeks, and it was explained that she had been on a visit to Irkutsk, where there is more social life. Mr. Narodny proceeds:

All the Romanof girls have plenty of money at present, as they have been allowed to retain possession of the cash they had before the revolution.

Olga, who is the most earnest member of the family, is acting as a volunteer nurse in the local military hospital, where she spends two hours every day. A popular young socialist orator from Petrograd is reported to have fallen in love with her. They have been seen together several times, and a romance is looked for with keen interest. The former Grand Duchess appears to have become a convert to socialism. As a first practical step she announces her intention of giving piano lessons free to the children of the comrades of the socialist faith.

The third daughter, Marie, is taking lessons in shorthand and typewriting, as she intends to write out the memoirs of her father.

Then there is the former heir apparent, little Alexis, known to his family and friends as "Aliosha." From the monarchical point of view he is more important than all the girls put together. He is allowed to go out and play in the public park as long as he pleases, but he is watched all the time by the guards, because he might be used by conspirators in an attempt to restore the monarchy.

The Romanof girls mix freely with the ordinary citizens of Tobolsk. They often go to the Municipal Theater, and on these occasions they sit down in the lobby, which serves the purpose of the French café as a social meeting-place. They often go to large tea parties in the town, and the three older girls have attended luncheons at the Merchants' Club. They are also members of the Woman's Club and the Red Cross Society of the town.

Aliosha is still accompanied by the gigantic sailor Derevenko, who has acted as his "nurse-maid" since infancy. It is interesting to know that little Aliosha appears to be in much better health than when he was heir to the throne, altho he still suffers from the stiffness of the right leg which he acquired in a mysterious accident. His color is better than it was, and he appears to have recovered to some extent from the slow poisoning to which Rasputin is said to have subjected him as a means of maintaining his influence over the Czar and Czarina.

But while the younger members of the Romanof family are seemingly quite happy in their exile, the former Czar and Czarina feel deeply their loss of wealth and their heritage of power that has been handed down through generations. Mrs. Romanof's temper has been a little ruffled, and she quite frequently works herself into a passion by brooding over the past splendor of her life. Nicholas simply envelops himself in a cloud of melancholy. The writer continues:

The revolutionary Government permitted two officials to accompany Nicholas into exile—Count Fredericks, who was for years Minister of the Court, and General Voyekoff, the former military commander of the palace, who played such a spectacular rôle in rescuing Rasputin's body from the Neva in order that his master might bury it in a silver coffin at midnight in the palace grounds. To these two men Nicholas confides his sorrows and his reminiscences.

The former Czarina has been permitted as a companion the Countess Narishkin, who was long her lady-in-waiting.

It will be recalled that while Nicholas was a prisoner at Tsarskoe Selo, immediately after the revolution, he worked very industriously in the garden. He is reported as having said to General Voyekoff, at Tobolsk:

"My life has been mostly that of a prisoner. I don't care for the throne as much as for the chance to live in the Crimea and have flowers about me. I only wish Russia would smash those Germans. I can live very well under a republic."

The former Czarina has a more aggressive and restless character than her husband. She busies herself in household work, probably in order to save herself from going mad over her troubles. She rises at eight o'clock in the morning, goes into the kitchen, looks over the provisions, and plans the meals for the day.

Tobolsk is a town that should have haunting memories for the fallen Czar. It was formerly one of the stations through which the miserable exiles passed on their tragic journey to Siberia. From his windows he can look out on the sheds in which legions of the best Russians were lodged like animals, while waiting to be forwarded to their living death in the Siberian mines.

Nicholas Romanof, it is estimated, was responsible during his reign for the exile of not less than 200,000 men and women to Siberia. He is now able to experience a small measure of the suffering which he inflicted on so many other individuals.

The other exiled Romanofs are more comfortably situated than the family in the Tobolsk second-floor flat. The Petrograd correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* recently hunted them up. He says the Russian newspapers seldom mention the Government's royal guests. A Yalta correspondent, however, made an exception recently, and the result is summarized in the Hartford *Courant:*

Yalta is in the Crimea, and the Romanofs have had their summer places down there for years. The ex-Czar's brother Michael has a villa some six miles out of Yalta, and there he is sheltering his mother, who is the ex-Dowager Empress, and his sister Olga, and her husband, who is Prince Peter of Oldenburg. This villa is situated on Cape Ai-Todor, and all these lately royal persons are living as secluded lives as possible.

The mother Czaritsa spends most of her time in gardening. She has her own little vegetable garden, to which she devotes much attention, and she was particularly assiduous over the asparagus, which is one of her favorite dishes. In the first days of the revolution Alexander Michaelovitch occupied himself with archeology. He made numerous excursions into the surrounding country, and, with the help of some of the local inhabitants, opened up a number of dolmens. This work, however, aroused the suspicion of the local authorities, and they "proposed that he should postpone his study of Crimean archeology to a more favorable time." He then took up astronomy, aeronautics, and viticulture. One of his regular occupations is the supervision of his children's physical exercises, and with their assistance he is cutting and sawing a supply of wood fuel for the winter.

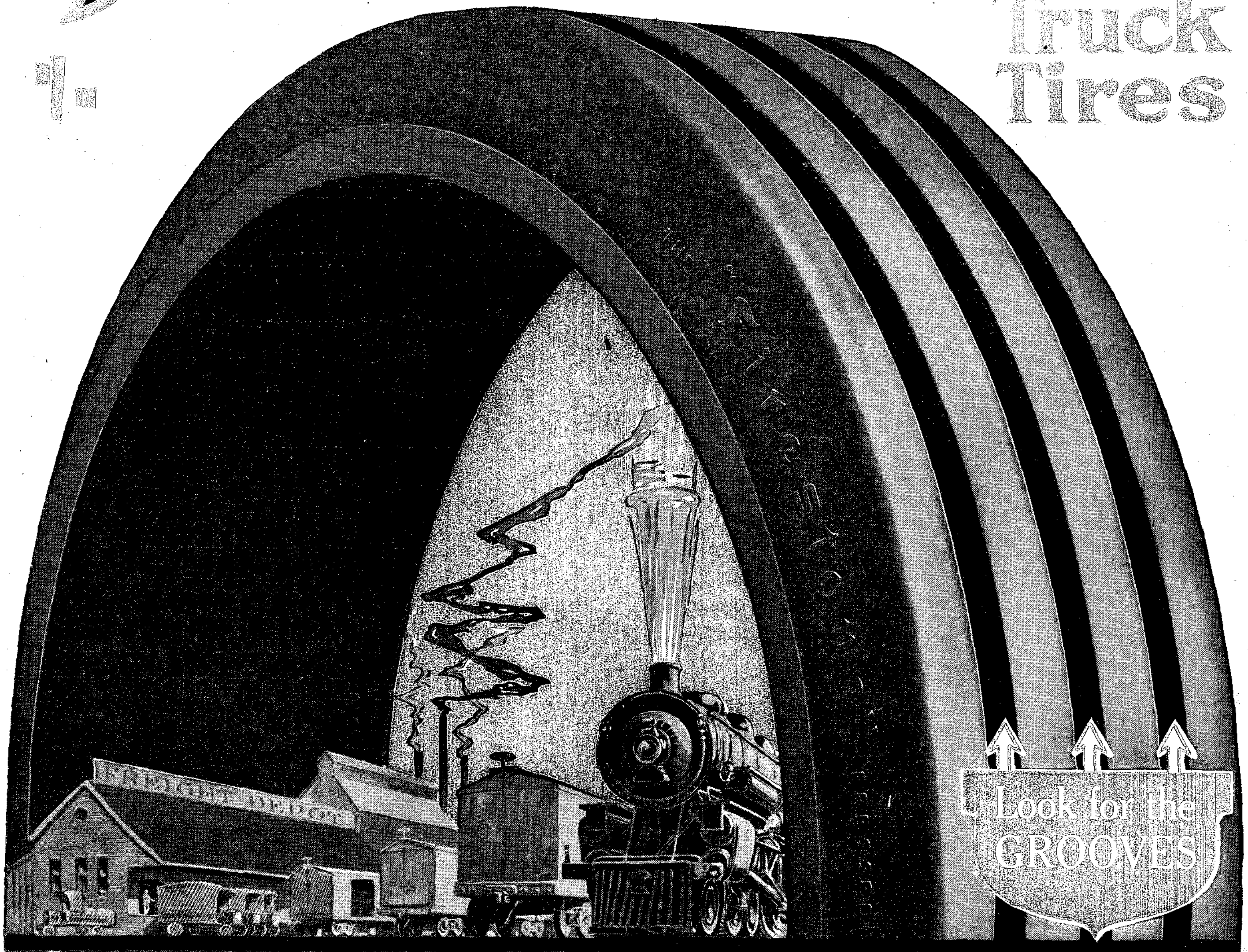
At Chair, which is very near to Yalta, the former commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, Nikolai Nikolaevitch, leads a more secluded life. He does not even take an interest in his garden. Most of his time is passed in literary work, as to which the following details are given:

He is writing his memoirs, which, it is said, have a great historical value, and which he intends to hand over to the Academy of Sciences for publication after his death, a history in many volumes of the reign of Nicholas II., and a monograph entitled, "Who Was Really Responsible for the World War?"

There are outside restrictions for these

Firestone

Truck Tires



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lately important persons. Their motor-cars have been taken away from them, and they are confined in their walks to a "neutral-zone," which is held by a line of sentries. All their correspondence is read by censors, and most of it destroyed.

In regard to food and other household supplies, these members of the dethroned dynasty are living like their neighbors. They have to use the card system, and all requests for special favors have thus far been denied. It is related that the mother empress asked for three poods of sugar, with which she wished to make jam, but did not get the sugar. They have all got a softer climate, however, in the Crimea, than Nicholas and his wife have at Tobolsk.

FRANCO-YANKO ROMANCES

THE story is told of a British "Tommy" who could not make up his mind whether to acquire a farm or a village-store, by marriage, "somewhere in France." He could have either, but not both. Dispatches say that the banns have already been read for some of our "Sammies," and when the war is over France will have some sturdy Yankee citizens. Difference of language seems to form no bar; in fact, the kindly efforts of each to learn the language of the other acts as an aid. It must be said that the British, so far, have rather the best of it. They have beaten the Yankees to the altar of Hymen, but they had the field to themselves for some time. By the end of the war the Americans may have caught up, for love and war have always walked hand in hand with Uncle Sam's boys. Nevertheless the British have a big start, for Judson C. Welliver, writing to the New York *Sun* from Paris, says that in Calais hundreds of young English mechanics have married French girls. The writer tells of being accosted by a young man from "the States" at the corner of the Avenue de l'Opéra and "one of those funny little crooked streets that run into it." Breezily the American introduced himself and said:

> "Say, do you happen to know a little caffy right around here somewhere called the—the—blame it, I can't even remember what that sign looked like it was trying to spell."
>
> I admitted that the description was a trifle too vague to fit into my geographic scheme of Paris.
>
> "Because," he went on, "there's a girl there that talks United States, and she's been waiting on me lately. I get all the best of everything there and don't eat anywhere else. But this morning I took a walk and coming from a new direction I can't locate the place. I promised her I'd be in for breakfast this morning."
>
> "Something nifty?" I ventured, being willing to encourage that line of conversation. Whereat he plainly bridled:
>
> "She's a nice girl," he said; "family were real people before the war. Learned to talk United States in England; went to school there awhile. Why, she wouldn't let me walk home with her last night, but said maybe she would to-night."
>
> There isn't anybody quite so adaptable

as the young Frenchwoman. Only in the last few months has Paris seen any considerable number of English-speaking soldiers, because earlier in the war the British military authorities kept their men pretty religiously away from the alleged "temptations" of the gay capital. Later they discovered that Paris was rather a better place than London for the men to go.

So the French girls, in shops and cafés, have been learning English recently at an astounding rate. They began the study because of the English invasion; they have continued it with increased zeal because since the Americans have been coming it has been profitable.

To be able to say "Atta boy!" in prompt and sympathetic responses to "Ham and eggs" is worth 50 centimes at the lowest. The capacity to manage a little casual conversation and give a direction on the streets is certain to draw a franc.

Besides, there aren't going to be so many men left, after the war, in France!

Mademoiselle, figuring that there are a couple of million Britishers in the country and a million or maybe two of Americans coming, has her own views about the prospect that the next generation Frenchwomen may be old maids.

In Calais there is a big industrial establishment to which the British military authorities have brought great numbers of skilled mechanics to make repairs to machinery, reconstruct the outworn war-gear, tinker obstreperous motor-vehicles, and, in short, keep the whole machinery and construction side of the war going. Most of the mechanics who were sent there were young men.

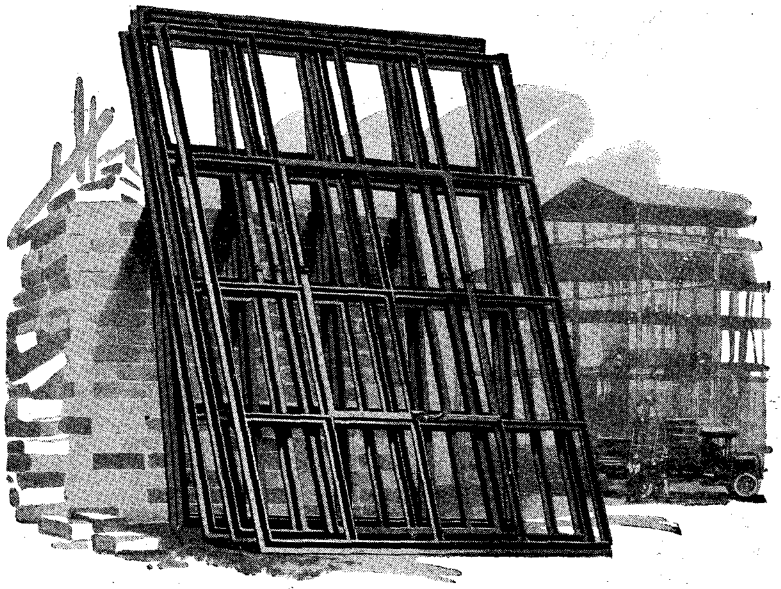
Calais testifies to the ability of the Frenchwomen to make the most of their attractions. English officers tell me that hundreds of young Englishmen settled in Calais "for the duration" have married French girls and settled into homes. They intend, in a large proportion of cases, to remain there too.

The same thing is going on in Boulogne, which is to all intents and purposes nowadays as much an English as a French port. Everywhere English is spoken and by nobody is it learned so quickly as by the young women.

Frenchwomen have always had the reputation of making themselves agreeable to visiting men, but one is quite astonished to learn the number of Englishmen who married Frenchwomen even before the war. The balance is a little imperfect, for the records show that there are not nearly as many Frenchmen marrying English girls. But, says the writer in the *Sun*, a new generation of girls of a marriageable age has arrived with the war, and:

> Not only in the military, industrial, and naval base towns are the British marrying these Frenchwomen but even in the country nearer the front. There are incipient romances afoot behind every mile of the trench-line.

Two related changes in French life are coming with the war which make these international marriages easier. Both relate to the *dot* [dowry] system. On the one side there are many French girls who have lost their *dots* and have small prospect of reacquiring the marriage portion. To live in these strenuous times is about all they can hope for. For these the free-handed



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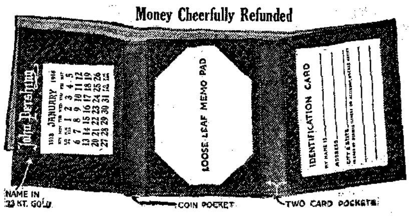

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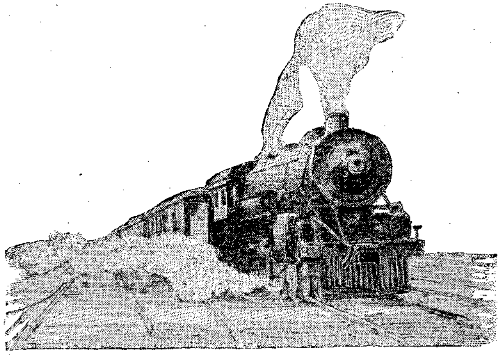

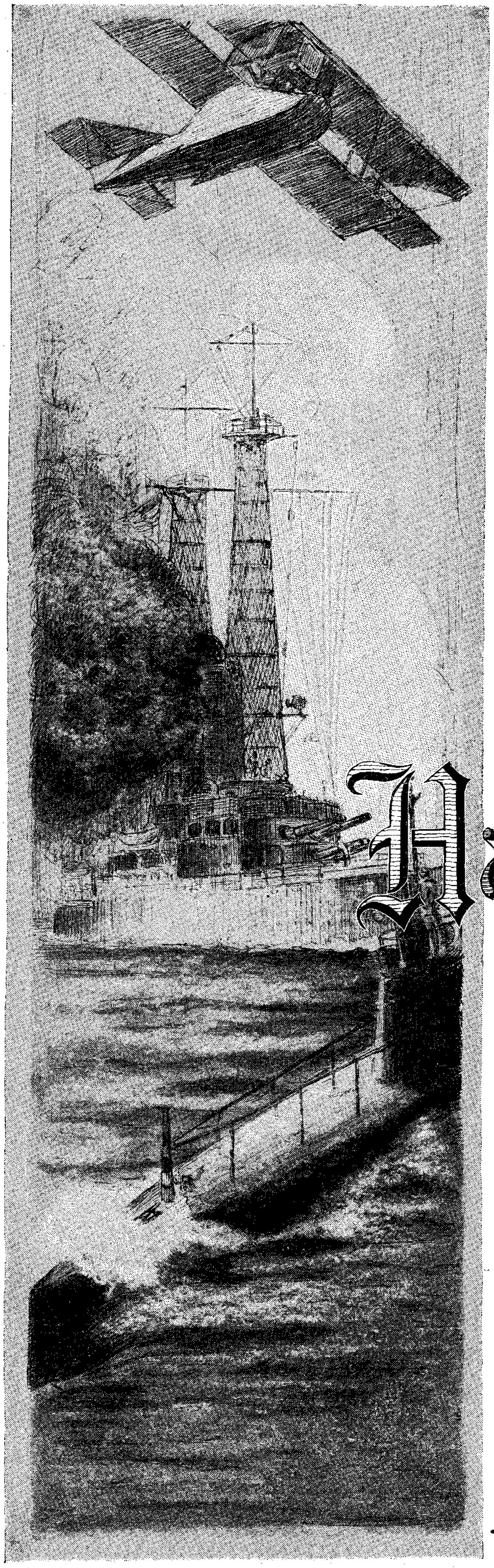

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Americans, Canadians, and Australians look like good prospects for a well-to-do marriage.

Even the British Tommy, tho he enjoys no such income as the Americans and colonials, is nevertheless quite likely to have a bit of private income from the folks "back in Blighty" to supplement the meager pay he draws. The portionless French maid sees in these prosperous young men who have come to fight for her country not only the saviors of the nation, but a possibility of emancipation from the *dot* system that has broken down in these times.

On the other side, there are more than a few young women in France who must be rated "good catches" to-day, tho their *dots* would have been unimportant before the war. A girl who has inherited the little property of her family, because father and brothers all lie beneath the white crosses along the Marne, not infrequently finds herself possest of a little fortune she could never have expected under other conditions. Many of these, likewise, bereft of sweethearts as well as relatives, have been married to English and colonial soldiers or workmen; and pretty soon we will be learning that their partiality for America—for there is such a partiality, and it is a decided one—will be responsible for many alliances in that direction.

How it will all work out in the end is only to be guessed at as yet. The British officers who have been observing these Anglo-French romances for a long time assert that the British Tommy who weds a Frenchwoman is quite likely to settle in France; particularly if his bride brings him a village house or a few hectares of land in the country.

On the other hand, the colonials insist on taking their French brides back to New Zealand or Canada, or wherever it may be—India, Shanghai, somewhere in Africa—no matter, the colonial is a colonial forever; he has no idea of going back to the cramped conditions of England. He likes the motherland, all right, is willing to fight for it, but he wants room to swing a bull by the tail, and that isn't to be had in England, he assures you.

Probably the Americans will be like the colonials; those who find French wives will take them home after the war. That a good many of them will marry French wives can hardly be doubted.

Yes, the French girls like the American boys. But there is another scene. It is that of the country billet, which varies from a château to a cellar, the ideal one—from the point of view of a billeting officer—being a bed for every officer, and nice clean straw for the men. Get this picture of "Our Village, Somewhere in France," back of the line, as drawn by Sterling Hielig in the Los Angeles *Times:*

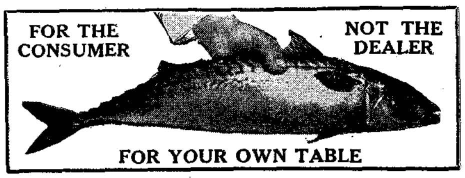
> A French valley full of empty villages, close to the fighting line. No city of tents. No mass of shack constructions. The village streets are empty. Geese and ducks waddle to the pond in Main Street.
>
> It is four o'clock A.M.
>
> Bugle!
>
> Up and down the valley, in the empty villages, there is a moving-picture transformation. The streets are alive with American soldiers—tumbling out of village dwelling-houses!
>
> Every house is full of boarders. Every village family has given, joyfully, one, two, three of its best rooms for the cot beds of the Americans! Barns and wagon-houses are transformed to dormitories. They are learning French. They are adopted by the family. Sammy's in the kitchen with the mother and the daughter.
>
> Bugle!
>
> They are piling down the main street to their own American breakfast—cooked in the open, eaten in the open, this fine weather.
>
> In front of houses are canvas reservoirs of filtered drinking-water. The duck pond in Main Street is being lined with cement. The streets are swept every morning. There are flowers. The village was always picturesque. Now it is beautiful.
>
> Chaplains' clubs are set up in empty houses. The only large tent is that of the Y. M. C. A.; and it is *camouflaged* against enemy observers by being painted in streaked gray-green-brown, to melt into the colors of the hill against which it is backed up, practically invisible. Its "canteen on wheels" is loaded with towels, soap, razors, chocolate, crackers, games, newspapers, novels, and tobacco. At cross-roads, little flat Y. M. C. A. tents (painted grass and earth color) serve as stations for swift autos carrying packages and comforts. In them are found coffee, tea, and chocolate, ink, pens, letter-paper, and envelops; and a big sign reminds Sammy that "You Promised Your Mother a Letter. Write it To-day!"
>
> All decent and in order. Otherwise the men could never have gone through the strenuous coaching for the front so quickly and well.
>
> In "Our Village," not a duck or goose or chicken has failed to respond to the roll-call in the past forty days—which is more than can be said of a French company billet, or many a British.
>
> Fruit hung red and yellow in the orchards till the gathering. I don't say the families had as many bushels as a "good year"; but there is no criticism.
>
> In a word, Sammy has good manners. He looks on these French people with a sort of awed compassion. "They had a lot to stand!" he whispers. And the villagers, who are no fools ("as wily as a villager," runs the French proverb), quite appreciate these fine shades. And the house dog wags his tail at the sight of khaki, as the boys come loafing in the cool of the back yard after midday dinner.

In the evening the family play cards in the kitchen, and here no effort is necessary to induce the girls to learn English, for, tho they pretend that they are teaching French, they are really—very slyly—"picking up" English while they are being introduced to the mysteries of draw-poker. Says the writer in *The Times:*

> So, it goes like this when they play poker in the kitchen—the old French father, the pretty daughter, the flapper girl cousin, and three roughnecks. (One boy has the sheets of "Conversational French in Twenty Days," and really thinks that he is conversing—"*Madame, mademoiselle, maman, monsieur, papa,* or *mon oncle,* pass the buck and get busy!")
>
> "You will haf' carts, how man-ny? (business.) Tree carts, fife carts, ou-one cart, no cart, an' zee dee-laire seex carts!"—"Here, Bill, wake up!"—"Beel sleep! *Avez-vous sommeil,* Beel?"—"*Oui,* made-

Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER



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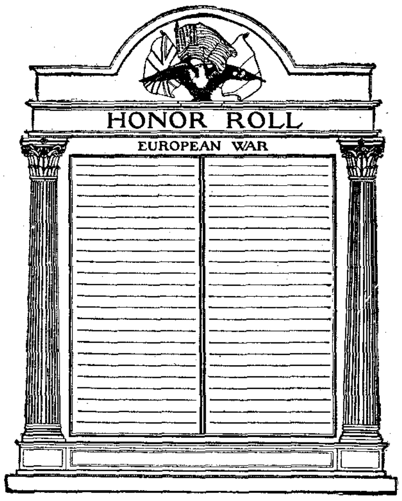

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moiselle, I slept rotten last night, I mean I was *tray jenny pars'ke* that darned engine was pumping up the duck pond—"

"Speak French!"—"Play cards!"—"*Vingt-cinq!*"—"*Et dix!*" "*Et encore five cen-times.* I'm broke. Just slip me a quarter, Wilfred, to buy *jet-toms!*" And a sweet and plaintive voice: "I haf' tree paire, *mon oncle,* an' he say skee-doo, I am stung-ed. I haf' seex carts!"—"Yes, you're out of it, I'm sorry, mademoiselle. Come up!" "Kom opp? Comment, kom opp?"

"Stung-ed" has become French. Thus does Sammy enrich the language of Voltaire. His influence works equally on pronunciation. There is a tiny French village named Hinges—on which hinges the following. From the days of Jeanne d'Arc, the natives have pronounced it "Anjs," in one syllable, with the sound of "a" as in "ham"; but Sammy, naturally, pronounces it "hinges," as it is spelled, one hinge, two hinges on the door or window. So, the natives, deeming that such godlings can't be wrong on any detail, go about, now, showing off their knowledge to the ignorant, and saying, with a point of affection: "I have been to 'Inn-jese!'"

I should not wonder if some of these boys would marry. They might do worse. The old man owns 218 acres and nobody knows what Converted French Fives. Sammy, too, has money. A single regiment of American marines has subscribed for $60,000 worth of French war-bonds since their arrival in the zone—this, in spite of their depositing most of their money with the United States Government.

Sammy sits in the group around the front door in the twilight. Up and down the main street are a hundred such mixed groups. Already he has found a place, a family. He is somebody.

And what American lad ever sat in such a group at such a time without a desire to sing. And little difference does it make whether the song be sentimental or rag; sing he must, and sing he does. The old-timers like "I Was Seeing Nellie Home" and "Down by the Old Mill Stream" proved to be the favorites of the listening French girls. For they will listen by the hour to the soldiers' choruses. They do not sing much themselves, for too many of their young men are dead. But, finally, when the real war-songs arrived, they would join timidly in the chorus. "Hep, hep, hep!" and "Slopping Through Belgium" electrified the natives, and *The Times* says:

> To hear a pretty French girl singing "Epp, epp, epp!" is about the limit.
>
> Singing is fostered by the high command. Who can estimate the influence of "Tipperary"? To me, American civilian in Paris, its mere melody will always stir those noble sentiments we felt as the first wounded English came to the American Ambulance Hospital of Neuilly. For many a year to come "Tipperary" will make British eyes wet, when, in the witching hour of twilight, it evokes the khaki figures in the glare of the sky-line and the dead who are unforgotten!
>
> Who can estimate, for France, the influence of that terrible song of Verdun—"*Passeront pas!*" Or who can forget the goose-step march to death of the Prussian Guard at Ypres, intoning "*Deutschland Über Alles!*"
>
> "It is desired that the American Army be a singing army!" So ran the first words of a communication to the American public of Paris, asking for 3,000 copies of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—noble marching strophes of Julia Ward Howe, which fired the hearts of the Northern armies in 1864–1865.
>
> Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
> of the Lord! . . .
>
> They are heard now on the American front in France. One regiment has adopted it "as our marching song, in memory of the American martyrs of Liberty." And in Our Village, you may hear a noble French translation of it, torn off by inspired French grandmothers!
>
> I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
> circling camps;
> They have builded Him an altar in the evening
> dews and damps;
> I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and
> flaring lamps;
> His day is marching on.
>
> Bear with me to hear three lines of this notable translation. Again, they are by a woman, Charlotte Holmes Crawford, of whom I had never previously heard mention. They are word for word, vibrating!
>
> *Je L'ai entrevu Qui planait sur le cercle large des*
> *camps,*
> *On a érigé Son autel par les tristes et mornes champs,*
> *J'ai relu Son juste jugement à la flamme des feux*
> *flambants,*
> *Son jour, Son jour s'approche!*
>
> It's rather serious, you say? Rather solemn?
>
> Sammy doesn't think so.

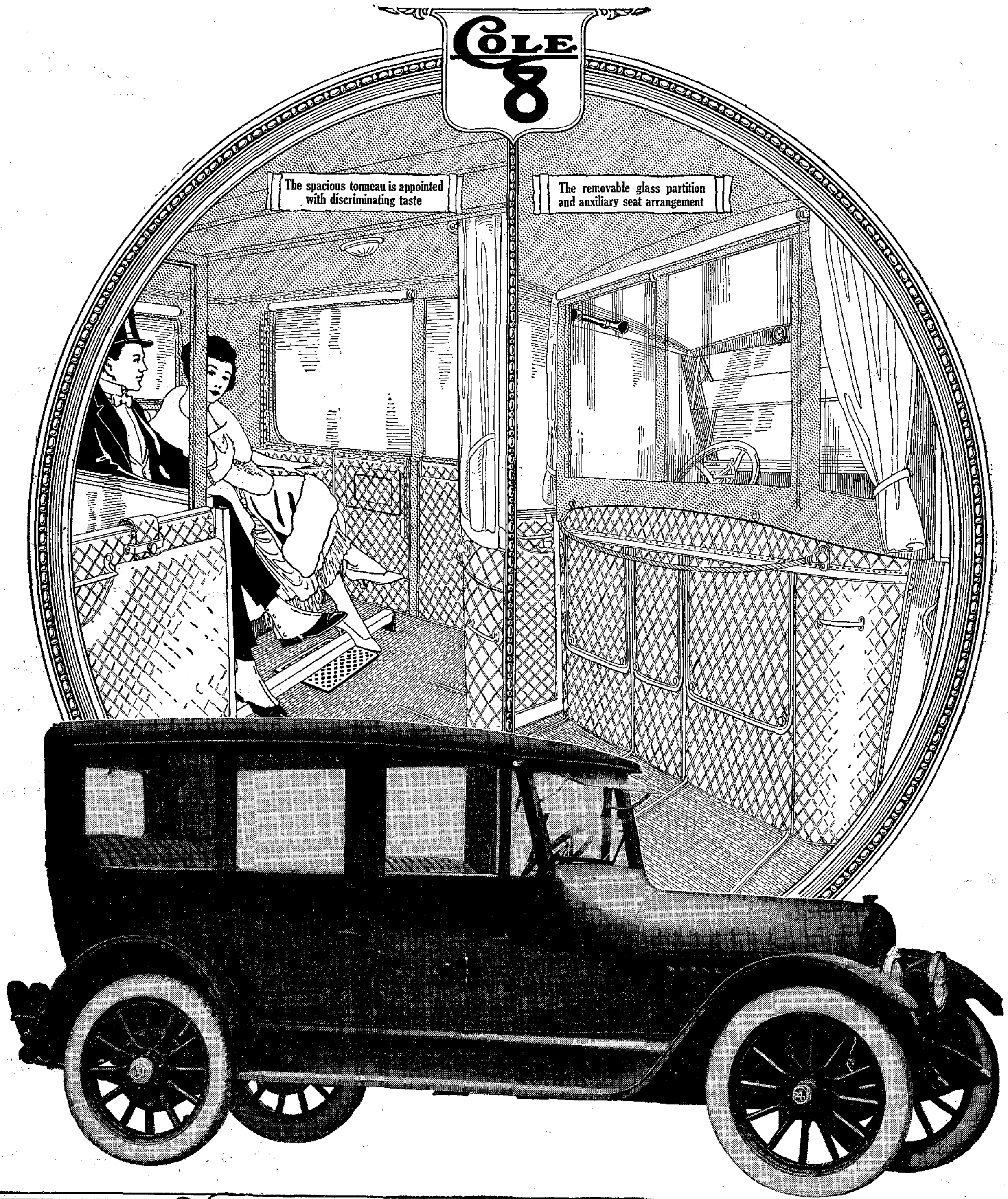
SWEET SIDE OF TIRPITZ

THE home life of Nero, Captain Kidd, Genghis Khan, and the Duke of Alva is said to have been most charming. When not engaged in wholesale massacre elsewhere, they displayed lovable traits that endeared them to all. Grand Admiral von Tirpitz has the same sweet ways.

"He came from his study, his arm around his wife's waist and looking down upon her from the height of his wonderful carriage with such loving eyes, while on the other side, walking close to him and hanging on his arm, were his two daughters like two playful children laughing and talking to him."

One can scarcely realize that this is a picture of Admiral von Tirpitz drawn by the pen of a woman who has two brothers fighting with the Allies at the front, and yet such is the man as seen by Miss Susanne Garnier, who lived for three years in intimate relations with the family of the chief instigator of Germany's ruthless submarine warfare—the indirect slayer of innocent women and children.

Miss Garnier, who, during her stay in the family of the High Admiral, was the companion of his daughters Elsie and Margot, is now in Canada, and she tells in the Los Angeles *Times* a story of the home life of Alfred von Tirpitz that reveals a side of his character with which the world is not



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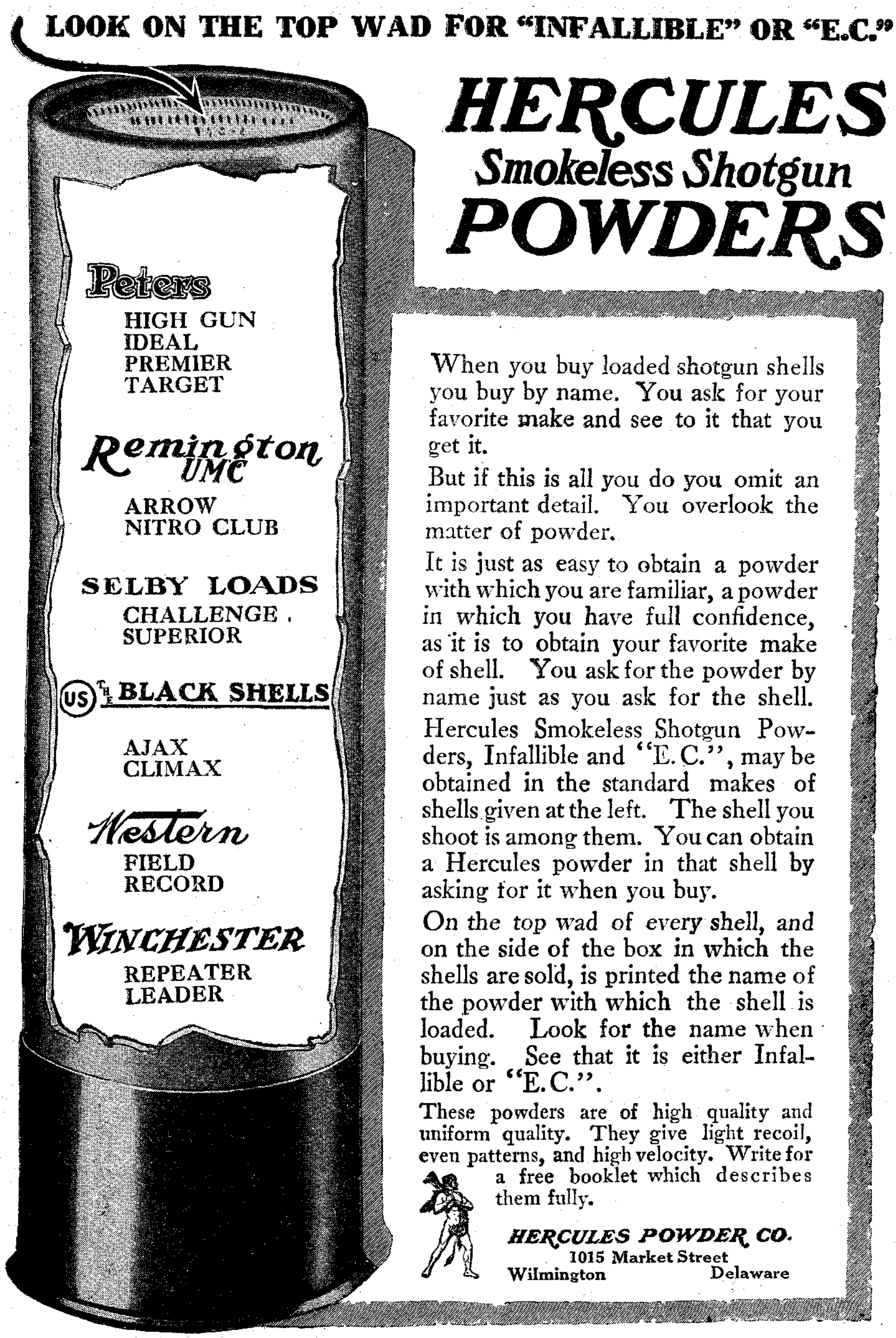
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101

familiar. She says, continuing her first impression as he entered the huge oblong dining-room with a life-size portrait of Emperor Wilhelm over the mantel:

> And then to see him sitting at the table with her Excellency, not at the other end of it, as etiquette would have, but she close to him at his right, he holding her hand now and again, between replying to Margot and Elsie, and teasing them as to whom they had danced with at the royal ball the previous evening.
>
> When I think of that scene and many other similar ones that I witnessed during my stay in the Admiral's household, I can not realize that the actual man of then and the man of to-day, hated by nearly all the civilized world, are one and the same.
>
> Following the Admiral's entrance into the dining-room I was introduced, and was immediately enchanted by his joviality. In very broken French he made me welcome to his home and at once began to tease the girls, as if expecting them to be already accomplished Parisians.
>
> From that day on the routine of life started, not bringing anything startling. In the morning, Margot, the younger daughter, and myself would go for long walks through the Thiergarten, enjoying the beauty of spring in that unique park in the heart of Berlin. Sometimes I would go and meet her at her music-teacher's, sometimes at the home of one of her girl friends. During our walks, Margot would exercise her French, telling me the gossip of her set, and also anecdotes of her father's life and much of the family history. Thus, I became, in a way, quite well acquainted with the life of the Grand Admiral.
>
> She told me of her childhood at Kiel, when her father was only commanding a vessel, at which time her mother made all their clothes, having only one maid to assist her in keeping the house and taking care of the children. And from these and other conversations I glimpsed enough to realize that von Tirpitz's rise from lieutenant to Admiral of the German Navy came through sheer ability and an almost superhuman toiling—I know, during the time of my stay there, that he often worked twenty hours a day, sometimes for days at a stretch.
>
> Margot also often discust the Kaiser, and told me many stories of her father's relations with him.

The dominating nature of the Kaiser and the will of Admiral von Tirpitz often clashed, and the latter being fearless in expressing his views friction was frequently caused that resulted in the two refusing to speak to each other for various periods. *The Times* says:

> After these differences of opinion, the Admiral often went so far in showing his displeasure as to decline invitations to dine at the royal table, a thing about as close to *lèse-majesté* as one could imagine. All of which is only another instance of how valuable the Admiral must have appeared, for the Kaiser of all men is least given to brooking even the slightest breaches of royal etiquette.
>
> The relations between the Kaiser and the Admiral had been strained for a considerable period when it came time for the ceremony of Elsie's presentation to the court. Till then the Admiral had been

seeing the Kaiser only when summoned on matters pertaining to the Navy. Now, however, it was impossible for him not to be in attendance. After the ceremony of presentation, the court dispersed and dancing followed. It should be mentioned right here that Elsie was a great favorite with the Kaiser. Shortly following her presentation she noted he was alone at one side of the great ballroom. Quickly going to her father, who was standing near by talking to some of the guests present, she drew him away. Clasping his arm tightly she led him straight to the Kaiser, and by tactful words, coupled with her strong favor with the Kaiser, she effected a reconciliation. Time and again after this the Kaiser, when he would happen to see her, would make teasing comment upon her powers as a mediator.

The Kaiser often invited the Admiral to his numerous hunting-parties given at one or other of the royal castles and hunting-lodges, scattered in different parts of Germany. The parties generally started out about six o'clock in the morning, and breakfast would be served accordingly. But the Emperor, following one of his dear habits, often got up and drest long before time, and had a most annoying habit of personally going around, waking up everybody, hours before it was necessary.

On one of these occasions when up extra early, a thought came to him regarding some naval matter. Immediately he rushed to the rooms reserved for the Admiral. In answer to his knock, Herbert, the Admiral's valet, came to the door. The boy was new and had never experienced any of the Kaiser's informal calls, so he was almost overcome by the sight of his sovereign standing there hatless, unannounced, and unattended. The boy, however, finally managed to articulate that while his Excellency was up, he was for the moment in his bath; but that he would surely be out immediately. Hearing this, the Kaiser brushed aside the astonished youth, made his way to the bathroom and, walking calmly in upon the Admiral, plunged immediately into the subject upon his mind. His Excellency, quite disconcerted, was forced to stand dripping wet and with a bath-towel wrapt hastily around him until the Kaiser finished. And it was not until he did that the oddness of the situation dawned upon him. Then his invasion struck him as exceedingly funny, and he took himself away, laughing heartily.

Miss Garnier describes the Admiral as a man of regular habits and a tireless worker. While he had rather a fondness for the French he hated the English sincerely. In *The Times* she says:

As for the Admiral—he did nothing but work. Barring those occasional hunting-trips with the Kaiser he had no recreations, unless a daily walk for an hour in the Thiergarten just at dusk could be called such. He never touched cards and I never heard of his knowing any other game. He did not smoke and drank only sparingly of light wines, such as Bordeaux and Moselle. He was very regular in his habits. No matter how late it might be when he got to bed, he always rose at nine o'clock, took a bath, and a massage at the hands of his valet.

This man of excessive energy began the day with a piece of dry toast, one boiled egg, and a cup of coffee. In all the time I

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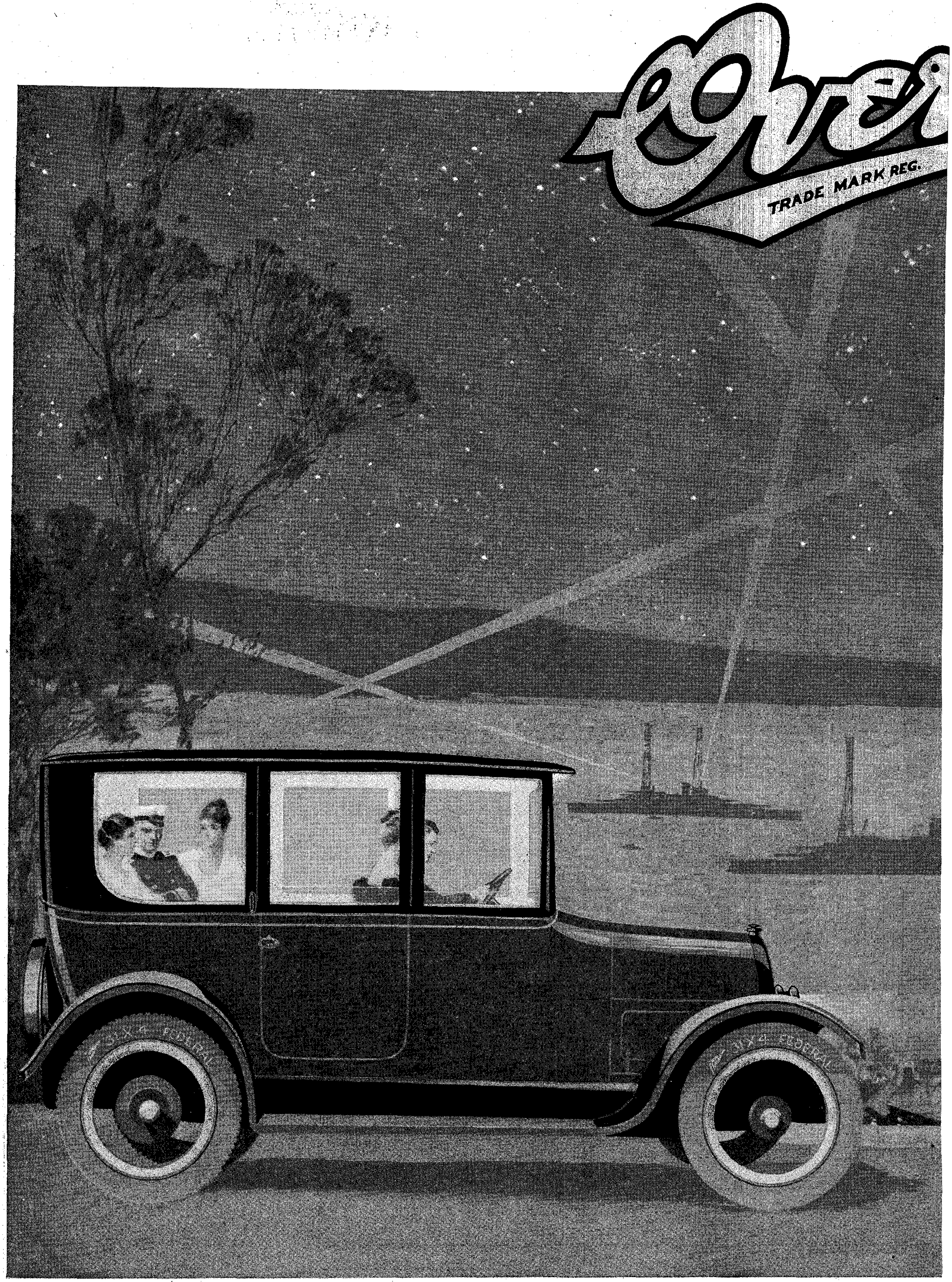
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Its all-weather protection and year-round utility are as serviceable as its beauty and luxury are desirable.

Overland removes the price barrier to closed car comforts.

And at the same time gives increased closed car advantages.

At a lower price than such quality has ever before been obtainable.

With more room, and finer interior, combined with greater practical service features.

Especially attractive are its uncramped seating accommodations.

A wide, extra-cushioned rear seat, spacious for three passengers.

With ample leg room to sit or stretch out at ease.

The individual front seats, with aisle-way between, are like cozy arm chairs.

And plenty of room in front too.

Inside, this Sedan reflects high quality materials, expert craftsmanship and refined taste.

Every inch is covered—sides and ceiling with gray cloth, black striped. And a soft gray carpet over all the floor.

The top is permanent.

The windows are adjustable—and can be locked at any height. When lowered they open the car to every friendly breeze.

The rear window is permanent— dust cannot be sucked in.

The doors are staggered—front on left by driver—rear on right by rear seat.

Nothing is omitted, there are electric dome light; parcel pockets; safety door locks; French-pleat seat coverings; silk curtains; foot rail; windshield wiper, etc.

Brewster Green body—black top; 4 inch tires; cantilever rear springs; 106 inch wheelbase; Auto-Lite starting and lighting.

When such exceptional value is offered at so low a cost you understand the pressing demand. Do not delay and be disappointed—get your order in at once.

Model 90
Light Four Sedan

$1240

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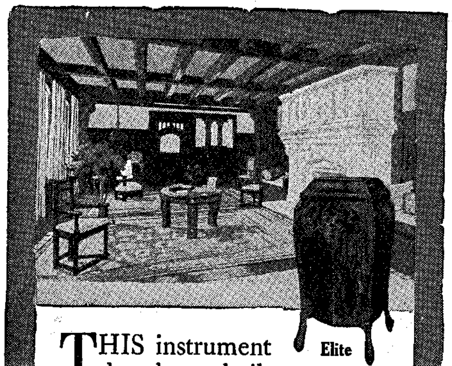

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At the Panama-Pacific Exposition *the only jury which heard and tested all of the phonographs* recommended that the Sonora be given a marking for tone quality higher than that given to any other phonograph or talking machine.

You are cordially invited to examine the Sonora and judge its excellence for yourself.

If among our many models you do not find one that is exactly suitable for *your* home, we are prepared to make Special Art Models to order.

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$50, $55, $60, $75, $100, $110, $135, $150, $175, $200, $250, $375, $500, $1000

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The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

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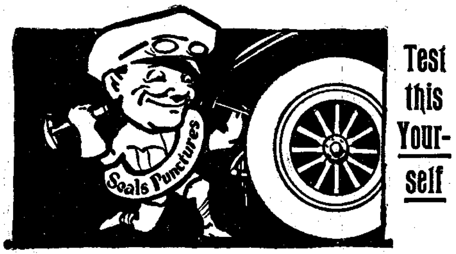

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Seals punctures **instantly—Stops slow leaks.** Reduces blowouts to a minimum. **Preserves tubes. Increases mileage.** Keeps tires at **normal inflation.** Not a filler. **6 years success. These are absolute facts.**

Booklet gives details and proof. Write today for Chemist's, Tire Mfr's and Car Owner's reports. *You will be convinced.*

We Want Able Men

as Local Distributors for Kor-Ker Tire Treatment
Can make $150 and more a week. *We need the big man who can close the leads developed by our national advertising.* Car owners preferred. Must finance initial order for exclusive selling rights. *We invite most thorough investigation.*

ALCEMO MFG. CO., 79 Bridge Street, NEWARK, N. J.

was there I never knew him to depart from this. In fact, for such a vigorous and powerfully built man—he is well over six feet—he ate so astonishingly little as often to arouse my wonder. With the exception of breakfast, the meals were terribly irregular, chiefly due to the Admiral's habits of study.

He did all his work and planning pertaining to the Navy in his huge study in his home in the Ministerial building, at No. 13 Leipziger Platz; from here the whole German Navy was commanded, and to this place came endless visitors, regular Navy officers, old Count von Zeppelin, and others with money intentions on the Navy, cranks with crazy schemes, and many representatives of foreign nations. Jules Cambon, Ambassador for France, was a very frequent visitor, the two men being on excellent terms. Strange as it may seem now, the Admiral had a particularly high regard for French people. Equally, a very decided antipathy to Englishmen and all things English.

Often, when engaged with his secretary, or studying out some important problem, the Admiral would forget all about eating. As none of the family would sit down without him, and no one dared disturb him, luncheon was served variously from one o'clock in the afternoon until four o'clock, much to the disgust of the butler and other servants.

In the spring started the sitting of the Reichstag. At night, during this time, we would often wait until ten o'clock for supper before the Admiral would come back, utterly worn out, looking ten years older after a stormy session. Sometimes, on arrival home, he had to be helped out of his car and up the steps. Often his broad shoulders, enveloped in long capes peculiar to the Navy, stooped so he appeared more a man of eighty years than the sixty years he was, and which, in ordinary times, he did not look. So terrific was the drain of some of these sessions upon him that his speech was gone, and his eyes were sunken, with that look of utter weariness that comes from complete exhaustion of both body and mind. Immediately the session closed, at which, be it said, he generally got what he wanted, he and Frau von Tirpitz left for a *Bad*, where he would rest and recuperate in preparation for once more attacking his labor of love—the building of an invincible navy.

The Navy was the dominating passion of von Tirpitz's life. It was his custom once or twice a week to entertain fifteen or twenty guests at dinner—mostly naval officers and their wives. The writer thus describes one of these intimate gatherings:

At this particular dinner the talk was more than usual of naval matters; I was seated near to the Admiral and beside a very brilliant young naval officer, von Arnin, of whom the Admiral was particularly fond. They were talking animatedly; and, as always, the conversation finally veered to the relative strength of the English and German navies. They had been discussing various technical things, but finally the Admiral made a remark that will always live in my memory:

"Yes," he said, "we will soon now have a navy that will blow England's from the sea. If the fleets ever do come together, the battle at best can not last over twelve hours."

He paused a moment and in his eyes came a strange far-away look, a look of sadness, then went on:

"But we will not come off lightly; we might, too, almost be destroyed. The work of a lifetime," he added heavily, "the work of a lifetime to be shot away in twelve hours. But we would win," he added quickly, as if in those last words the listeners might sense a possibility of defeat. Then, possibly conscious that he had said more than he wished, at least before me, he changed the subject and talked in lighter manner.

But that picture of Admiral von Tirpitz sitting there at the head of his brilliantly lighted board, immaculate in his quiet uniform, his bald head and high broad brow and long beard marking him so distinctively as both a thinker and a doer, and that queer, half-sad light in his eyes as he uttered those prophetic words: "the work of a lifetime to be shot away in twelve hours"—that picture will always remain with me.

Hated as von Tirpitz is to-day for his submarine policy, I can not help but admire the man, remembering him and his struggles as I do; struggles which I came intimately to know of from my place in the household.

Von Tirpitz did not believe in airships, and put a spoke in many applications for financial aid from the Government made by Count von Zeppelin for the air-fleet which he hoped would make Germany invincible. The writer says:

He got a certain amount of funds granted him; but it never seemed enough. This shortage led him to appeal to the Admiral, who had the power to take some of the credit away from the Navy, if he wished, to be applied to any invention he found worthy as a method of defense. The aged inventor made constant appeals to von Tirpitz, often taking up hours of his time. Often I have seen the Admiral come to the dinner-table, from one to three hours late, but chuckling in high glee, and he would explain to us all how he had finally got rid of the *Graf.*

"But he never got any money out of me," he would add, tremendously pleased with himself.

Then, carried way with his subject, he would go on to explain how the "sub" and torpedo-boat were more efficient in case of war. He did not believe in airships, and particularly in *Zeppelins.* Then suddenly, when in the middle of some description of a recent submarine or torpedo-boat exploit, he would halt on noticing my too evident interest, innocent tho it was; he would, however, immediately shift the conversation to Italian, which I was ignorant of, but which the family all spoke fluently.

It is rather hard to sum up concisely and in order the events of two years, particularly when they are several seasons of the past. In those days the clouds of war were not on the horizon, and I thought only of Tirpitz and his work in a casual way. Being so close to the great, one oddly enough somehow loses perspective. In this man, soon to be a world-power, one of the best-known figures in the civilized world, I saw rather the kindly father, the man at home, than the planner of things with which to destroy tens of thousands of lives.

Phenix

The PHENIX is the "Ford that found itself."

In these serious times, when every piece of machinery is being asked to do its bit, many owners of Ford Cars are asking if the wonderful little Ford power plant cannot be put to wider and more varied use than is possible in a "pleasure" car.

The PHENIX TRUCK MAKER is the answer "yes" to that question.

The manufacturers of the PHENIX are motor truck engineers who have long believed that the Ford engine is really a heavy duty engine, able to do a real truck's job if only the proper kind of truck attachment is designed for it.

The PHENIX TRUCK MAKER makes a heavy duty truck out of the Ford chassis. It gives you a healthy, hard-working, uncomplaining truck that covers all roads, stands all weathers, and carries your loads, up to 4000 pounds, in good time, year in and year out.

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DEALERS—We seek reputable dealers on a basis of sincere dealing and sales co-operation. Write us for information.

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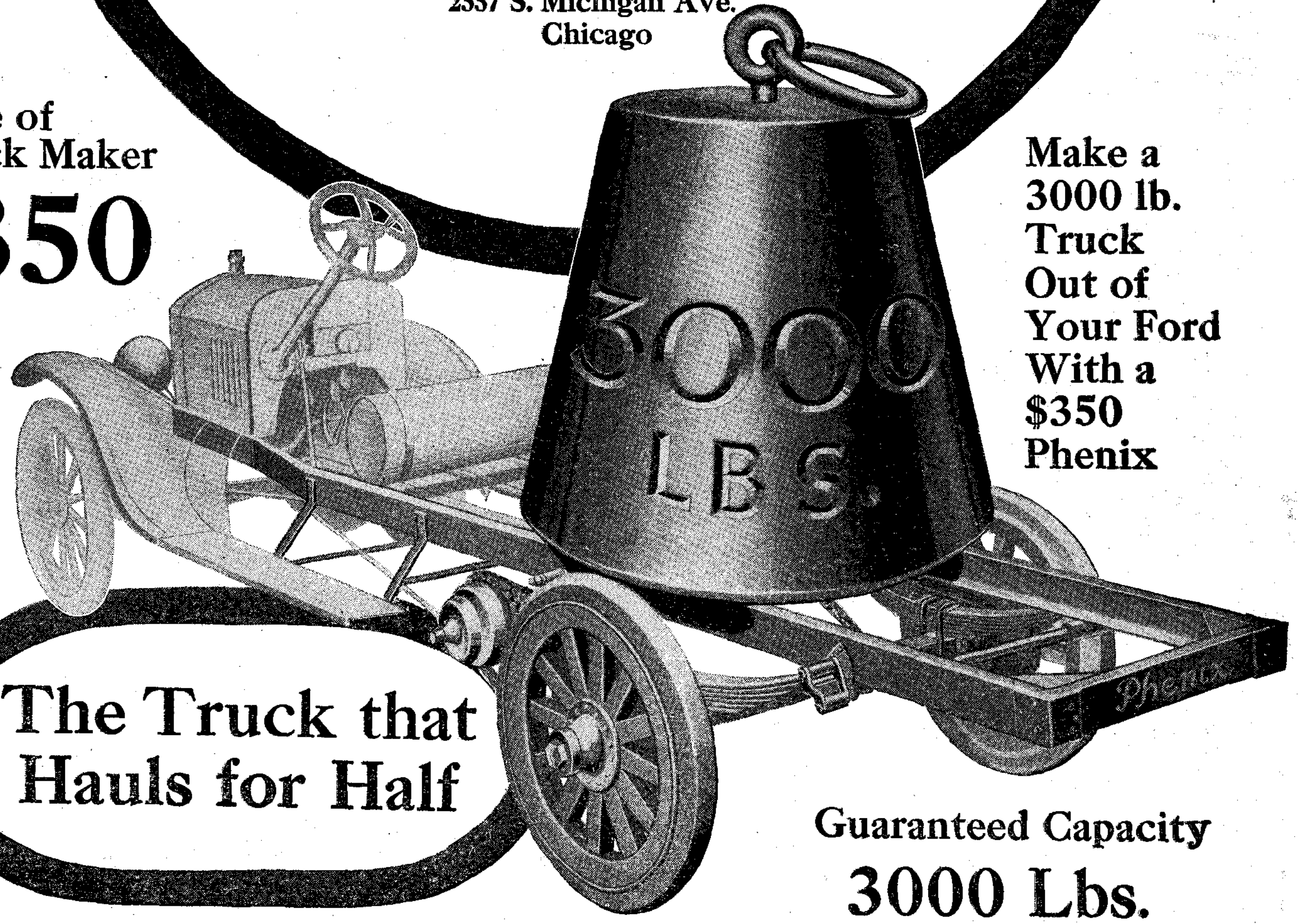

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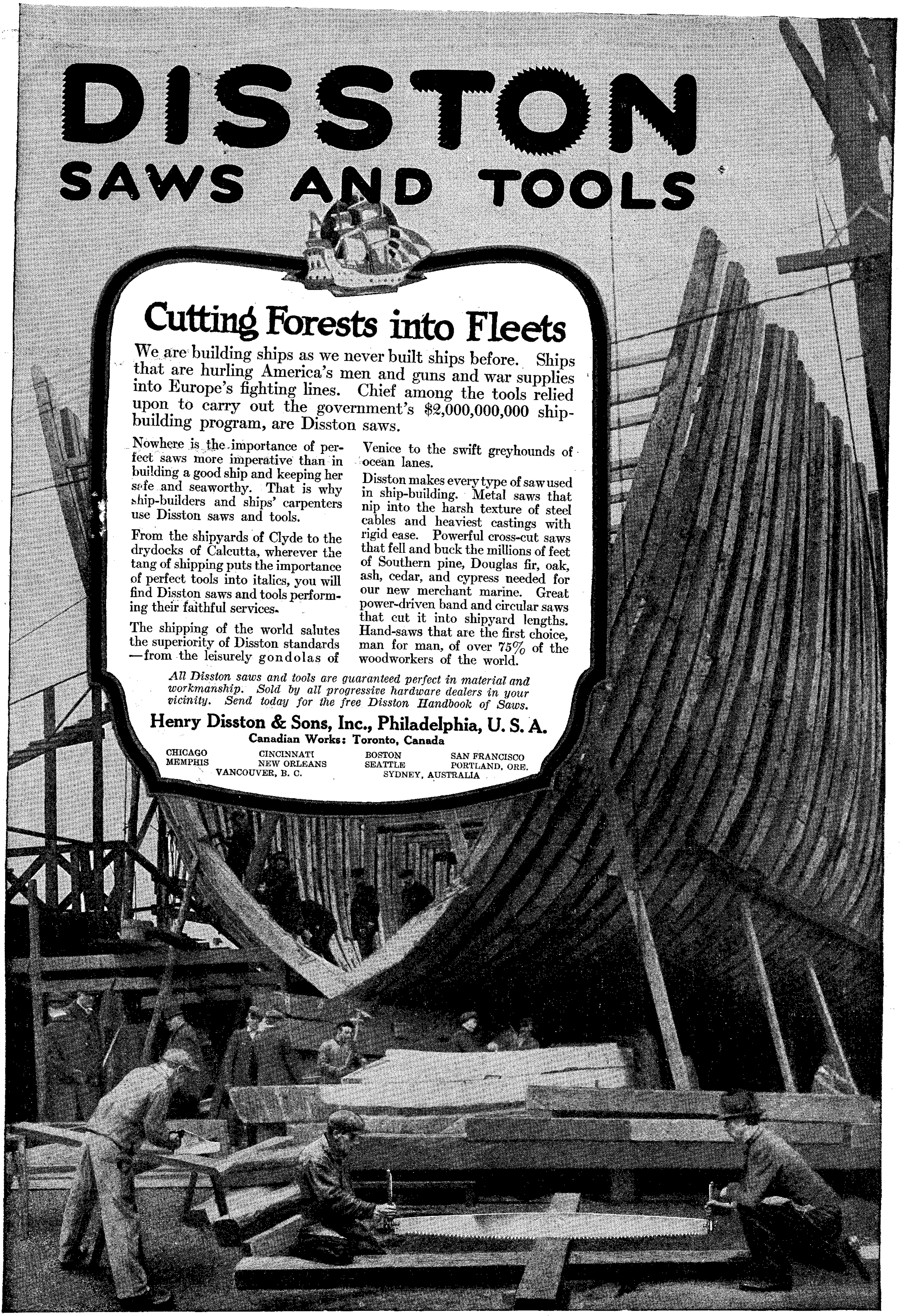

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Cutting Forests into Fleets

We are building ships as we never built ships before. Ships that are hurling America's men and guns and war supplies into Europe's fighting lines. Chief among the tools relied upon to carry out the government's $2,000,000,000 ship-building program, are Disston saws.

Nowhere is the importance of perfect saws more imperative than in building a good ship and keeping her safe and seaworthy. That is why ship-builders and ships' carpenters use Disston saws and tools.

From the shipyards of Clyde to the drydocks of Calcutta, wherever the tang of shipping puts the importance of perfect tools into italics, you will find Disston saws and tools performing their faithful services.

The shipping of the world salutes the superiority of Disston standards—from the leisurely gondolas of Venice to the swift greyhounds of ocean lanes.

Disston makes every type of saw used in ship-building. Metal saws that nip into the harsh texture of steel cables and heaviest castings with rigid ease. Powerful cross-cut saws that fell and buck the millions of feet of Southern pine, Douglas fir, oak, ash, cedar, and cypress needed for our new merchant marine. Great power-driven band and circular saws that cut it into shipyard lengths. Hand-saws that are the first choice, man for man, of over 75% of the woodworkers of the world.

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AMERICAN WOMEN TO RAISE FRANCE FROM HER ASHES

WITH the growl and bark of the big guns in her ears, a woman journeyed through the devastated region just back of the battle-front seeking to discover how America can help war-stricken France to rise from her ashes; what she needs most to restore her people to something resembling a normal mode of life, and how to reestablish them in their battle-scarred homes.

On a motor-truck, with an ambulance driver, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, of New York, made a tour of inspection of the ruined and deserted villages from the borders of Switzerland to the battle-field of Verdun, a country through which the German armies had swept before they were checked and driven back by the French. Now she has returned to tell the American people what she saw on that terrible journey. In the Milwaukee *Sentinel* she says:

> It was a depressing sight. There were the roads, cut by the wheels of heavy war-traffic and barely cleared of the débris which the enemy had left in its wake. They had left nothing else. Building after building showed great rents in the roofs and walls—some were altogether demolished. We groped our way through villages which were still silent in desertion. I could only make note of the conditions and of the possibilities of formless heaps of stone and shattered walls becoming habitable once more.
>
> "In some of the villages two or three of the former inhabitants had crept back; in others there were more. Where they had been we did not know—probably some of them could not tell themselves. They were existing—one could hardly call it living—but they were glad to get back to what had been home in spite of all the frightfulness and terror that had driven them away. The future was something almost as hard for them to face as the past. The Government would not yet let them cultivate the land, which was full of shells. They had but just given permission for their return to the villages.
>
> We came to villages where there was a little better foundation to build upon. Some buildings by a miracle held together, depleted, tho, of the comforts and essentials of living. The people in them huddled together, making shift as best they could to keep out the chill winds and to get enough food to keep them alive. We saw fruit-trees cut squarely off and we saw no live stock. Here and there, however, a hen must have survived, for in one village we called upon the Mayor to ask him where we could get something to eat. We might as well have asked him where to find a gold-mine. He finally took one egg—evidently the treasure of their meager larder—and made an omelet for us, supplementing it with dark bread and a little wine. We were very grateful and wanted to pay him, but he refused to accept any money from us. Yes, he knew that we were Americans and that we wanted to help France. We promised to send him blankets when we got home, something he and his wife were entirely without. Wherever we went these poor people, who had suffered more than any one who has not seen a country that has been in Prussian hands can appreciate, received us with the greatest friendliness and confidence.
>
> All the time that we were on our tour we were near the firing-line—sometimes less than a mile—but we, like the French peasants, felt that that stanch French line would hold and that the Prussians would not again overrun that part of France. Of course, we could hear the cannonading all the time. One gets accustomed to that.
>
> The military authorities billeted us for the night wherever it was possible to find a place that we could stay in, and they looked out for something for us to eat when they could. We were not particular as to what we got.
>
> The one thing that struck me more than anything else at the time and which remains constantly in my memory is the attitude of the women. They had suffered so unspeakably, they were in such desperate straits, yet they were not complaining, and they did not want peace until it was obtained by righteous victory. They were wonderful, just as much so in their way as the French soldier for his courage. When this war is won the French women will have to receive their share of credit for their endurance, their fortitude, their industry and their devotion to ideals.

Miss Perkins, since her return, has been trying to make American women understand conditions in France and what the people must have to start life anew. At the head of the committee is Miss Anne Morgan, who works under the direct authority of General Pétain, the War Ministry, and the Red Cross. It is in the Aisne district, where there are hundreds of thousands of homeless families that most of the work of rehabilitation is being carried on.

Under the auspices of the American Fund for French Wounded college girls and workers of all classes are striving to reestablish these ruined French homes. In the *Sentinel* Mrs. A. M. Dike, chairman of the Civilian Committee, also tells graphically of the devastation and the work of raising France from the ruins. She says:

> Village after village is passed where nothing is left but a few remnants of walls, not a stick of furniture in the empty shells—silent, deserted ruins. Of course we know that the Prussians destroyed all the plumbing, which can not quickly be replaced, and we also know that the unsuspicious-looking pile of sand may contain dangerous explosives purposely hidden there.
>
> Here and there, as we proceed, we pass old men, old women, and children still clinging to the gaping walls of their former homes, and while we stop to speak to them soldiers on the march pass us, their faces aglow when they see the American flag on our car.
>
> Our quarters are primitive. For thirty months Prussians have lived in these walls. For a little over a month French soldiers were housed here. Now ten American women have made it their temporary home. You can not imagine the condition in which we found it. For three days, while we were waiting for our beds to

Have you found your ultimate tobacco?

Have you discovered a brand or mixture which you believe is the last word in pipe tobacco as far as you are concerned?

Or are you still *searching* for that tobacco which you'll be content to smoke for the rest of your days?

Some men find a tobacco that suits them early in their smoking careers.

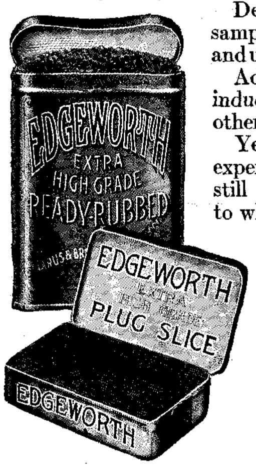
It is even possible that some men pick the *one* tobacco the very first time.

But these are exceptional cases.

The average smoker spends years experimenting with various blends and mixtures.

That's probably what you have done.

Friends have recommended their favorite brands to you—you have tried them all.



Dealers have given you samples of new tobaccos and urged you to try others.

Advertisements have induced you to try still other brands.

Yet now, after all these experiments, you probably still have your doubts as to whether the brand you smoke is the *ultimate*.

Even though you smoke it and enjoy it, deep down in your heart there is possibly the thought that somewhere there's a tobacco that would suit you better if you only knew its name.

The chances are that no friend of yours can tell you its name because individual tastes are so different.

You've got to find it for yourself by patient and continuous effort.

Some men have tried Edgeworth tobacco and found that it did not quite touch the spot.

On the other hand many thousands of men smoke nothing else. They found in Edgeworth their ultimate tobacco.

Edgeworth is a *peculiar* tobacco. It has a very distinct flavor and aroma.

That's why the men who like it smoke it to the exclusion of all other brands. They are strong for it because they have found that it gives them more pipe-satisfaction than any tobacco they ever smoked.

You may not like Edgeworth—then again you might. You must try it yourself to find out—nothing we *say* about it can influence your likes or your dislikes.

But it's very easy to try Edgeworth. A generous sample will be mailed you if you will just write your name and address on a post-card and mention the dealer from whom you purchase most of your tobacco.

The package we send will contain Edgeworth in both its forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed—whichever one you like is merely a matter of personal preference—the tobacco is exactly the same.

Edgeworth Plug Slice comes in thin oblong slices—each slice making a comfortable pipe load. You rub up the slice in your hand before loading your pipe.

The Ready-Rubbed is the same Edgeworth tobacco except that the rubbing-up operation has been done for you by specialized machinery. It is in just the right condition for your pipe.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are—10c for a pocket-size tin, 25c and 50c for larger tins, $1.00 for a humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c, and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

For the free sample, write to Larus & Brother Co., 5 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel-post at same price you would pay jobber.

Industrial America Approves
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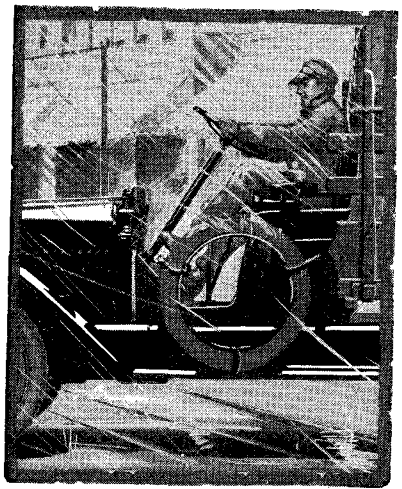
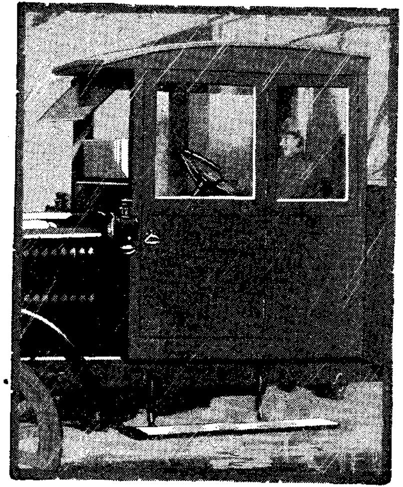


Without the ALL-YEAR Cab



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HERE is complete protection for truck drivers in wet and stormy weather, increasing their efficiency by improving driving conditions. Motor truck buyers everywhere are now turning to Kissel Trucks with the **ALL-YEAR *Cab,*** that removes the necessity of lay-ups—keeps trucks in operation the year around regardless of weather—discourages speeding—diminishes possibilities of accidents and excessive wear and tear.

Its summer form provides drivers with a cool, open housing. In winter the **ALL-YEAR *Cab*** is quickly changed into a warm, dry, closed cab—weather-proof, draught and leak-proof—by adding the winter attachments.

The* ALL-YEAR *Cab

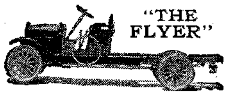
is an exclusive Kissel feature found only in

KISSEL TRUCKS

A Truck for Every Purpose

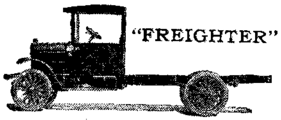
IN no other line of trucks is found the Kissel combination of perfected worm-drive rear axles, superior front axles, scientifically constructed chassis and frame, the reliable Kissel-built Engine and double external brakes.

*In the new line of Kissel Trucks, Kissel **built-in** quality is greater than ever, insuring unusual strength and power. See your Kissel dealer and investigate the five new Kissel Trucks and the **ALL-YEAR Cab.** Chassis prices $1185 to $3750. Send for specifications and literature.*



"THE FLYER"
Chassis capacity including body 2250 lbs.

"GENERAL UTILITY"
Chassis capacity including body 3400 lbs.



"FREIGHTER"
Chassis capacity including body 5200 lbs.

"HEAVY DUTY"
Chassis capacity including body 8600 lbs.

"DREADNAUGHT"
Chassis capacity including body 11,800 lbs.

Kissel Motor Car Co. **Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.**

come from Paris, *via* the slow railroad and the slower *camion* service from Noyon, we did some very necessary house-cleaning. We put on our blue blouses that completely covered us, and set to work with bits of glass to scrape the walls and cupboards. Then we borrowed whitening from the Army and washed down the walls of the pavilion and the stables that must for the present act as our warehouse. In the meantime the Minister of the Interior sent us two small *baraquements,* which were quickly put up in the courtyard, and for which we are deeply grateful, as it gives us space for our personnel and our cases until our demountable house can be constructed. Over the fine old stone gateway leading to the ruined château, Blerancourt, our present home, we placed the sign of our committee, "Section Civile pour l'Aisne."

The Mayor and the Prefect and the Sous-Prefect welcomed our dispensary service, as there are no medicaments available for civilians. I wish I could take pictures of the twins we are trying to save; of the children's classes in sewing, cooking, carpentry, and masonry; of the windows we have put in; of the leaky roofs we have covered; of the vegetable gardens we have started; of the bodies we have clothed; of the fights overhead between French and German aviators; of the constant firing of guns, and of the weary troops always on the march.

GERMAN FALCON KILLED IN AIR-DUEL

THE old days when armies ceased fighting to watch their two champions in single combat have come back again. It was on the Western front, and the engagement that resulted in the death of Immelman the Falcon, Germany's most distinguished Ace, was in very truth a duel—no chance meeting of men determined to slay one another, but a formally arranged encounter, following a regular challenge, and fought by prearrangement and without interference. The battle was witnessed with breathless interest by the men of both armies crouched in the trenches, separated by only a few feet of No Man's Land, while the fire of the anti-aircraft guns on both sides was stilled.

The victor in the spectacular fight was Captain Ball, the youthful English pilot who has only two notches less on the frame of his fighting machine than had the Falcon, who was credited with fifty-one "downs." The story of the duel, which was declared to have been one of the most sensational events of the war, is told in a letter written by Col. William Macklin, of the Canadian troops, to a friend in Newark, N. J. Colonel Macklin, who was one of the eye-witnesses of the fight, writes in his letter, which is printed in the New York *Tribune:*

One morning Captain Ball, who was behind our sector, heard that Immelman the Falcon was opposite.

"This is the chance I've been waiting for; I'm going to get him," declared Ball.

Friends tried to dissuade him, saying the story of Immelman's presence probably was untrue. Ball would not listen.

Getting into his machine, he flew over the German lines and dropt a note which read:

> "Captain Immelman:
>
> "I challenge you to a man-to-man fight, to take place this afternoon at two o'clock. I will meet you over the German lines. Have your anti-aircraft guns withhold their fire while we decide which is the better man. The British guns will be silent. "BALL."

About an hour afterward, a German aviator swung out across our lines. Immelman's answer came. Translated it read:

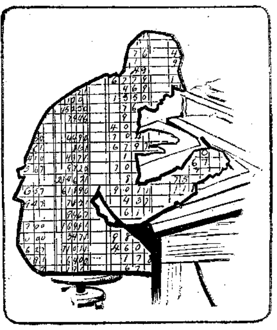
> "Captain Ball:
>
> "Your challenge is accepted. The German guns will not interfere. I will meet you promptly at two.
>
> "IMMELMAN."

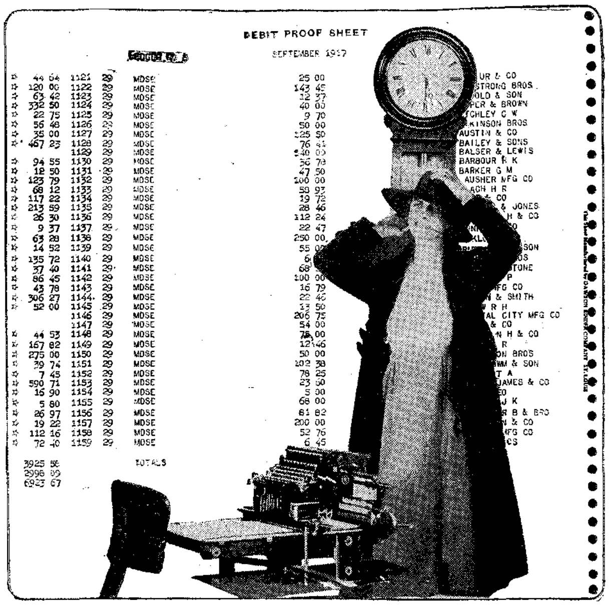
Just a few minutes before two o'clock the guns on both sides ceased firing. It was as tho the commanding officers had ordered a truce. Long rows of heads popped up and all eyes watched Ball from behind the British lines shoot off and into the air. A minute or two later Immelman's machine was seen across No Man's Land.

The letter describes the tail of the German machine as painted red "to represent the British and French blood it had spilled," while Ball's had a streak of black paint to represent the mourning for his victims. The machines ascended in a wide circle, and then:

> From our trenches there were wild cheers for Ball. The Germans yelled just as vigorously for Immelman.
>
> The cheers from the trenches continued. The Germans' increased in volume; ours changed into cries of alarm.
>
> Ball, thousands of feet above us and only a speck in the sky, was doing the craziest things imaginable. He was below Immelman and was, apparently, making no effort to get above him, thus gaining the advantage of position. Rather he was swinging around, this way and that, attempting, it seemed, to postpone the inevitable.
>
> We saw the German's machine dip over preparatory to starting the nose dive.
>
> "He's gone now," sobbed a young soldier at my side, for he knew Immelman's gun would start its raking fire once it was being driven straight down.
>
> Then, in the fraction of a second, the tables were turned. Before Immelman's plane could get into firing position, Ball drove his machine into a loop, getting above his adversary and cutting loose with his gun and smashing Immelman by a hail of bullets as he swept by.
>
> Immelman's airplane burst into flames and dropt. Ball, from above, followed for a few hundred feet and then straightened out and raced for home. He settled down, rose again, hurried back, and released a huge wreath of flowers almost directly over the spot where Immelman's charred body was being lifted from a tangled mass of metal.
>
> Four days later Ball, too, was killed.

Written Evidence of Accuracy





Do You Have End-of-the-Month Night Work?—or

Nothing-To-Do-at-the-End-of-the-Month-but-Mail-the-Bill

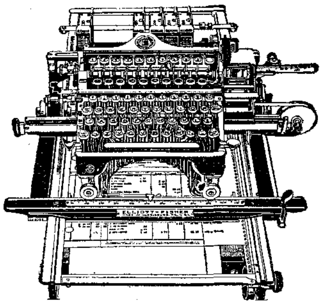
With Elliott-Fisher The Bookkeeping Machine every account is balanced—the statement and ledgers posted up to date—and mechanical proof of work obtained, all in one simple, easy operation.

Many thousand American concerns have adopted Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Machines and eliminated end-of-the-month trial balance troubles.

The Auditor of the Selby Shoe Company, of Portsmouth, Ohio, Mr. H. M. Baker, writes, "One of the greatest advantages to us has been the saving of time in taking off trial balances, thus avoiding the holding up of current work at the end of the trial balance period."

Speaking for the Kendall Refining Company, of Bradford, Pa., Mr. P. C. Hubbard says, "Our books are always in balance and the trial balance takes only three or four hours, whereas formerly the best we could do was ten days."

Let us tell you about some of the results obtained by other concerns using Elliott-Fisher Machines and how they get those results. There's an Elliott-Fisher Branch Office near you. Write us direct or 'phone our branch for further particulars. There's no obligation in either case.



Note the flat writing surface on which forms are held in the natural flat writing position. This makes the proof sheet possible.

Elliott-Fisher Co., 1132 Elliott Parkway, Harrisburg, Pa.

Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Machine
with the Proof Sheet and the Flat Writing Surface

Your Only Risk is In Delaying to Write

There is a type of man who gloats over difficulties. He never enjoys a cross-country hike unless loaded with a sixty-pound pack or enjoys a purchase unless risky enough to give him even chances of being cheated.

To such our offer in El Nelsor Cigars affords little exercise. As he might well remark: "Even an invalid can accept that with perfect safety."

In fact, our offer adds no zest of difficulty to the pleasures of smoking mighty good cigars of half the price and of the same quality you might get at a retail store for 10c. straight or three for a quarter. But, despite this drawback, people who accept our offer continue to smoke El Nelsors. This speaks mighty well for the innate goodness of the cigars themselves.

A reading of our offer shows that El Nelsors must eliminate jobbers' and retailers' profits to make their price possible and must be convincingly good at any price to give us reasonable expectations of success.

Shivers' El Nelsor
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

Our Offer Is: Upon request, we will send 50 El Nelsor Cigars, on approval, to a reader of *The Literary Digest*. He may smoke ten and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.75, within ten days.

The price was formerly $2.50, but special war taxes and increased costs of material make the additional twenty-five cents necessary for maintaining quality.

El Nelsor Cigars are hand-made of long Cuban grown Havana and Porto Rico and wrapped with genuine Sumatra leaf.

Obviously your only risk in our offer is that you will postpone writing until you forget. That risk is hardly exciting enough to take.

In writing please use business stationery or give reference and state preference for mild, medium or strong cigars.

Our catalog shows eighteen different cigars sold under like offers. We will send this also if you wish.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
2056 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

He attacked single-handed four Germans. He had shot one down and was pursuing the other three when two machines dropt from behind the clouds and closed in on him. He was pocketed and was killed—but not until he had shot down two more of the enemy.

YANKEE TEAM-WORK EVOLVES A "LIBERTY" TRUCK

THE story of the birth of the Liberty Motor was somewhat spectacular and appealed to the alert American mind. But there have been other problems solved in the mobilization of the industries of the United States that, while not so dramatic, illustrate the tremendous activities of the advisory committee of the Council of National Defense, of which Colonel Roosevelt said recently, "I have never known more devoted public service."

And really the Liberty Motor is only an incident among the accomplishments of the combination of business and technical brains that have been brought together to work for Uncle Sam since the beginning of the war. Take for an instance the standardization of the Army motor-truck—an excellent example of Yankee team-work—of which the Kansas City *Star* says:

> Our Allies to-day are using in France every conceivable type and kind of a truck that is made. They are doing so because they had to have trucks and had to get what they could. They bought every kind of truck money could buy, not only in this country but from their own factories as well. One English truck factory was turning out twelve different types of trucks, and was still doing so until recently. It was equipped with machinery for all these types and the pressure for trucks was so urgent it didn't have time to standardize. That illustrates what went on everywhere.
>
> Altogether, it took something more than two million parts to have repairs ready for all the different trucks in use. In war, they can't wait to send to the factories for parts. They have to have on hand anything that might be needed — every conceivable size of a bolt or nut or spring, or engine part. On one line of communications—and there are many — there is a building that contains nothing but indexes and invoices of these truck parts.
>
> This naturally makes necessary tremendous shipments, a large number of extra employees, extra repair-shops without number, and confusion. Even with the splendid motor-train organizations that have been built up, the Allies have been unable to keep out the confusion and attendant loss of time. When we entered the war we had to buy large numbers of trucks. The immensity of their use may be gathered from the statement that the first year in war we expect to purchase fifty-four thousand of them, possibly more. But the "automotive" section of the Council of National Defense at once saw that the big thing to be done was to simplify the problem for the future by standardization. And the Quartermaster's Department, which was being assisted by this committee, agreed heartily.
>
> The best automotive engineers of the country were summoned to Washington. They represented the motor-truck brains of the country. They were told the problem and told to get busy.

The story of how these men, who for years had been engaged in active rivalry, "got together" to meet their country's need is interestingly told by one of them to a writer in *The Star*. He said:

> "We were rather awkward and suspicious of each other at first as we got around the table. For years we had been fighting each other in a battle of brains and wits and ingenuity to see which could develop something a little bit better than the other. We had been trained in an atmosphere of concealing everything as far as possible to prevent our competitor from stealing it. But we got to talking over the problem and what a standardized truck would mean to our nation's success, how it simplified the job of feeding our Army and getting the shells up, and the ice began to break. Then one engineer suggested to another that the standard truck had better adopt such and such a part from the other man's engine.
>
> "'We've been trying to beat yours for years and haven't been able to turn the trick and had about made up our minds we'd have to steal your idea and cover it up by some changes,' said one engineer.
>
> "'Don't do it,' the other replied. 'It's got this in its favor, but you don't know the trouble we've had because of this and that.'
>
> "Then some one else suggested what he knew that would cure the trouble. And so it went until the ice was broken altogether and we all plunged in, competing to see which could offer the most. Trade secrets were dumped out on the table that a month before the men would have died before divulging. It was their stock in trade. Everybody got the spirit. The competition was to see who would do the most.
>
> "Then the problem was easy. It was simply a task of assembling the good points and good experience of all and avoiding the mistakes. Some of the most conservative men got as excited as if it had been a football match, and wanted to get it out in record time. So we sat in continuous session practically for two weeks. One man would drop out to catch some sleep, but another was ready to sit in. When we finished our job, the last criticism had been made, the last thing tried out; my chief competitor and I walked up the street together, arm in arm, bubbling over. We had been bitter competitors in brains, and ideas, too, before.
>
> "'Bill' (that isn't the name), he said, 'come in here, I'm going to buy you a hat on this.'
>
> "And here's the hat. The friendship we formed in those days and nights of pooling our brains and ideas for the sake of our Government is going to last a lifetime, and, believe me, it is going to leave an impress on our industry long after the war. Why, we've jumped the motor-truck by this work three or five years ahead of where it would have been except for our working together."

And here are already some of the results of this two-weeks' scrimmage of big brains:

> Some sixty factories to-day are working

This Burroughs Machine, mounted on wheels, is moved about the office or warehouse wherever needed. Here it is in the receiving room checking goods as they are unpacked.

Prompt Certainty Means Cash Profits

From receiving room to front office, Burroughs accuracy guards this Memphis wholesaler against leakages that mean reduced profits

Here's a Memphis concern, The Wm. R. Moore Dry Goods Company, the South's largest wholesalers, whose methods are good for any business—methods of quick certainty that pay cash profits.

This firm makes every transaction prove itself as it goes along; takes for granted nothing that might mean too much paid out, too little paid in, insufficient profit anywhere. From the front office, where Burroughs Direct-to-Ledger Posting keeps the books, back to the receiving and shipping rooms, where Burroughs Machines check the incoming and outgoing shipments, everything is on a Burroughs basis of certainty.

Paying Only for What is Received. When goods come in a Burroughs is wheeled right to the shipment and items are checked as they are unpacked. The invoice, too, is Burroughs-checked. Any shortages or discrepancies are caught immediately.

On this job alone the Burroughs caught errors enough to pay for itself the first year.

Billing Everything that's Shipped. Every order shipped is Burroughs-checked. Both house and customer gain by this accuracy.

Knowing Each Day's Business. A battery of Burroughs Calculators figures and totals costs on every order that goes through. Thus each day's gross and net profits and percentages are obtained *every day.*

Knowing Each Salesman's Worth. In this same department, orders are segregated and "recapped," so that a glance shows not only the day's total, but every salesman's total.

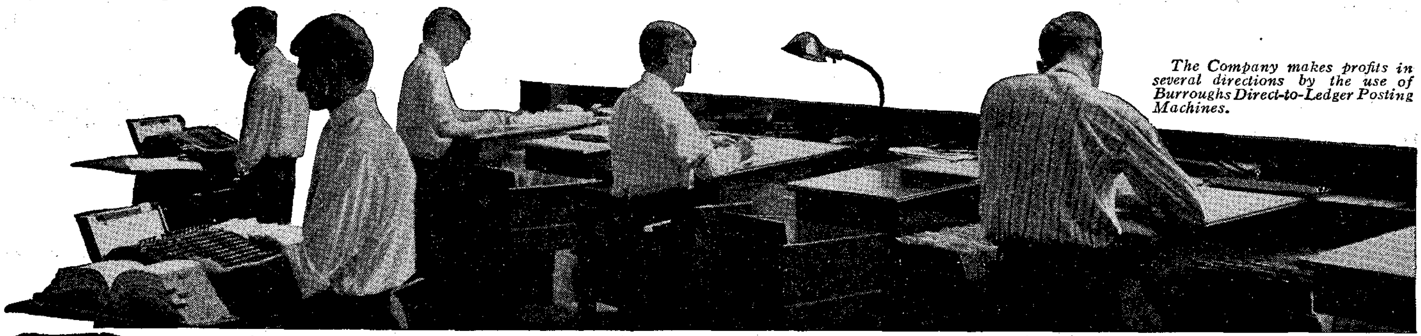
Knowing How Accounts Stand. In the bookkeeping department Burroughs Direct-to-Ledger Posting keeps the ledgers posted to the minute, all posting proved. Credit and collection departments have always at hand the facts necessary for quick action. Trial balances are prompt, and monthly reports are out before the facts become ancient history.

All along the line, The Wm. R. Moore Company is earning, directly and indirectly, a sizable annual dividend on its investment in quick certainty.

98 Burroughs Models

In the wide range of Burroughs Models, there is a Burroughs to fit the needs of any business; and Burroughs Ledger Posting Machines are adapted to card or loose leaf ledgers.

Your banker or telephone book will give you the address of the nearest of the 189 Burroughs Offices in the United States and Canada. Burroughs offices are also maintained in the principal foreign cities of the world.



The Company makes profits in several directions by the use of Burroughs Direct-to-Ledger Posting Machines.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS
LOW AS $125

Burroughs

Why "Packer's" for Shampooing

Because,

pure pine-tar, glycerine and sweet vegetable oils, as combined in Packer's Tar Soap, have long been recognized as particularly beneficial to the scalp and hair.

Because,

the fragrant, pine-tar lather, rubbed thoroughly into the scalp—by softening and removing waste material, frees the gland openings, giving the glands an opportunity to perform their functions properly.

Because,

in addition to its pronounced cleansing and healing qualities, Packer's Tar Soap has properties of its own which stimulate the tissues and increase their circulation—thereby improving the *nutrition* of the *hair*.

Because,

the continued use of Packer's Tar Soap promotes conditions of scalp healthfulness naturally favorable to the growth of attractive, well-nourished hair. Send 10c for sample half-cake.

Packer's Tar Soap

"Pure as the Pines"

PACKER'S
TAR SOAP
Shampooing

Write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," 36 pages of practical information. Sent free on request.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp—keeping the hair soft and attractive. Liberal sample bottle 10 cents.

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 84 A, 81 Fulton Street, New York City

on the initial order of 10,000 of these new standardized trucks, which motor-engineers say is the best ever developed, and will simplify greatly our transportation problem in France.

Instead of having to carry two million separate parts, when we can use our standardized truck in France, we will have to carry something like one-twentieth to one-fiftieth the number of repair parts—and we'll have a better truck in every respect. That is the sort of American team-work that is going to back up the boys in the trenches.

HE TAUGHT THE "TANK" TO PROWL AND SLAY

ALONG with many other things with finer names, for which credit is due him, Col. E. D. Swinton, of the British Royal Engineers, will go down in history as the father of the tank, that modern war-monster and engine of destruction which made its professional début on the Somme battle-field a year ago last September, and which did such effective work in recent French and British drives.

Colonel Swinton is a pleasant, mild-mannered gentleman, the last person in the world one would expect to bear any relationship to the tank. In fact, the virtue of modesty in him is so well developed that he refuses to accept all the glory, and insists upon sharing the parental honors with an American, Benjamin Holt, inventor of the tractor.

"I don't mean that the Holt tractor is the tank by any means," he says, "but without the Holt tractor there very probably would not have been any tank."

Arthur D. Howden Smith, writing in the New York *Evening Post*, declares:

> It is practically impossible to get Colonel Swinton to admit outright that he is the parent of the tank; yet father it he did, and he was also the first captain of the tanks in the British Army; he organized the tank unit in France, and he launched the loathly brood of his offspring in their initial victory on the Somme battle-field. If any man knows the tank, he does, for he created it and tamed it and taught it how to prowl and slay.
>
> Colonel Swinton began to think about tanks several years before Austria sent her ultimatum to Servia, but he is scrupulously careful to say that many men were thinking more or less vaguely along the same lines at the same time. Indeed, the proposal of the tank as an engine for neutralizing the effect of machine-gun fire was actually made by two sets of men, one to the War Office and one to the Admiralty, and neither group was aware that the other was working along the same lines. Still, we may believe unprejudiced testimony which gives to Colonel Swinton the principal credit for convincing the higher authorities in London that mobile land-forts were practicable.
>
> "In July, 1914, I heard that Mr. Benjamin Holt, of Peoria, Ill., had invented a tractor which possest the ability to make its way across rugged and uneven ground," he stated. "But several years before that a plan for a military engine practically

identical with the tank had been sketched upon paper, when a tractor of another make was tried out in England. That first plan came to nothing. We weren't ready for it then.

"The reports of the Holt tractor served to stimulate my interest in the idea all over again, and when I went to France with Lord French in August, 1914, and saw what modern warfare was like, I became convinced that an armored car, capable of being independent of roads and of traversing any terrane to attack fortified positions, was a necessity for the offensive."

The Colonel, with a quizzical smile, here called attention to the fact that the principal German weapon of slaughter was the invention of an American—Hiram Maxim—and he thought it quite fitting that the weapon to combat it should be credited, at least in part, to the American inventor of the tractor. Continuing, he said:

"By October, 1914, I had a fair conception of the kind of engine which might be relied upon to neutralize the growing German power in machine guns, combined with the most elaborate fortifications ever built on a grand scale. You see, their fire ascendency in the meantime had enabled them to dig in with their usual thoroughness. In October I returned to England to try to interest the authorities at the War Office in my idea. I had my troubles, but I did not have as many troubles as I might have had, because other men of their own accord were working along the same lines.

"You must get this very straight, mind. Whatever credit there may be for inventing the tanks belongs not to any one man, but to many men—exactly how many nobody knows. It is even rather unfair to mention any names, my own as well as those of others. For, besides those men who actually worked to perfect the tanks, there were others who had conceived very similar ideas.

"Still another proof of the plurality of tank inventors is the fact that while one group of us were endeavoring to interest the War Office in the idea, another group of men, entirely ignorant of what we were doing, were trying to get the Admiralty to take up a similar line of experimentation. And it is no more than fair to point out that the first money provided for experimentation with landships, as we called them, came from Winston Spencer Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty. But he was only one of a number of men who played parts in the development of the finished engine. For example, there were two men in particular who worked out the mechanical problems. I wish I could give you their names, but I can not."

To the suggestion of the writer in *The Post* that it seemed strange that so many minds should have been working out the same idea at the same time, Colonel Swinton replied emphatically:

"Not when you consider the situation. The tank, after all, is merely an elaboration, the last word, of military devices as old as the history of military engineering. Its ancestors were the armored automobile, the belfry or siege-tower on wheels of the middle ages, and the Roman *testudo*. The need for the tank became apparent to

Cuts $30,000 a year from his firm's expenses

How C. C. Holmes won three promotions and increased his salary 240%

The president of a big mercantile corporation had granted an interview to a young employee. The employee was presenting a new plan to reduce operating expenses.

"My plan," said the employee, "will save you $20,000 a year."

"It looks impossible," said the president, "but you may try it out."

That very day the employee began putting his idea into practice.

His plan brought results

At the end of the year, the company's books showed a saving—not of $20,000, but of $30,000. The following year this saving was increased by $17,000—a total of $47,000. This big cut in expenses was the direct results of the employee's new plan.

Today, this young man is superintendent of the company. The president has promoted him three times in two and a half years. His salary has increased 240%.

What lies behind his career

This is the story of C. C. Holmes' remarkable rise in the H. C. Capwell Company of Oakland, California—one of the largest mercantile houses of the Western United States.

Mr. Holmes achieved his wonderful success because he prepared himself in advance to meet big business problems. In order to gain a sound executive knowledge, he enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

"Since I enrolled in the Institute two and a half years ago," Mr. Holmes wrote us recently, "I have applied the principles of the Course to my work to such an extent that I have saved my company many thousands of dollars."

How 60,000 men are preparing for success

Today, 60,000 men are getting from the Institute Course and Service a broad and sound executive knowledge.

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits the best thought and practice in modern business. It gives a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business.

In our national crisis today the need for this broad executive training is rapidly increasing. Men in all branches of business are being called upon to assume the work of others and to fill more responsible positions. The demand for trained executives will be even greater in the coming struggle for world markets. For men, as well as for women, who are prepared, there will be more opportunities than ever before to succeed in a big way.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service along with ambitious young men in their employ. Among the 60,000 subscribers are such men as William C. D'Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co.; A. T. Hardin, Vice-President of the New York Central Lines; E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammermill Paper Co.; N. A. Hawkins, Manager of Sales, Ford Motor Co.—and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Company 291 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation 450; in the National Cash Register Co. 194; in the Pennylvania Railroad Co. 108; in the General Electric Co. 300—and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Institute. This Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist, and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of the interesting book, "Forging Ahead in Business," will show you how to prepare for the increasing number of business opportunities that are bound to come during the next few years. Every man and woman with either a business or a career to guide to bigger, surer success, should read this book. Simply fill out and send the coupon below.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
720 Astor Place New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE

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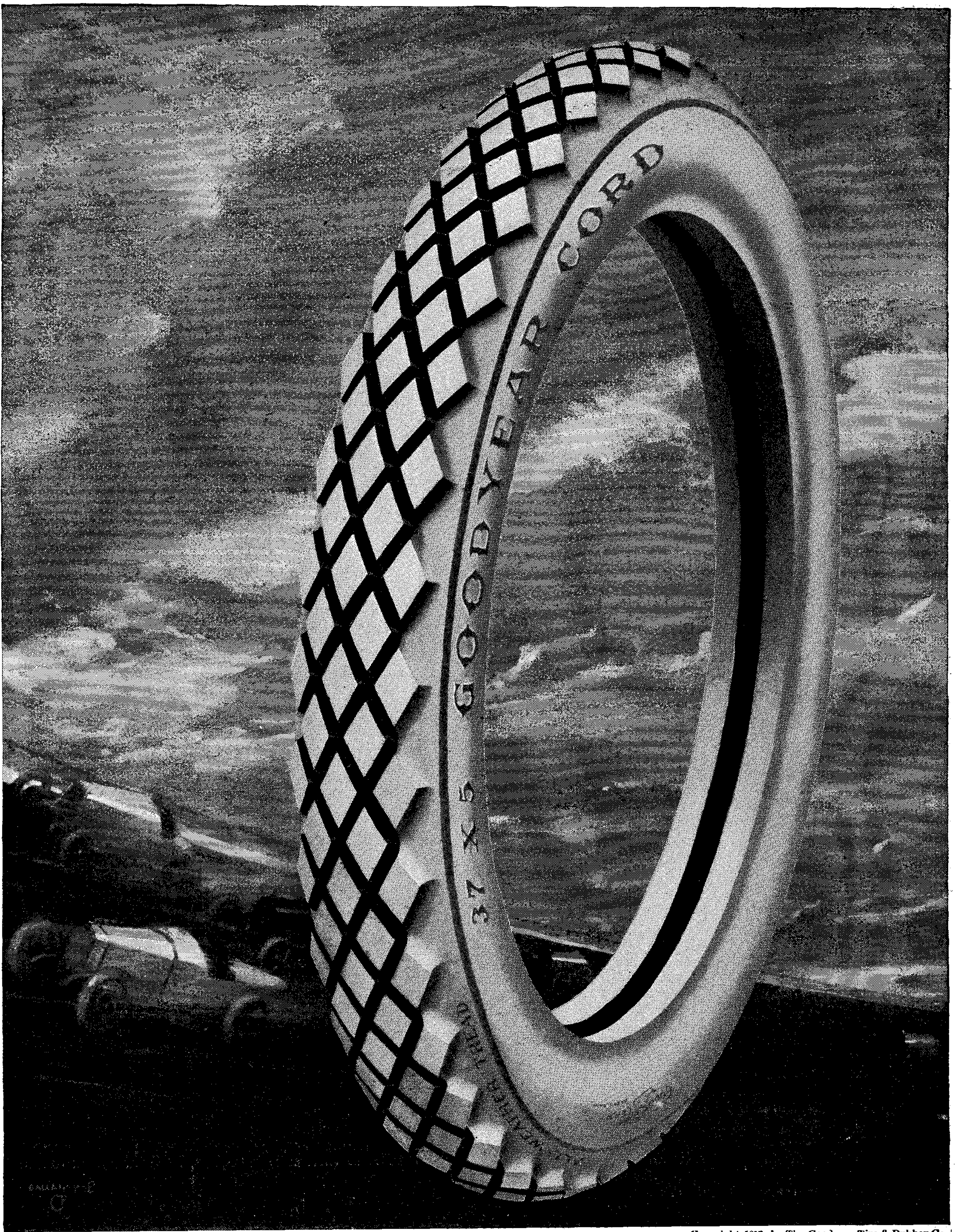

37 X 5 GOODYEAR CORD
WEATHER TREAD

Wide open at the turn, on the course at Speedway Park, L. I.

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Performance Without Parallel

THE performance of Goodyear Cord Tires on the speedways of America this season is of signal importance to every motor car owner in the country.

Both in the number of victories achieved and in the character of these victories, it is a performance without parallel in motor racing history.

Its significance for the average car user lies in the fact that speedway racing more swiftly and mercilessly tests the merit of a tire than any other usage.

The manner in which a tire meets the intensified heat, strain, punishment and fatigue of track-work, dependably indicates its capacity for service under normal conditions.

Goodyear Cord Tires have won every officially recognized race held on the speedways and tracks of America this year.

More than that, Goodyear Cord Tires have won virtually every place of importance in every such race this year.

Eloquent as these facts are of the speed, spring and stamina of Goodyear Cords, their greatest accomplishment in this field yet remains untold.

Every victory by Goodyear Cord Tires in the past racing season has been won by a non-stop run!

* * *

As a fitting climax to a season of absolute conquest, Goodyear Cord Tires carried Louis Chevrolet and his Frontenac to brilliant victory in the 100-mile Harkness Gold Trophy race a few weeks ago.

Staged at Speedway Park, L. I., this was the most desperately driven contest of the entire year.

To win against the seventeen competitors arrayed against him Chevrolet *drove at an average rate of 110.4 miles an hour*, breaking all world's competitive records for the distance.

So keen was the pace that the slightest failure on the part of his car or its tires would undoubtedly have cost him first honors.

Chevrolet drove his race without a stop, and won it on Goodyear Cord Tires.

DePalma, Hearne, Mulford, Hickey, Vail, Lewis and Henning, who followed him across the finish line in the order named, also rode Goodyear Cord Tires.

Of the eight winners listed, only one changed a tire or made a stop during the entire race.

A like consistency of performance under similar conditions has never been delivered by any other tire.

Goodyear Cord Tires are the choice of an overwhelming majority of the master automobile drivers of the world.

These men choose tires with extraordinary care, since upon them may depend not only victory, but their personal safety as well.

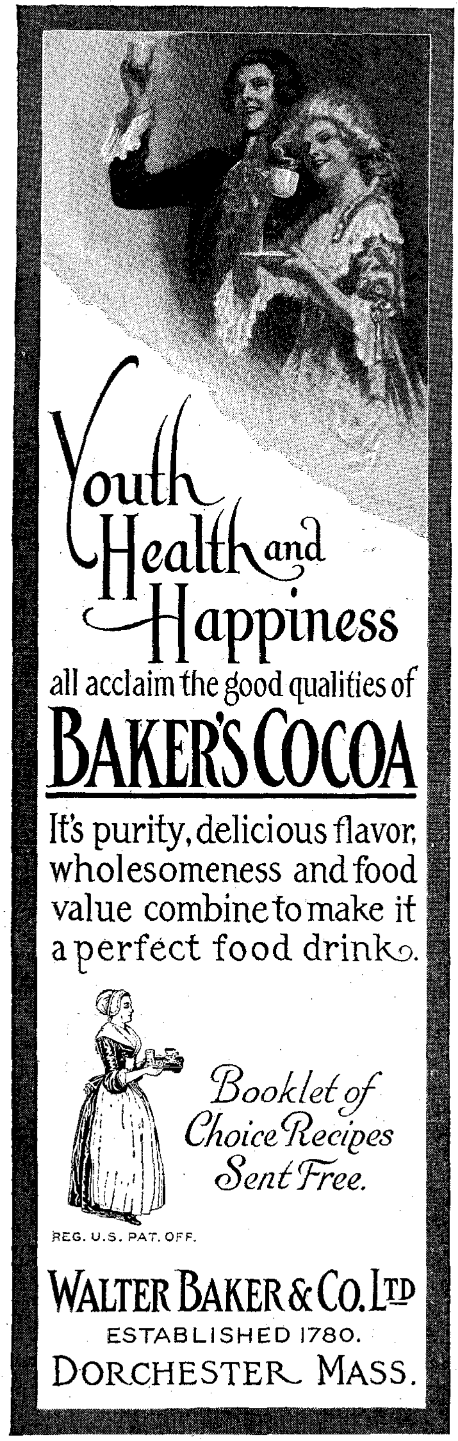
They choose Goodyear Cord Tires for their superior speed, strength and endurance—the reasons you should choose them for your car.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better.*

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES



Youth Health and Happiness
all acclaim the good qualities of
BAKER'S COCOA
It's purity, delicious flavor, wholesomeness and food value combine to make it a perfect food drink.
Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free.
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WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD
ESTABLISHED 1780.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Clear Your Throat with Zymole Trokeys
Quick Relief for Husky, Hoarse, Tickling Throats
25c at all Drug Stores. Sample for two-cent stamp
Frederick Stearns & Company, Detroit, U. S. A.
Makers of NIP-A-CO laxative cold tablets

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI
MY SIGNATURE Paul F. Skinner ON EVERY PACKAGE
SKINNER'S MACARONI
SKINNER MFG. CO. OMAHA, U. S. A.

many who studied the military problems demonstrated on the Western front. That is often so in the history of inventions, you know. A given problem occupies many minds simultaneously, and generally several reach a solution about the same time, even tho perhaps one receives the credit for the invention above all the others."

"You spoke about the mechanical problems of the tanks? What were they?"

"Ah, there you are getting on delicate ground. I am glad to tell you all I can about the tanks, but I can't describe them—not beyond a certain point, that is. I will say just this—the peculiar original feature of them, upon which their efficiency most depends, is the construction of their trackage. It is the feature which enables them not only to negotiate rough and broken ground, but to surmount obstacles and knock down trees and houses. But the full description of the tanks can not be written until after the war."

Colonel Swinton described the uproarious mirth of the British infantry on that morning when they had their first sight of the unwieldy tanks clambering over trenches, hills, small forests, and houses, spitting flames as they rolled, lolloping forward like huge armored monsters of the prehistoric past.

"It gave our men quite a moral lift," he said. "They forgot their troubles. But they soon came to see that the tanks were more than funny, for wherever they attacked the infantry had comparative immunity from machine-gun fire, and it is the German machine-gun fire which always has been the principal obstacle for our troops."

The name of the tank Colonel Swinton explained was originally a bit of *camouflage*. People who saw them in the process of erection variously described them as snow-plows for the Russian front and water-tanks for the armies in Egypt. The latter name stuck. And it may not be generally known that this mechanical beast of war is divided into two sexes.

"Some tanks are armed with small guns firing shells," said Colonel Swinton. "These are used especially against machine-gun nests. They are popularly known in the tank unit as males. Other tanks carry machine guns and are intended primarily for use against enemy infantry. They are the females. There is no difference in the construction."

Colonel Swinton was detailed from his post in the British War-Cabinet to act as assistant to Lord Reading in his mission to the United States to tighten the bonds of efficiency between the two countries in their war-programs.

During the fall of 1914, Colonel Swinton was the English official eye-witness of the fighting in Flanders and France. Before that he was perhaps best known to the general public as a writer of romances in which was skilfully woven the technique of war. One of his stories, "The Defense of Duffer's Drift," is used as a text-book at West Point.

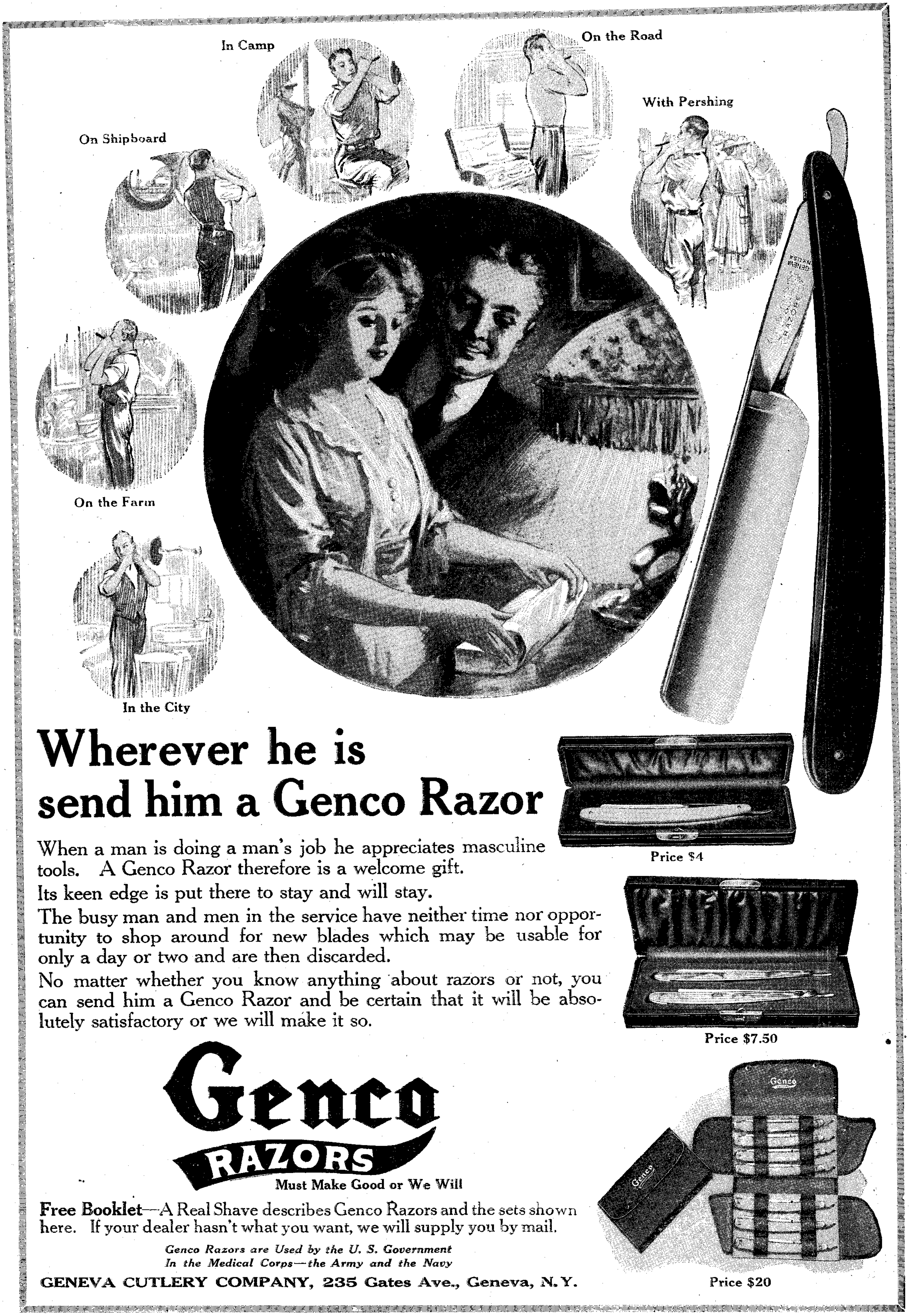
THE 100-POUND TERROR OF THE AIR

WHEN he registered at a New York hotel the clerk looked him over with a supercilious eye. He was a trifle undersized, to be sure, and youngish—twenty-two and weighing only one hundred pounds. And the name, W. A. Bishop, hastily scrawled on the register, meant nothing to the clerk—probably some college stripling in town to give Broadway the once-over. But a little later the same clerk looked at that name on the hotel roster with a sensation as nearly approaching awe as a New York hotel clerk is capable of feeling; for he had learned that the diminutive guest was the world-famous Maj. William Avery Bishop, of the British Royal Flying Corps, who in three months won every decoration Great Britain has created to pin upon the breasts of her gallant fighters.

Mars is a grim god and an exacting master, but he sometimes "smoothes his wrinkled front" at the blandishments of the little god of Love. And it was so in the case of Major Bishop when the gallant knight of the air checked the war-god in the hotel coat-room and slipt away with Dan Cupid to Toronto, where his sweetheart was waiting to welcome him. They are to be married before he returns to the front.

The St. Louis *Post Dispatch* reckons Bishop as the greatest air-fighter since Guynemer. It says of his exploits:

> So far as is known, Major Bishop is the only living man who has a right to wear not only the Military Medal but the Order of Distinguished Service, and not only that, but the Victoria Cross. Yet he is only twenty-two years old, and he blushed and stammered like a schoolboy when he tried to explain something about air fighting at a Canadian club dinner in New York. However, here is his record as piled up in five months at the front:
>
> One hundred and ten single combats with German fliers.
>
> Forty-seven Hun airplanes sent crashing to the earth.
>
> Twenty-three other planes sent down, but under conditions which made it impossible to know certainly that they and their pilots had been destroyed.
>
> Thrilling escapes without number, including one fall of 4,000 feet with his machine in flames.
>
> The most daredevil feat of the war—an attack single-handed on a *Boche* airdrome, in which he destroyed three enemy machines.
>
> These feats not only won medals for the hero, but rapid promotion. With his appointment as Major, he was also named chief instructor of aerial gunnery—which is his chief hobby—and commander of an airplane squadron.
>
> Bishop went to Europe from his home in Owen Sound, a little Ontario town, where his father is County Registrar, in the spring of 1915 as a cavalry private. Cavalrymen have an easy time these days waiting for the trench warfare to end and the coming of the open fighting, when they can get at the Hun. Bishop didn't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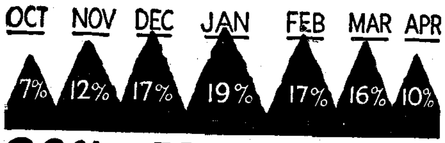

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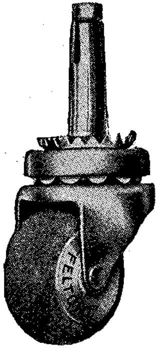

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want to wait, so he was transferred to the flying corps. He made no particular impression on the officers, but finally got a place as observer in the spring of 1916. His machine was shot down presently, and when he came out of hospital he was given three months' leave, most of which he spent at home.

When he went back last fall he tried again, and this time succeeded in qualifying as a pilot. He spent the early winter training in England, and finally reached the front in February. Then things began to happen.

His first enemy plane was brought down within a few days, under circumstances which have not been told, but which were enough to win the Military Medal. By Easter his record was such that he was made flight commander and captain. He celebrated by attacking three German planes single-handed. Four others came to their rescue. He got two; then out of ammunition, he went home. This brought him the D. S. O.

Bishop won the Victoria Cross in a sensational air-battle. Here is the official account as given in *The Post Dispatch:*

"Captain Bishop flew first to an enemy airdrome. Finding no enemy machine about, he flew to another about three miles distant and about twelve miles within enemy lines. Seven machines, some with their engines running, were on the ground. He attacked these from a height of fifty feet, killing one of the mechanics.

"One of the machines got off the ground, but Captain Bishop, at a height of sixty feet, fired fifteen rounds into it at close range. A second machine got off the ground, into which he fired thirty rounds at 150 yards. It fell into a tree. Two more machines rose from the airdrome, one of which he engaged at a height of 1,000 feet, sending it crashing to the ground. He then emptied a whole drum of cartridges into the fourth hostile machine and flew back to the station.

"Four hostile scouts were 1,000 feet above him for a mile during his return journey, but they would not attack. His machine gun was badly shot about by machine-gun fire from the ground."

Apparently the official reporter was not interested in the Captain's condition. The damaged machine gun accounts for his strategic retreat, which satisfies officialdom. On Bishop's behalf, it should be remembered that an aviator lives very close to his machine gun during such a fracas—if he lives.

Anyhow, Bishop got the V. C. for this before-breakfast excursion. When he was given a furlough, a few weeks ago, it was suggested that he stop at Buckingham Palace on his way home. There a rather small man with a light beard and a crown pinned the three medals on the breast of the Canadian.

Major Bishop himself is inclined to complain a little at the tools with which he has to work. His faith in incendiary bullets has been shattered, for instance.

"You want to bring the Hun down in flames if you can," he explained. "That is the nicest way. But you can't be sure of doing that. I shot six incendiary bullets into one fellow's petrol tank one day, and the thing wouldn't blow up."

Good shooting is what does the trick, he says, and plenty of it.

"Don't trust to one bullet to kill a

Hun. Get him in the head if you can, or at least in the upper part of the body. But get him several times—one bullet is never sure to kill one. Get hunks of them into him; into his head. That does it. The greatest thing to teach the new men is how to shoot."

Sounds rather bloodthirsty, but this one hundred-pound fighter knows his enemy and of what he is capable. While Bishop finds bombing quite interesting, he prefers dueling, which he says is still seeking higher altitudes; in fact, when one is flying above 22,000 feet he is now never sure that he will not be attacked from above. The unexpected appeals to Bishop, who cites the following as an enjoyable occasion:

"I was about 10,000 feet up, going through a cloud bank, without a thing in my mind but to get back six or seven miles behind the Hun lines and see what was going on, when I heard the rattle of machine guns. I looked back and there were three Huns coming straight for me. We all started firing at about 300 yards. I gave all I had to one fellow and he came to within about ten yards of me before swerving. He went by in flames. I turned on the second and he fell, landing only about 100 yards from the first one, which shows how fast we were going.

"I was excited, and the third machine escaped," he added apologetically.

An attack, two duels, and two victories while the planes were traveling less than a quarter of a mile, at over 100 miles an hour! Time, perhaps ten seconds.

It was Bishop, according to reports, who invented the plan of diving down and shooting the Germans from behind during an attack. He did not discuss the origin of the idea, but denied that it did much damage. Oh, yes, an occasional machine-gun nest, but, then, there are only a few men in these. The real effect was moral. It distracts the Hun to be shot in the back. Also it greatly encourages the infantry who are charging.

"They cheer like mad," he grinned. "They think we are killing thousands of Huns."

Traditions gather thick around such a man. Tommy has no demigods in his religion, but he does the best he can with his heroes. So Tommy says that Bishop brought down nine machines in a two-hour fight one day. But Tommy's best story of him is given to illustrate the nerve which enjoys being called on to fight for life on a split second's notice.

A Hun flier had used an incendiary bullet on Bishop's petrol tank that did work, Tommy reports. The battle had been at a low altitude, about two miles up. Bishop's plane flamed up, and he fell. He was on the point of jumping and had loosed the straps that held him into the fuselage. Airmen dislike being burned to death. But he decided to make a try for life at the risk of this, and after he had fallen 4,000 feet or so took the levers again and pulled up the nose of the plane, straightening her out. Of course, his engine was out, so he began to tail dive, and went a few more thousand feet that way. Then he succeeded in straightening her out once more, but side-slipt, and finally banked just as he struck. One wing of his flaming machine hit first and broke the fall. The loosened straps let

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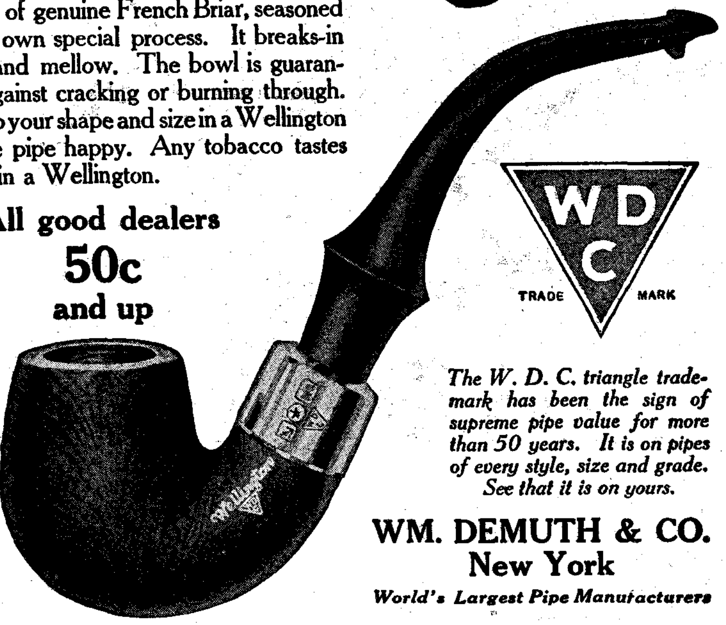

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him jump clear. He was just behind the British lines, and Tommy rushed up and gathered him in and extinguished the fire in his blazing clothing.

He was not hurt.

DEWEY AND THE GERMANS

WITHOUT firing a shot Germany was the chief beneficiary of the Spanish-American War, according to Major-General Sir George Younghusband. His discoveries were made in the Philippines, where he went after having accumulated three or four months' leave "by the sweat of some years," armed with credentials for both belligerents, which he did not intend to use except in case of necessity. As this veteran of many campaigns remarks, a recognized military attaché with either side is apt to be so hunted and herded about under the cloak of courtesy and kindness that he sees little or nothing of the war. Therefore General Younghusband and his party went as plain travelers, and "to heighten the delusion, went *en famille*." The papers of recommendation were kept in reserve so that they might "avoid being hanged or shot by some hasty or impetuous person." In "A Soldier's Memories" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York), General Younghusband says that he and his associates were somewhat puzzled at the attitude taken by Germany, for—

> She had very slender ties with Spain, and had probably never given her a thought before. On the other hand, there was a very big German population in America, and, as the Great War has since shown, one passionately attached to the Fatherland. The truculence of the Germans, and especially of the German Fleet, rather amused us than otherwise; it was so very *nouveau riche*, so vulgarly blatant. As we have since discovered, this was to impress other neutrals, especially the British, an effort which signally failed. It was at the same time intended to impress the Spaniards with a feeling of gratitude. Here they were more successful, and as a result, whether from gratitude or pressure, it need not now be inquired, they received a handsome guerdon. The Caroline Islands were ceded by Spain to Germany. The whole incident was part of the German push for territorial acquisition, the raising of German prestige in the East, and incidentally the formation of coaling stations whence cruiser warfare could be waged on an enemy shipping, and especially on British.

In the neighborhood of Iloilo a good deal of fighting was going on, but not of a very important or sanguinary nature. The interest of General Younghusband and his friends was up Manila way, and in order that they might be allowed to make this journey they "craved an interview with a very magnificent person, a Hidalgo or Grandee of Spain at the least, but temporarily so far debasing himself as to be holding the menial post of Governor of the Island." They addrest themselves to him through an interpreter, with the result that the Governor went into such a fit of wrath that General Younghusband feared he would die of apoplexy. The apoplectic fit translated into language, and thence into English, read:

"Assuredly this Englishman is somewhat more mad than all the rest of his nation. He must needs leave a comfortable home, and come to this godforsaken hole, in the middle of a war. And, mark you, brings his wife with him! Was there ever such insanity?" (Great shrugging of shoulders and spreading of hands.) "But this is not all. Having learned all our secrets and modes of defense, he now wishes to go over and betray us to the accursed Americans. Great God! and the Blessed Virgin!"

We let him run on for quite a long time, and then made our apologies for so foolish a request, and retired.

On the way down the street the interpreter inquired insinuatingly:

"How much present master will give?"

"Present? How much? Great Heavens! Bribe that great and good man, that magnificent patriot, that gorgeous hidalgo, that priceless prince! Perchance we misheard you, friend Sancho Panza; be kind enough to repeat that remark."

"I only saying, Governor wanting present from English gentleman, and then English gentleman going quickly to Manila," replied Sancho.

"If you are speaking words of truth, my friend, what in your estimation would be a suitable present to make his Excellency? I should be sorry to insult him with too small a libation, nor, on the other hand, do I wish to spoil the market."

"Fifty rupees is plenty, sar."

Fifty rupees! That is to say, three pounds, six shillings, and eightpence. It seemed a very moderate price for a Governor, a Grandee of Spain, or even a Hidalgo, and we prepared to spend it royally.

But we were saved even this modest outlay, for the British Consul, hearing that there were English people about, came to see us; and by a great and glorious piece of good fortune he proved to be a brother of our regimental doctor. From that time forth our difficulties disappeared; and we shortly found ourselves on a small coasting steamer, which, directly she got to sea, discreetly hoisted the British flag, steaming in hot pursuit of Admiral Dewey's Fleet. When we reached the vicinity of Manila Bay we heard the fleet had gone in, and that so far as any one knew there were no mines, floating or otherwise, and no sunken ships in the fairway. So our little cockle-shell made bold to enter.

The entrance to the bay is quite narrow, and a large island, named Corregidor, divides even that restricted channel. Both on Corregidor and on the mainland were forts heavily armed. There was a half moon, and as the fleet crept slowly through in single file there must have been many an anxious moment on the leading ship. But not a cat stirred, and the fleet passed through safely. As day strengthened, the Spanish Fleet was to be seen at anchor away to the southeast toward Cavité. Eleven ships in all. How they went to the bottom, at their anchorage, and with only a feeble show of resistance, is a matter of history.

About this time every one began to send squadrons to Manila Bay, just to demonstrate against each other; to "brag and

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bluster and pretend they had vital interests of some sort." It is amusing to know that England was unrepresented except by a little second-class cruiser, the *Bonaventure*, under Sir Edward Chichester. Yet Admiral Dewey said to General Younghusband that "that little cruiser saved a European war in this bay." We read then:

"Admiral Dewey very courteously invited us on board his flagship and sent his pinnace to fetch us. A most pleasant, courteous host of great modesty and bearing. Wearing a mustache, to British eyes he looked more like a general than an admiral, such is the effect of hirsute environment. The Admiral's cabin was in war trim—that is to say, dismantled and all woodwork removed, and was mostly occupied by a large gun. He told us how he had fought the battle of Cavité, and from where we stood on the decks of the *Olympia* the Spanish ships were visible quite close, mostly sunk in shallow water. On the side of the *Olympia* was painted a white circle, showing where the only shot had hit her. It was probably a light shell from a field battery on shore, for it had hardly made a dent. We were congratulating Admiral Dewey on his victory, and in chaff condoled with him for not belonging to a monarchy, because then he might have received a peerage, as did Admiral Beauchamp. With great simplicity the Admiral waived the peerage aside.

"Oh! but the people at home are very kind and good to me. Look at all these little presents."

The little presents consisted of nothing more than could be bought with a few shillings or a few pence. But the kind-hearted old sailor appreciated them just as much as if they had been made of gold and silver and set with precious stones. Later he was to receive more substantial proofs of the gratitude of his fellow citizens.

The first international incident occurred when the German Fleet came sailing in with neither a "with-your-leave" nor "by-your-leave." This did not seem to Admiral Dewey a very correct procedure in a blockaded port, but, as he said, he was not very well up in the etiquette of the ocean, so he semaphored across to his friend, Sir Edward Chichester, for advice. Sir Edward, a stout old sailor of the best old stock, immediately replied that undoubtedly the German Fleet had no right to be there, except by courtesy of the blockading fleet. The Germans had no sea manners, he added.

"What ought I to do?" asked Admiral Dewey.

"Fire across his bows," replied Sir Edward Chichester with great bluntness.

In the course of two minutes whiz-z-z-z, bang! went a shot across the German's bows, and in an incredibly short space of time her fleet anchored hastily. Next was seen a steam pinnace, evidently in a great hurry, pushing off from the German Admiral's flagship, and scurrying toward the *Olympia*. In the pinnace were seated some very angry Germans. They were escorted courteously on board the *Olympia*, simply bursting with wrath and with their feathers flying anyhow.

"Do you know, sir," exclaimed the infuriated German emissary, "that this action of yours might entail war with the great German Empire?"

"I am perfectly aware of the fact," replied Admiral Dewey with great coolness and courtesy. Then he hospitably invited his guests to assuage their wrath with a cocktail or a mint julep.

But the German was not to be pacified with a cocktail, or even with a mint julep, and flounced himself off to report the matter to Wilhelm II.

"And do you know," said Admiral Dewey to us, "I'd never have risked it if it hadn't been for that little British cruiser representing the British Fleet at my back?"

The next incident was equally inflammatory. A few Spaniards remained on a small island, just off the town of Manila, and their surrender only being a matter of time and terms, the Americans did not trouble much about them. One morning, however, it was noticed that a German cruiser, the *Irene*, had shifted her berth, and was now anchored down alongside this island, as a sort of moral support to the Spaniards and menace to the Americans.

"What ought I to do?" asked Admiral Dewey of his friend the English captain.

"Do?" replied Sir Edward. "Why just clear two of your battle-ships for action, and bear down on the *Irene*, and tell her that if she isn't out of that in five minutes you'll sink her."

"And I acted like that," Admiral Dewey remarked with great relish.

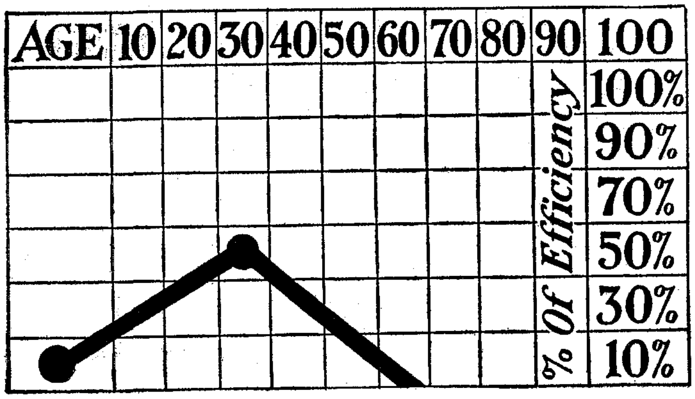
"I cleared the *Boston* and the *Raleigh* for action, and bore down on the *Irene*, and would you believe it, she was in such an all-fired hurry to clear away that she slipt her cable! He is a fine fellow, that Captain Chichester of yours."

Sir Edward Chichester, tenth baronet, was a great, burly man who looked like a typical English squire, and was possest of most of the best qualities of a naval officer. He knew his job from A to Z; had had unbounded belief in the power of the British Navy, and looked on with perfectly calm, mixed with amused, tolerance at the impassioned antics of the "Dagos." He died as a Rear-Admiral in 1906, leaving behind the record of a stout seaman who knew how to act when confronted by great responsibilities where any mistake might have had world-wide consequences.

There was yet one other occasion on which the spirit of comradeship between the British and the American fleets was shown. Admiral Dewey gave the Spaniards up to eleven o'clock on a certain morning to surrender the town of Manila; and if not surrendered at that hour and on the date settled, he would bombard the town. A lot of busy neutrals, led by the Germans, thereupon began fussing and fuming around, trying to formulate language to express his baseness. This makes curious reading nowadays! Finally, these neutrals had a meeting, and, headed by the German Admiral, went to interview Sir Edward Chichester, with a view to ascertaining his views on the subject, and further to inquire what the British intended to do. Sir Edward listened to them with great patience and affability, and heard unmoved the blood-curdling story of the atrocities which the Americans were about to commit. With the help of his steward he even soothed them with his national drinks. But when prest as to his views and intentions, he blandly replied:

"Those, sirs, are known only to Admiral Dewey and myself. Good-morning, gentlemen, good-morning."

The final touch came when the fatal



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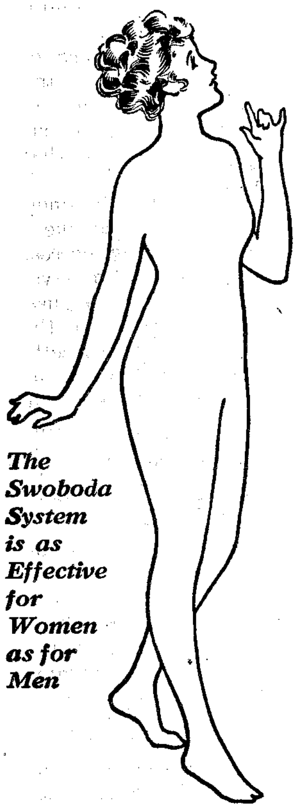

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There is no fraud like self-deception. You may think you are young, strong, brainy, energetic and happy, yet when compared with other men or women you are ill, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to use your powers. The truth, if you will only acknowledge it to yourself, is that you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you could easily become a giant — only thru conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ of your body.

You Are Only Half Alive

If you possess only sufficient energy and vitality to carry you thru each day—if you are normal in health only under the most favorable conditions—if you are not full of "pep," energy, confidence and ambition every moment of your life—if you are unable to abuse yourself without flinching—if you are over tired mentally or physically—you are only half alive—you are not thoroughly qualified to win against the competition you are up against.

Some Parts Of You Are Dead

The body is made up of billions of tiny cells. These cells are of varied degrees of activity. Some are alive, some are weakened, some are practically lifeless and some are totally dead. When your stomach troubles you, when your heart bothers you, when your liver complains, when your intestines protest, when your bones ache, when your brain becomes cloudy or foggy, it is a sign that the inactive, non-alive cells have secured the upper hand. Only through Conscious Evolution of the cells can you bring them to the point of efficiency and energy that should rightfully be yours.

What Is Conscious Evolution?

Conscious Evolution is a simple, scientific, practical, convenient and easy method of developing every cell in the body to its highest pitch of vitality and energy. Without drugs, medicines, apparatus—without electricity, cold baths, massage or dieting—without asking you to deprive yourself of any of the pleasures or habits that you enjoy —without asking you to do anything you do not like to do. Conscious Evolution will give you energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, self-reliance to spare, youth to spare, living power to spare and working power to spare.

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The Swoboda System makes you a better human being than others, physically and mentally. It enables you to dominate others—it enables you to out-think others—it enables you to out-endure others. It so vitalizes every organ, cell and tissue as to make the mere act of living a joy. It gives you a thrilling and pulsating nature—it can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it. Read my guarantee and learn what I mean by perpetual youth.

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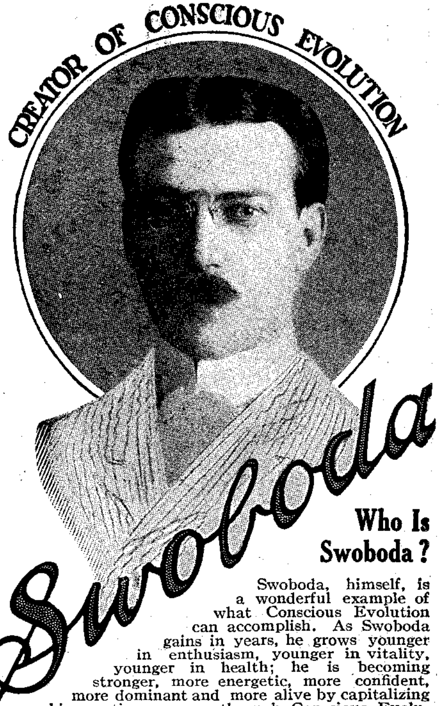

Swoboda

Who Is Swoboda?

Swoboda, himself, is a wonderful example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years, he grows younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health; he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant and more alive by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself you too can accomplish—every individual can accomplish, for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual has it within himself to make use of these laws and principles.

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morning had arrived. All foreign fleets were ordered to weigh and clear to the north'ard out of the line of fire before 10 A.M. Each in its turn up-anchored and cleared away, till last of all, and alone, was left H. M. S. *Bonaventure*. Very slowly, and with great deliberation, the *Bonaventure*, every glass in every fleet on her, hauled up her anchor. Dead slow she followed the foreign fleets for a short and calculated distance, then slowly turned, and making a wide, deliberate sweep, came back and anchored alongside the American Fleet. Could the highest diplomacy do more? The Americans evidently thought not, for as the little *Bonaventure* passed along one huge cheer went up from every American ship.

As the appointed hour arrived Admiral Dewey became anxious, for, says General Younghusband, he had no wish, and probably no intention, of bombarding the town of Manila, yet the Spanish flag still flew and there was no sign of surrender. To hasten the Spaniards a little in their deliberations, he opened fire on an old fort some distance outside of the town. It was then discovered that the Spaniards had raised the white flag, but it had not been sooner remarked because the wind was blowing straight away from the fleet. General Younghusband further relates:

> Examining the old fort afterward, a curious development in the science of gunnery and the penetration of shells was observable. In the old days, more than a century before, the British had attacked the fort with the guns of the day, and the marks could clearly be seen. They had just made a dent in the wall, crumbled the stone a little, and then had fallen back harmless into the ditch. The modern shell had not only penetrated the near wall, but had crossed the fort and gone clean through the far wall.
>
> As a matter of history, Manila and the Philippine Islands, probably according to the strict letter of the law, still belong to Great Britain. For, at the general settling up after the Napoleonic Wars, we sold the Philippines to Spain for some small sum of money—£2,500,000, I believe—and that sum has never been paid.
>
> It is much the same with a Portuguese debt. Portugal owes us £8,000,000 for sums advanced during the Peninsular War. On April 1 of each year that debt is solemnly acknowledged to the British Government, and as solemnly acknowledged and carried to the next year. It has thus carried on for a century, and it occurred to us soldiers during the South African War that the Portuguese might very handsomely have wiped off the debt in exchange for Delagoa Bay.
>
> There were a great number of British sailors, and especially stokers, in the American Fleet, and these put on an extra strong Yankee accent when speaking to us. One who had a specially strong accent, however, told us that he had been at Rugby School, and had only recently taken on at Hongkong, "just to see a bit of fun."
>
> On shore there was a very great difference between the regulars of the American Army and the Volunteers. The former were very good indeed, very smart and well trained, and with the strictest discipline; all old soldiers of the best type. The Volunteers were mostly hastily raised citizens who could just march decently in fours, but to whom the word discipline had little meaning. When a colonel, a sergeant, and a bugler may be seen sitting down to dinner together at a hotel, it must be difficult, tho perhaps not impossible, to keep the slender but very strong chain of discipline taut. Our own Colonial troops suffered from the same trouble at the beginning of the Great War, which perhaps is illustrated by a little story I sent home at the time, and which was with variations quoted and illustrated in several papers.
>
> A Colonial regiment was about to be inspected by the General, and previously the Colonel did earnestly enjoin and beseech his men to turn out in a smart and soldierlike manner, and to behave as such. And he added:
>
> "For God's sake, boys, don't call me Alf before the General."

A PEEP INTO AUSTRIA

AMERICAN shoes have the call in Vienna and have driven out all competitors, a fact hardly of exceeding surprize; but that the Viennese who wish to learn English advertise for a teacher "with an American accent" is certainly a conquest for the little red schoolhouse, and an omen that the comic stage American of overseas may be doomed. The Viennese make a broad distinction between the English and the Americans, treating the latter with marked mildness, according to a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* lately returned from the Austrian capital. Since we have been at war with her ally Germany no American citizen has been interned and no American business has been molested in any way. The method in this procedure may perhaps be divined from our informant's discovery that Austrian feeling in general was that there could be no decided victory on either side and that sooner or later both sides will have to consent to arbitration. The only country that will really gain anything by the war is America, which is the only "Great Power" of the future. Meanwhile the Austrian capital, which has always had the reputation of being "one of the gayest and most light-hearted" cities in Europe, has not entirely changed its character, tho—

> To the keen observer there are many curious and interesting differences which show how deeply the stupendous war has affected it. The question which touches the whole population, from the highest to the lowest, most nearly is that of the food-supply. The state of semistarvation at which the poorer classes have now arrived has come on so gradually, and has been marked by such distinct stages, that they have almost come to regard it as natural, and have ceased to wonder at it. They suffer most severely from lack of fat in every form. Almost every afternoon, outside the large markets, from four o'clock onward, one can see crowds, consisting chiefly of women and children, but with elderly men and boys, too, gathering round the entrances; by about ten o'clock in the

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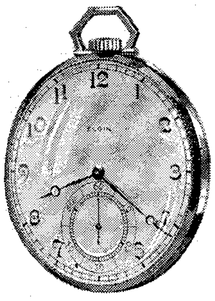

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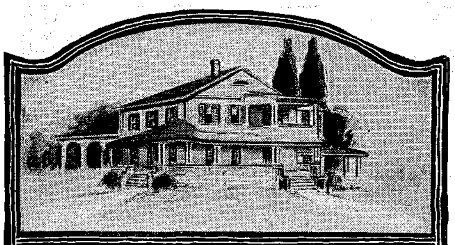

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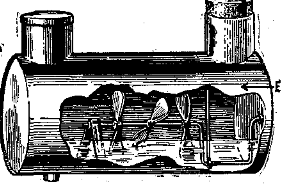

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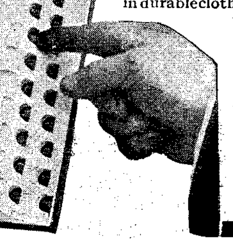

Something
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evening they may be counted by hundreds. These people lie, sit, or stand out on the pavement the whole night, waiting for the lard or bacon, which is sold at seven or eight next morning. Each person receives 6 dekagrams (about an eighth of a pound), and, as a rule, the supply is so limited that only the first-comers get any; those who only take up their places after nine in the evening come too late.

The bread with which the people are supplied has gone through many stages; there was a time when it was made almost entirely of maize flour; then the maize gave out, and barley was chiefly used; since April of this year it has consisted chiefly of bran, horse-chestnuts, and dried beans, with a small percentage of musty flour. Each person gets 18 dekagrams (about 6 ounces), and the control is very strict. This amount is quite insufficient for the working classes, since they have nothing else to take its place; potatoes were hardly ever to be seen; dried peas, beans, lentils, rice, and sago have long since disappeared from general consumption; vegetables are scarce and enormously dear. and meat is only to be obtained at high prices and after long waiting. The principal articles of food for the people are a coarse kind of sausage, lights, horse-flesh, such odds and ends of vegetables as they can manage to get hold of, and their portion of bread and flour or oatmeal. Coffee is no longer sold. One can only get the "war-mixture," which consists of burnt barley, sugar, and a little inferior coffee or chickory. For real coffee, which can sometimes be got irregularly, people pay as much as 80 kronen (about £3 10s.) a kilogram (2 pounds). Milk is very scarce, and kept chiefly for children and sick persons; butter is strictly rationed—6 dekagrams a week for each person; eggs are almost unobtainable, and one gladly gives 7*d.* for one; and ham has disappeared from view since before Easter. Tea costs anything from 40 to 80 kronen a kilogram (a crown is about 10*d.*), and one can only get 5 dekagrams at a time. Boiled sweets, which to some extent take the place of sugar, are sold in small quantities once or twice a week, and people stand in long cues several hours to obtain them. . . . . .

Business, politics, and even the war have almost ceased to be discust much in public; the great and burning topic in the trams, in the cafés, in the streets, everywhere where people come together, is the price of food, which shops still have supplies of this or that, which restaurants give the largest portions, when and where soap, candles, chocolate, petroleum, or other much-coveted articles can be obtained.

Clothing and all the little necessaries of daily use in connection with clothes have become enormously dear. A pair of shoe-laces costs 25 cents and a spool of sewing-cotton about the same. Linen goods are so costly that two ladies of the writer's acquaintance have been wearing "their own dining-room curtains made up into costumes." The curtains were of good Liberty linen, a little faded by the sun, but after being dyed were as good as new and cost less than half the price asked for linen of very inferior quality. What is more—

Ladies can only buy one pair of stockings at a time; woolen dress materials cost

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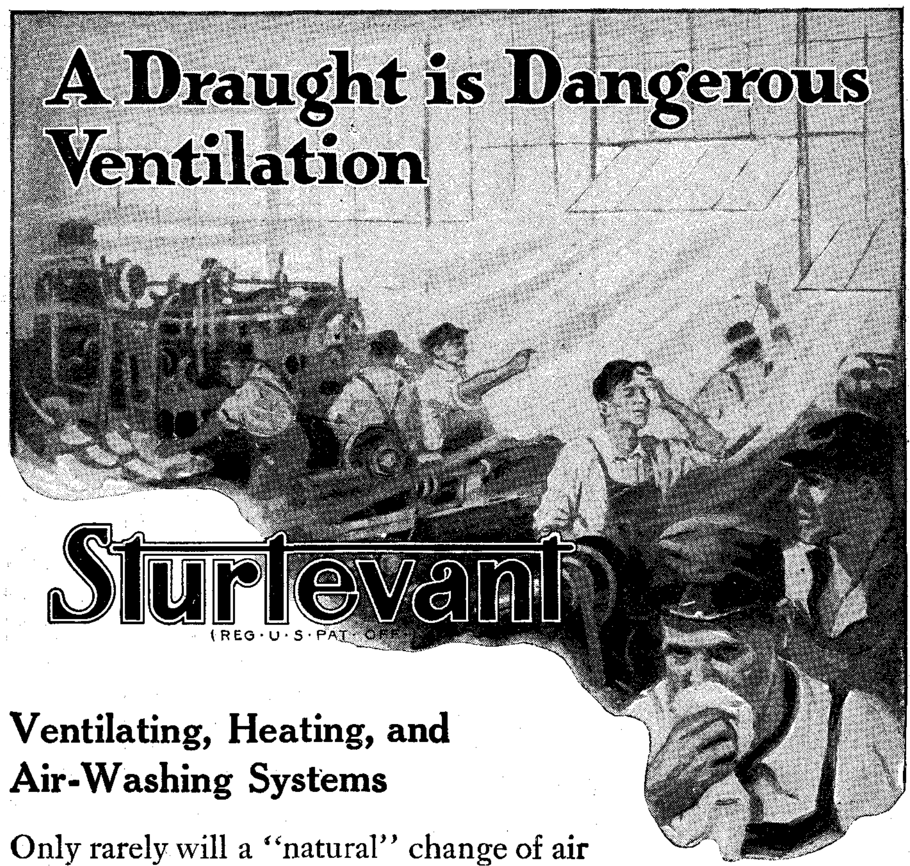
anything from £1 to £4 a meter; cottons are somewhat cheaper, but the supply is very limited. For men's clothes there are, as yet, no cards as in Germany, but it is difficult to obtain a sufficient supply of anything. Most of the children of the working classes are wearing wooden sandals, for the soling of a pair of shoes costs about £1, and genuine leather can only be obtained from the military authorities.

In spite of the high prices, there never was greater luxury in dress in Vienna than during the last two years. Many fortunes have been made, so that the wives and daughters of these *nouveaux riches* are resplendent in garments of finished elegance, furs, jewels, dainty shoes and stockings, and costly laces; many of them literally carry a fortune about on their persons. Altho soap is so expensive and difficult to get there were never so many white *toilettes* to be seen as last summer; women, girls, and children even of the simpler classes were exquisitely drest, mostly in spotless white. There are several reasons given for this intensified luxury in dress: one is, that the taxes after the war will be so heavy that the people will feel it would be of no use to try and save—money in any form would be taken from them—so they prefer to invest it now in something which will remain in their possession; also, the prices rise so rapidly that every one is anxious to secure all he can before things become quite unattainable. Another reason is that many persons earn more now than they have ever done before. It is more difficult to travel. France, that country so dear to the hearts of most well-to-do Austrians, is closed to them (altho French fashions manage to find their way into Vienna). Therefore money flows freely inside the country.

At the beginning of the war there was a great movement in favor of the "simple life"; people resolved to attend theaters and concerts less, and to content themselves with domestic entertainments. But Vienna is accustomed to amusing itself, and the cry was soon raised, "What is to become of actors and artists generally if there are fewer amusements?" This cry met with a ready response, and with a sigh of relief the city went back to its old habits. The theaters were crowded, concerts as well attended as ever; only the music-halls suffered considerably, since they could get few foreign attractions. Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays are still given at the Burg Theater, or were till the present director was appointed, and "Mile-stones" and "Charley's Aunt" still enjoy great popularity. Artists in general hold themselves aloof from war-questions, and take the standpoint that art is international. There are, however, some exceptions, such as the popular director, Felix Weingartner. This gentleman has distinguished himself by violent anti-British proclivities, and he is one of the ninety-three "intellectuals" who have signed a compact to give no concerts either in England or America till at least five years after the war.

In the cinema theaters the public is made familiar with the war through the medium of official pictures. No such theater gives a performance without some war-films which have done as much to keep up the interest of the public in the progress of the war as the newspaper reports, and our informant proceeds:

Public opinion in Austria with regard to



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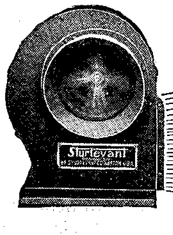

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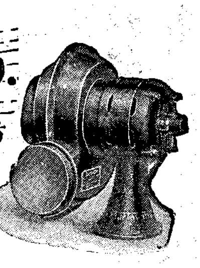

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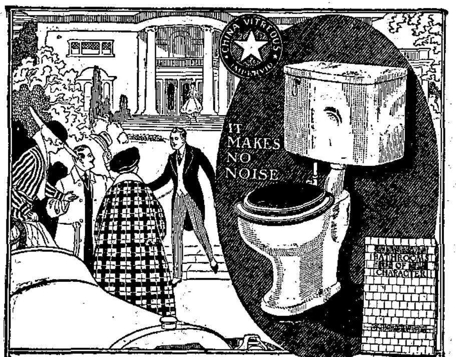

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the war has undergone many changes. The barometer of public feeling has risen and sunk not once but many times in the course of the last three years. There was a time—when the Germans marched through Belgium and appeared to be carrying all before them—when the officials in the municipal and Government offices wore little round badges with "*Gott Strafe England*" on them, and when the same legend met the eye, in every variety of size and color, from every shop-window in the town. When, however, the pendulum began to swing in the other direction and it seemed no longer absolutely certain that peace would be dictated by the two Emperors either in Paris or London, the Austrians discovered that such demonstrations were in bad taste, and the vindictive emblems gradually disappeared.

Then came a period of depression, when the public prepared itself for ultimate defeat, when the people hinted darkly at great changes to be expected, and openly declared that it felt no enmity toward Russia. When the war had lasted about two years the food question began to be all-engrossing and internal matters were once more discust. The question of the reopening of Parliament in Vienna became very acute, and the numerous scandals with regard to army purveyors, the great fortunes acquired by them, the efforts of the Government to cope with the evils arising from unscrupulous manipulations of food, and so on, interested the public more than anything else. When I left Vienna, on August 1, the poorer people were firmly convinced that peace was to be made in September or October. I asked several workingmen on what basis they thought this would be possible; they all gave me pretty much the same answer: "Russia is played out; we shall be able to get a separate peace." It was generally asserted during the summer that the formal separate peace between Austria and Russia was to have been signed the very day after the outbreak of the revolution in Petrograd. However that may be, the Vienna press at that time poured out floods of abuse over the British Minister Buchanan, and attributed the whole revolution to his influence.

The optimistic views of the working classes are not shared by the so-called *intelligentza* and capitalists; they are prepared for at least two years more, and many people assert that they have no desire to see the war ended. They regard the military situation at present as favorable to themselves, and believe they can keep their advantage. The greatest financial problem for Austria in the future is the *Valuta* question. Austrian money has depreciated so enormously that whole volumes of suggestions have already been made as to the best methods to be employed in improving it. On my journey home I received only 38 Swiss francs for every hundred kronen Austrian money. The normal value of the crown is 10*d*., while the franc is about 9½*d*.

Another idea which has fixt itself firmly in the minds of the people is that every hostile boat which shows its nose outside the home waters is torpedoed. When I told my milkwoman and grocer of my intention to return to England they thought me mad; the latter asked if it were possible for a steamer to cross the Channel now. I told him that one or two attempt it, whereat he looked incredulous. I was also told constantly, and that not by persons of the quite lower order, that food-conditions are just as bad in England and France as in the Central countries, and this is really believed.

IN THE CAPITAL OF MOVIE-LAND

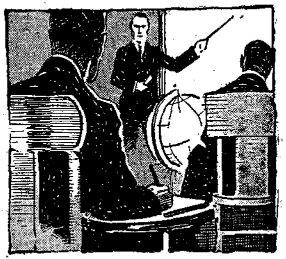
THERE is a book in a drug-store in Hollywood, California, that will some day find its way into a museum. If it doesn't, posterity will miss a complete roster—in autograph—of the most famous "movie" stars of the period. And they all signed for ant-poison!

As Douglas Fairbanks says: "The Hollywood ant is some boy."

Which would seem to be true, for it is no respecter of persons nor fame. It would just as soon make its entrance by the back door as the front, and when the cooks cleverly put things on shelves above utensils filled with water in the hope of getting a close-up of the death-throes of drowning ants, the said ants make a safe detour and enter by the front door, across the Turkish rugs and deploy upon the sugar-bowl on the tea-table.

After once leaving its lair in the pepper-tree the ant simply hits up its pace on an absolutely straight line, careless of whether it lands in the house of Geraldine Farrar, Theda Bara, or the humble young man who assists in giving *vraisemblance* to the drawing-room scenes. A writer in the Los Angeles *Times* says:

> Some day perhaps the divine Sarah Bernhardt's name will appear in the book, or mayhap Caruso's cookies will be affected and he will have to sign the ant book. 'Tis said that the number of ants in the Western center of movie-land is only rivaled by the herd of fleas which have lately infested Jack Pickford's chow-dog.
>
> Perhaps nowhere in the world is there so much of the real atmosphere of movie-land as in Hollywood, Cal. Certain established citizens have sometimes burst into print and resented this invasion of movie folk. They couldn't quite understand these professionals from another world and because they were different—and often amazingly more interesting than ordinary citizens—they came in for no small amount of unjust criticism.
>
> Of course, one believes that where there is smoke there must be fire, and that every rumor has its solid foundations, so we must admit that Hollywood movie folk have some little dissipations. The principal one, followed nightly, is a visit to some seven o'clock movie show. If tourists and curious movie fans who long to see their favorite stars in person would drop in at the Hollywood, Iris, or Apollo theater any evening about seven o'clock they might see Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin, and be near enough to hear these great personages criticize their own pictures. Fannie Ward and her handsome young husband, Jack Dean, are great movie fans and go to one of these theaters almost every night in the week. Geraldine Farrar, Margaret Illington, Marie Doro, and any number of other famous personages are always there. In a Hollywood movie house one mustn't discuss the picture or even dare to read the subtitles out loud for the author of the story



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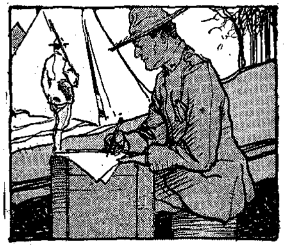

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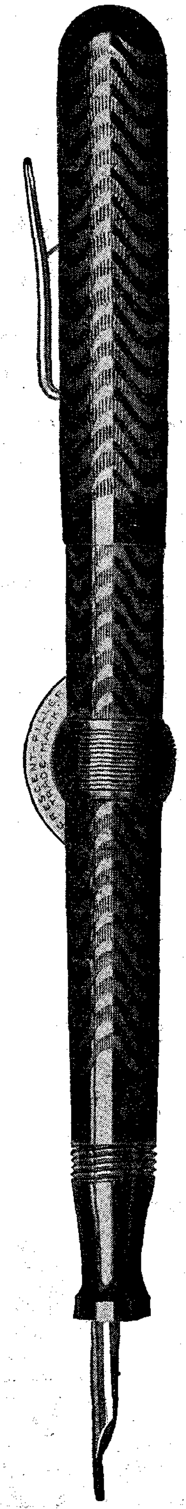

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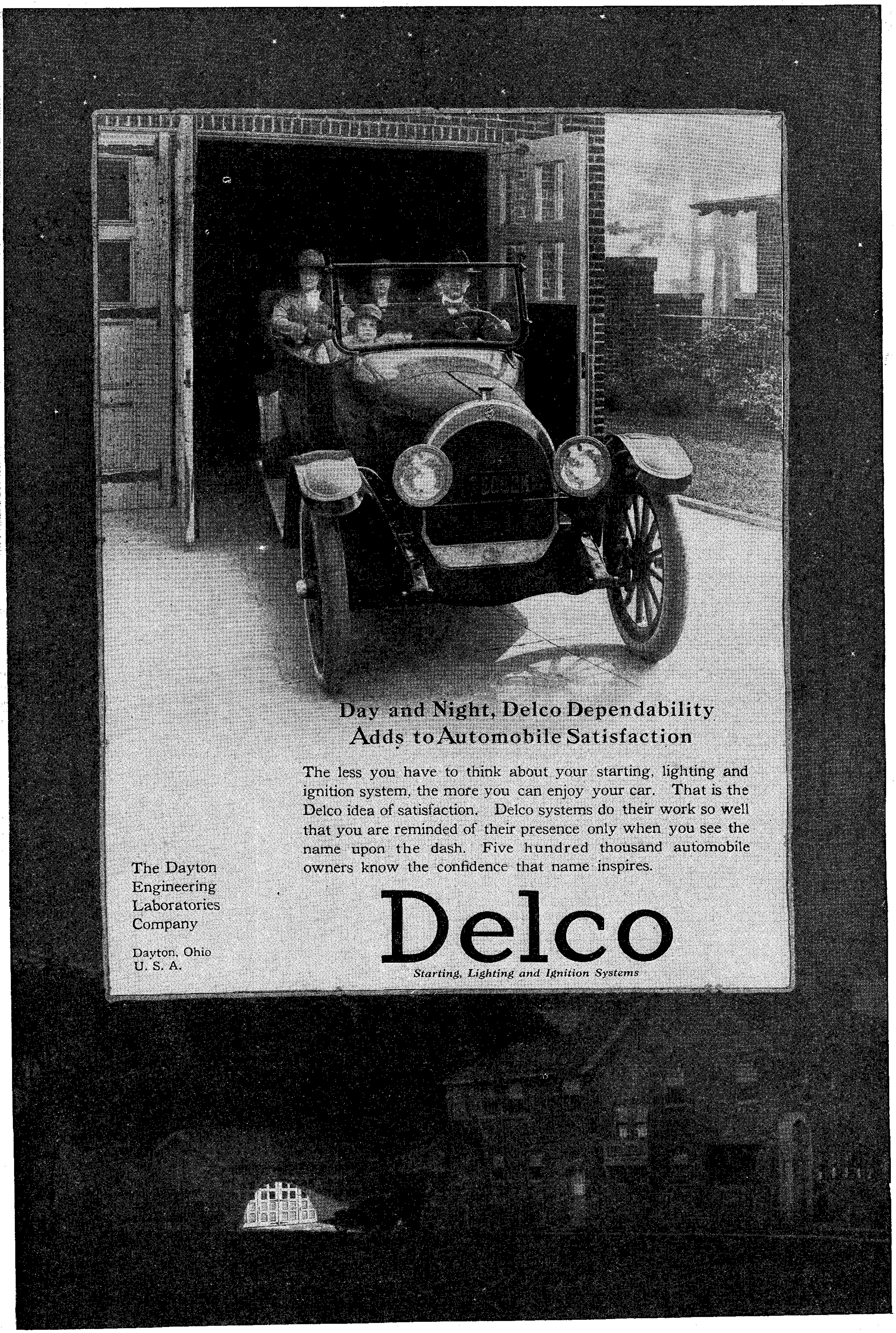

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Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems may be on our right, the director on our left, the star in the row ahead, and the villain behind. Tuesday nights the male element among the movie stars is nil—for somebody or other started a series of prize-fights out Vernon way.

A veritable parade of screen nobility passes up and down Hollywood boulevard each day. One is apt to see Douglas Fairbanks enveloped in an underslung green racing car—one of those low models that come so high. Some one ought to take that car away from Doug, for he sinks so low in the "boat" that he is developing double chins and a bulldog jaw.

Fannie Ward rides in a limousine of maroon hue. Lois Weber, the most famous woman director of pictures, rides in a crimson car, and one may see Geraldine Farrar, or Theda Bara, Harold Lockwood, Chaplin, Warren Kerrigan, or Wallace Reid as they break speed laws on their way to the studios. *Ingénue* favorites, like Vivian Martin and Louise Lovely, seem to prefer to ride in dainty *coupés* painted in baby blue or pink and lined with pretty cretonnes. Well-known writers like C. T. Dazey, author of several great stage successes like "In Old Kentucky," and Charles Kenyon, who wrote "Kindling," Anita Loos, author of all Douglas Fairbanks's recent photoplays, Jeanne Macpherson, who wrote "Joan the Woman" and "The Little American," and other well-known writers who live in Hollywood prefer dignified cars of ponderous line and dark hue. Pretty Olive Thomas, the Triangle star, and Jack Pickford, of Lasky, often ride up the avenue together—also Ella Hall and Emory Johnson, of Universal. If either couple is seen coming traffic keeps clear, for steering blithely for ditches is a part of gazing into attractive eyes, and Cupid is no guardian of head-lights or fenders.

On Saturday afternoons, when the banks have closed, there is a large gathering of Hollywood "movie" society at Hall's grocery, whose enterprising proprietor cashes the checks of the actors while they are picking up bargains in canned goods and exchanging the gossip of the settlement.

The "movie extras" flock by themselves at Cahuenga Avenue and the Boulevard. *The Times* says:

"Extras," described by *The Photoplay Magazine*, are said to be a crowd who are nothing extra. Be that as it may, they are a happy-go-lucky and cheerful lot and perhaps derive more pleasure from life than a star who carries great responsibility. Standing on this famous corner one can hear in the distance the sounds which emanate from a violin, a saxophone a banjo, a drum, a xylophone, and ukulele. The noises from these different instruments follow one another—they never appear in harmonious unison because only one man is making the din. Wallace Reid over in his dressing-room at the Lasky studio is responsible, and it is said by the Laskyites that their only hope in drowning Wallie's accumulation of noises is in the recent announcement that a husky-lunged son had been born to Reid and his wife, Dorothy Davenport, a Universal star.

Something is always happening on Hollywood Boulevard. In the early morning dozens of autos start out from the studios full of actors wearing the make-up and costumes suited to the part for which they are cast that day. And later one is apt to see Gale Henry, of Universal, doing one of her comedy burlesques of society women before a camera, or Bertram Grassby, of the Fox Company, falling from the church-roof in a scene in a tense drama. Al Christie's pretty girls sometimes cause a sensation during the noon hours by appearing in a lunch-room in bathing-suits.

One day quite recently Julian Eltinge, the famous impersonator of women, threw his dresses high over his arm, hopped into his roadster, lighted his pipe, and stormed up the Boulevard for lunch. There were remarks from the town citizens concerning these "rough actresses" who smoke pipes and lift their skirts above their knees, and now Eltinge has to climb into his own gentlemanly garments before he leaves the studio.

Hollywood has a soldier camp on Cahuenga just a block below the Boulevard. The National Guard men live there in tents and one of their lot always stands guard-duty. Many men from the studios belong to this organization and they drill after hours twice a week.

The Lasky studio has a home guard of its own. There are 150 men in that organization and they drill two evenings a week in front of the Lasky studio. Fat scenario writers and lithe and handsome actors have been drilled into a remarkably fine company of men.

Nor are the men of the colony lacking in the patriotism that talks in money. Two thousand dollars have been contributed from the Lasky studio for the work of the Red Cross, and $180,000 of Liberty Bonds have been bought. Cecil de Mille was presented with a silver loving-cup by the people of Hollywood in appreciation of his work for the Liberty Loan, to which were added the thanks of the Governor of the State and Secretary McAdoo. And the women of movie-land have done their share. Mary Pickford has given two ambulances for work in France, and in an effort to create a Moving-Picture Star Ambulance Section of the Army she is trying to induce every moving-picture star to donate an ambulance to the Red Cross.

Neither the whir and click of the cameras, the raucous commands of the directors, nor the startling stunts demanded by the scenario writers can still the call of social life, of which *The Times* says:

The Hollywood Studio Club is a center of social life among the younger girls about the studios. The club is located in a beautiful residence on San Carlos Avenue, and it houses a dozen or so girls and has the welcome sign out for any number of others who may enjoy dropping in for lunch or dinner or afternoon tea. There are a library full of late magazines and an outdoor gymnasium where dancing-classes are held. The drama study-class reads plays and gives them quite often in the clubhouse. Miss Gladys Cosgrove has organized two Red-Cross classes among the girls. Once or twice a month some famous person speaks to the girls concerning their work at the studios. James Young, who

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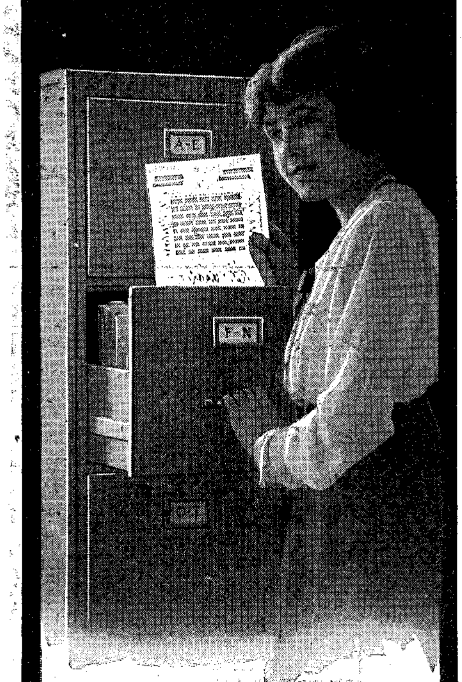

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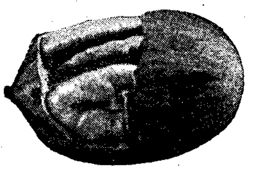

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directs at the Paralta studio, quite recently talked to these aspirants for movie fame concerning the drama, and Lois Weber, William de Mille, and Ruth St. Denis have occupied respective evenings.

Like the Three Arts Club and the Studio Club in New York City, the Hollywood Studio Club provides a home for the girls who play in the pictures. Sometimes, if aspirants for the screen are not suited to the work and the secretaries of the club feel they will never be successful in it, other employment is found for them. The club is not a charity organization, but temporary funds are sometimes given to a deserving girl if she has been compelled to abandon her work for a time on account of sickness.

Geraldine Farrar says she loves Hollywood and likes to play in scenes in that pretty suburb because there is such an atmosphere of realism about picture-work which takes place with real outdoor backgrounds.

"There are no mossy hummocks of dyed excelsior which one must imagine is grass, or painted canvas drops or fake rocks," says Miss Farrar. "Expressions of feeling are bound to be more sincere in real exteriors."

And Miss Farrar has even plunged so deeply into country life that she has a back-yard full of chickens.

And now if you would like to know how some of these lucky "movie" stars live in beautiful California just read what *The Times* says of some of their homes out there:

As you drive into Hollywood you will see a large white house flanked by white pillars, Southern style, back in the hills not far from Western Avenue. That is the house until recently occupied by Marie Doro and now occupied by William C. De Mille, the famous playwright and moving-picture director.

Mary Pickford occupies the beautiful Bogardus home at the corner of Sunset and Western, which she has leased during her stay in California. The house is surrounded by fine gardens and the driveway is lined with palms and orange-trees.

Thomas Ince occupies a beautiful home on Franklin Avenue. Great eucalyptus-trees throw shadows across the smooth lawns and over the rambling white bungalow. There are Japanese gardens and a tea-house at one side of the residence and tennis-courts and spacious rose-gardens on the other side. The Ince home is one of California's most picturesque spots.

Theda Bara also occupies one of the finest residences in Los Angeles. The location of the place is a deep secret, for Theda Bara lives for her work and her books and her music, and does not want the tranquillity of her life disturbed by the curious throngs who might want to encroach on her private life.

Mrs. "Doug" Fairbanks says that when friend husband came West he hunted everywhere for a house with a swimming-tank, or a house wherein such an incumbrance could most readily be built. When she joined him in California "Doug" could give her no information concerning the number of pots or pans in the kitchen or whether the place had such a thing as a sink—he had no idea whether there were beds or rugs or rocking-chairs, but it had the all-important thing, a swimming-tank, where Doug could dip and dive whenever he felt so inclined. The Fairbanks occupy a handsome residence of Spanish design on upper Hollywood Boulevard near the hills.

Fannie Ward likes the pictures and life in her handsome Hollywood residence because there are no trains to catch and no supervision of the packing of wardrobe, which, of course, a traveling legitimate star has to bear with patience. And Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star playing at the Lasky studio, is, with his wife, deep in the study of French at the present time. They occupy a pretty bungalow not far from the home of Wallace Reid and they are not very "long-shot" neighbors of Louise Glaum.

Anita Loos, the writer, lives with her own family, for she is a native Los Angeles girl. Blanche Sweet lives with her mother. Charles Ray, the Ince star, lives with his family in Los Angeles. Ruth Stonehouse occupies a home in beautiful Laurel Cañon, which is a suburb of suburban Hollywood. Jeanne Macpherson occupies a pretty Hollywood bungalow and she writes at the Lasky studio in a log cabin which was especially constructed for her use.

A beautiful residence on Highland Avenue, occupied now by Pathé Lehrman, the Fox comedy director, has a particular interest when one recalls that Lehrman came to America from Austria in the steerage not so many years ago without a nickel in his pocket. He ran a street-car for a time, and then landed a job sweeping out the Biograph Studios. He is now rich and one of the best comedy directors in the business—which is going some! And then:

Over at the Hollywood Hotel you are apt to see Mae Murray, formerly a Ziegfeld star in New York and now playing for the Universal Film Company. William Farnum and his sister live at this hostelry as well—and we do wish that his sister would appear in the pictures. She is statuesque and handsome and has a wealth of waving snow-white hair—her magnetism is quite as marked as is that of her famous brothers, and she creates no small amount of admiration in Hollywood.

Two of the most famous bachelors in pictures must be given some attention. William S. Hart, who has more friends than any actor in the West, usually dines at Hoffman's Café, in Los Angeles. Charlie Chaplin prefers the Maison Marcel for dinner with a few close friends as companions. He lives at the Los Angeles Athletic Club—is rather serious and philosophical, like Hart.

Chaplin is an accomplished musician. He says it was his youthful ambition to be an orchestra leader and he never has entirely recovered from the idea. In his room at the club he has a violin and a big phonograph, not to mention a musically inclined valet. On evenings when there isn't a prize-fight in progress, Chaplin often takes his violin in hand, starts the gramophone going, and calls in his man to handle the 'cello. Between the three of them they make up a gorgeous trio.

For any ordinary man to set up a trio in the Athletic Club would cost him his life, but Charlie is a privileged character; also, it happens that he is a really good musician, and the trio is quite worth listening to.

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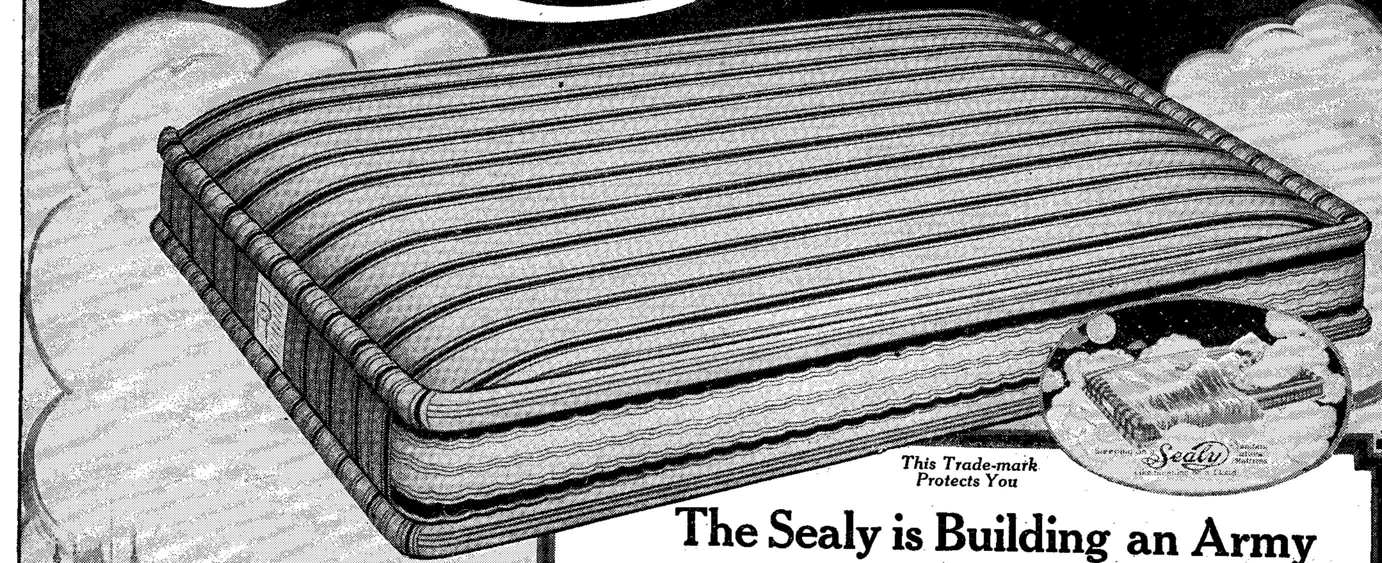

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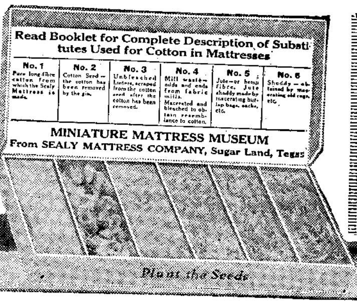

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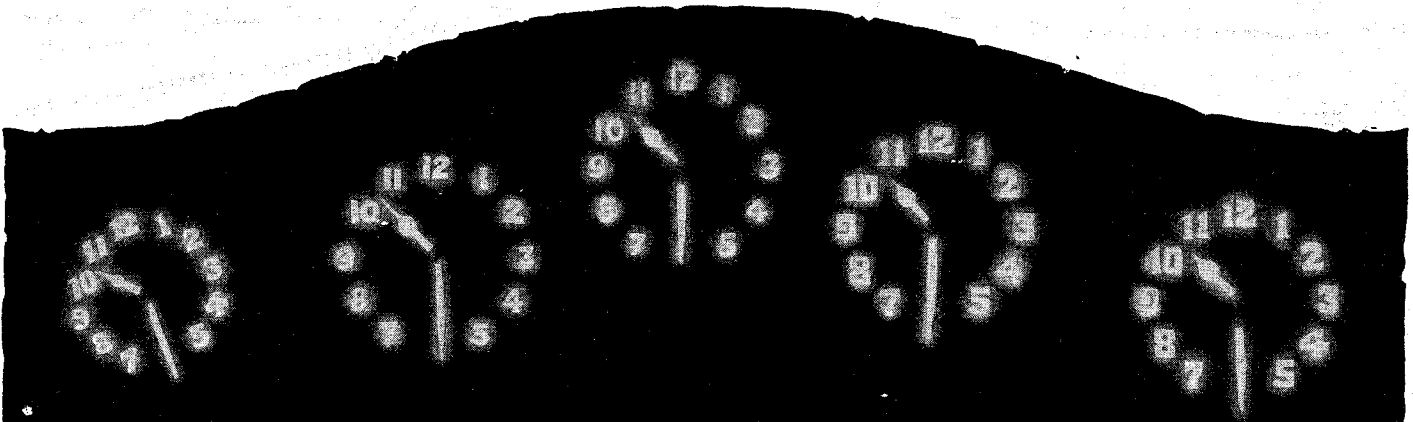

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Carry a watch you can read in the dark—a twenty-four-hour-a-day watch—an Ingersoll Radiolite!

Watches that show time only in the light are part-time watches. They're useless in a dark room; useless after bed-time; useless in the early morning; *useless* wherever it's *dark*. And often there's no convenient light.

Ingersoll Radiolites are *useful* in the light *and in the dark*. They are *real* luminous dial watches—need *never* be exposed to the light.

For they contain real *radium! That* keeps them glowing in the dark as brightly as ever for twelve years or more.

Only Ingersolls are Radiolites.

Note the name—RADIOLITE. Remember that it is exclusively an Ingersoll product.

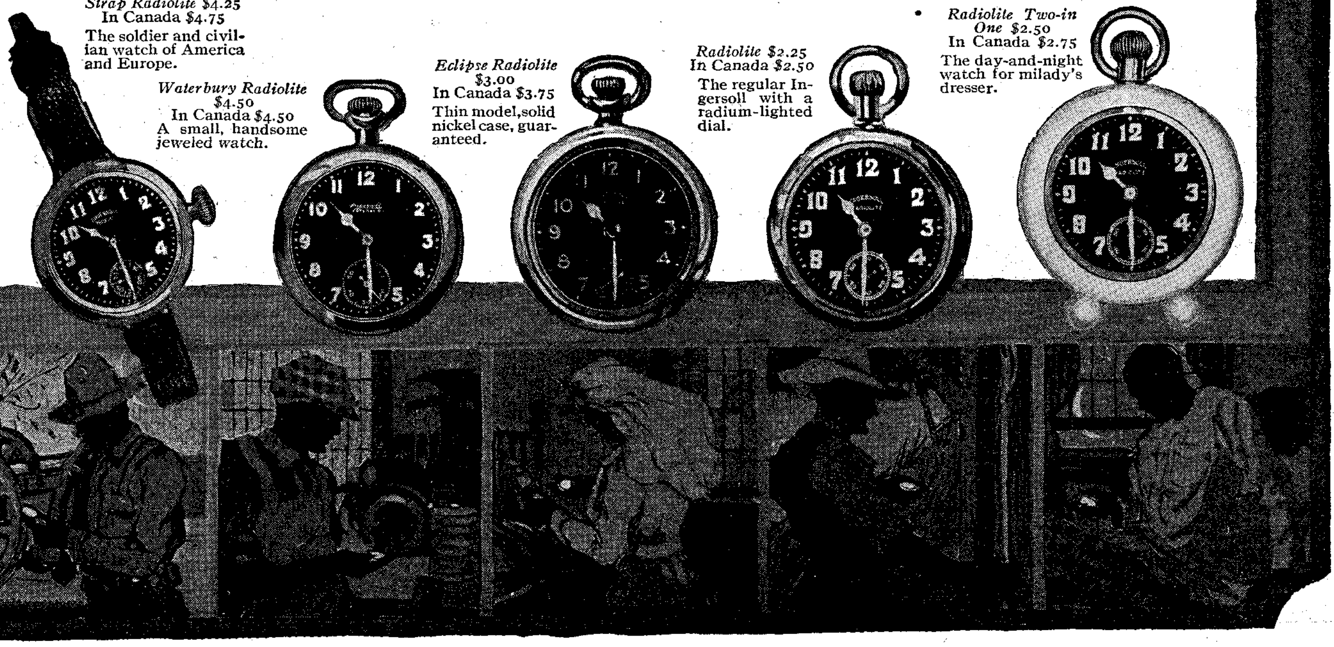
You can tell a genuine Radiolite by the name INGERSOLL on the dial.

There's an Ingersoll for everyone—sixteen different models: Radiolite models, plain dial models, jeweled models and special models, $1.35 to $6.00.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Montreal

Approximately one-half actual size



Strap Radiolite $4.25
In Canada $4.75
The soldier and civilian watch of America and Europe.

Waterbury Radiolite $4.50
In Canada $4.50
A small, handsome jeweled watch.

Eclipse Radiolite $3.00
In Canada $3.75
Thin model, solid nickel case, guaranteed.

Radiolite $2.25
In Canada $2.50
The regular Ingersoll with a radium-lighted dial.

Radiolite Two-in One $2.50
In Canada $2.75
The day-and-night watch for milady's dresser.

Like most of the movie men, Chaplin is a thirty-second-degree fight fan. A boxing-match is held every Tuesday night at Vernon and every Tuesday night Chaplin is there sitting at the ringside. The men say it is more fun to watch him than the fight.

Charlie goes through the whole fight with the fighters. He gets so excited that he ducks and dodges and punches with the prize-fighters. He scowls and cringes and sinks down in his seat. They say it is a strenuous experience to sit next to him. He fairly lacerates your ribs with his pantomime. Every time one of the fighters strikes out, Charlie strikes in sympathy.

Douglas Fairbanks usually goes to the fights, too, and when in Los Angeles, Mrs. Vernon Castle was one of the most ardent fight fans in the colony.

PLENTY OF KNITTING-NEEDLES

A SHORTAGE of knitting-needles for Government work has been reported. It has even been chronicled in the veracious daily press that the national authorities were about to prohibit individual knitters from making sweaters for any but military use. These precautions are unnecessary, according to an editorial writer in *The Textile World Journal* (New York), who assures us that there are plenty of needles, altho lack of uniformity of distribution may simulate a shortage. A central bureau has now been proposed for filling the orders of all mills that make Government goods. If this plan, submitted by the Knit Goods Committee of the Council of National Defense, is adopted by the Council, with the cooperation of a majority of the needle-manufacturers, it will be possible, we are told, to furnish all the needles needed for soldiers' sweaters, without curtailing the activities of fair knitters who prefer something "sweet" in pink Shetland wool. We read:

> Altho domestic manufacturers of machine knitting-needles have made commendable progress in supplying the large and diversified demands of knitters resulting from the cutting off of foreign sources of supply, they are far from being able to fill the vacuum thus created by the war and may never be able to compete permanently for business on certain special needles requiring a large amount of hand-labor. In so far as needles required for Government goods are concerned, however, they are able to meet all legitimate demands, yet have been subjected to much unwarranted criticism because of an apparent shortage.
>
> At a meeting of needle and knitting machinery men, held in Boston last week, to consider ways and means of providing an adequate supply of needles for the production of Government goods, it was demonstrated that there was no actual shortage and that if some method of equitably allocating supplies could be developed there would be a substantial surplus production to take care of mills working upon civilian goods. . . . .
>
> The apparent shortage of needles for Government work was due to the fact that some manufacturers were able to get more than their fair share and thus accumulate a surplus, while other mills on Government goods had machinery standing idle for lack of needles. By filling all needle orders of mills making Government goods through a central bureau it will be possible to meet all needs promptly and equitably, and at the same time to check allocations so closely as to prevent unnecessary accumulations. No attempt will be made to handle in this socialized manner the needle needs of the industry for the production of civilian goods, but it must be apparent to manufacturers that this would provide a more adequate solution than any other of the needle problems that will probably last as long as the war. No doubt such a plan is quite as Utopian as would be an attempt to standardize needles and needle-cylinders, but the day will come when there will be only one type of needle where a dozen types are now used for the same character of work.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE MARINES

"IF Corporal —— ever wrote a better story for his newspaper than the one he has sent to us, I should certainly like to read it." This high praise comes from Maj. W. H. Parker, head of the Marine Recruiting Service in New York, and is bestowed upon a letter in *The Recruiters' Bulletin*, which was written by a marine, formerly a reporter in Philadelphia and now "Somewhere in France." He rejoices at the start that "at last it is happening," which "happening" is that the marines, "every scrapping one of them down to the last grizzled veteran, are undergoing new experiences—learning new tricks." Of course this is beyond possibility, everybody will say, and the ex-reporter admits that—

> One would think so after hearing of their experiences in far-away China, Japan, and the Philippines, near-by Cuba, Haiti, and Mexico, and other places which God forgot and which you and I never heard of; after hearing stories of daredevil bravery, fierce abandon and disregard for life and limb in the faithful discharge of their duties as soldiers of the sea and guardians of the peace in Uncle Sam's dirty corners.
>
> And yet here in France, among people of their own color and race, of paved streets and taxicabs, among the old men and women of the villages, among the *poilus* coming and going in a steady stream to and from the front, the marine is learning new things every day.
>
> Packing up "back home" on a few hours' notice is no new experience to the marine. Marching aboard a transport, with the date and hour of sailing unknown, is taken as a matter of course by the veteran. There is no cheering gallery, no weeping relatives, wife, or sweetheart, as he leaves to carry out the business in hand. It is just the same as if you were going to your office in the morning. You may return in time for dinner or you may be delayed. The only difference is that sometimes the marines do not return.
>
> Altho life aboard the transport which carried the first regiment of marines to new fields of action in France was a matter of routine to the average sea-going soldier, there was added the zest

Sure—

"I'll put 'em on while you wait. Yes, sir, I know the kind you want. Every one says

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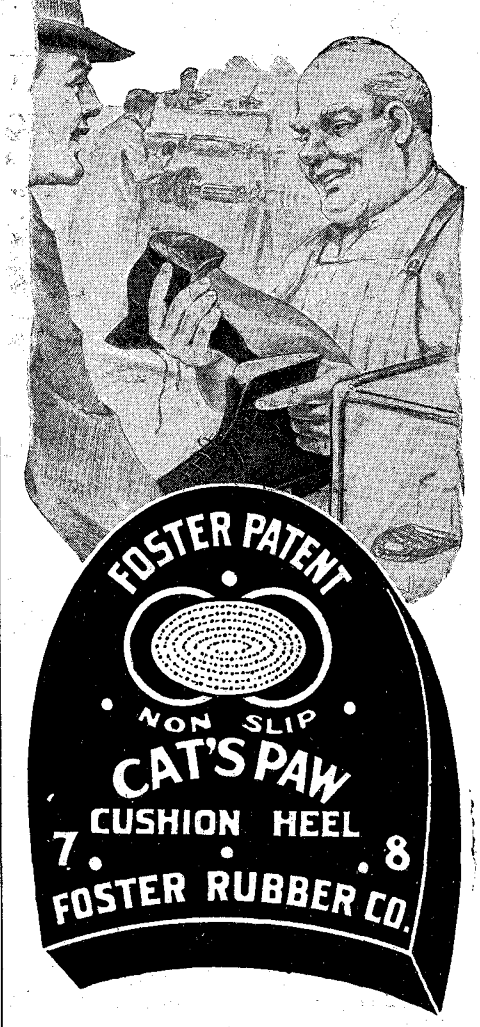
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

"It's the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping that people like. Then there are no holes to track mud and dirt into the house."

"You say they wear longer than the ordinary kind?"

"Why, yes, the Friction Plug not only prevents slipping, but adds to the wear. No, they cost no more than ordinary heels."



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America's Choice

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War's stern efficiency has confirmed the peace-time verdict of the motor vehicle industry. More than 160 manufacturers of pleasure cars and trucks use the Continental Motor in one or more of its models. These manufacturers today constitute the most successful group in the motor vehicle industry. They chose the Continental Motor as America's standard, and warring America has backed their judgment.

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OFFICES: Detroit, Michiga FACTORIES: Detroit—Muskegon

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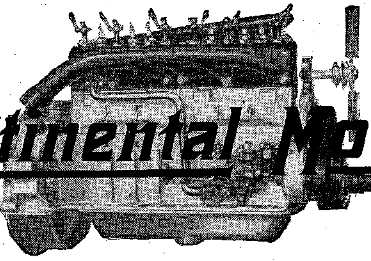

Continental Motors

"Kultur" in Belgium

Here is one of the most significant and striking books yet written on the fate of Belgium—for it is the work of a prominent Hungarian journalist, Odon Halasi, who recently spent several months in Belgium.

BELGIUM
Under the German Heel

In this remarkable book the author describes vividly the torture which "Kultur" has inflicted upon Belgium, and the hatred it has aroused. He explains the systematic means by which the Germans try to smother this hatred as well as the national spirit of the Belgians. The experience of each of the principal cities of Belgium, at the time of occupation and during the author's visit, is described. The attitude of the writer of this book illustrates the fear and hatred which the policies of the Germans have inspired in their Austro-Hungarian Allies.

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TALKS ON TALKING

By Grenville Kleiser. 19 chapters explaining every angle of the art of talking, with the help of which you can develop the ability to *talk to win*. "Men and women who wish to be entertaining and effective conversationalists and public speakers will find helpful instruction in 'Talks on Talking,'" says the *N. Y. Times*.

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of expectation of an encounter with one of the floating perils, the "sub." It was but a matter of two or three days, however, when every one became accustomed to the numerous lookouts stationed about the ship, the frequent "abandon ship" drills, the strange orders which came down the line, and the new-fangled rules and regulations which permitted no lights or smoking after sundown.

Kaiser "Bill's" pet sharks were contemptuously referred to as the "tin lizzies" of the sea. "We must play safe and avoid them," was the policy of those entrusted with the safety of more than 2,000 expectant fighters, however. And we met them, too. Not one or two of them, but—(here the censor interfered.)

Since his arrival in France the marine has spent day after day in learning new things, not the least of which is that contrary to his usual experience of finding about him a hostile people, rifle in hand, and unknown danger ahead, he is among a people who welcome him as a friend and ally in the struggle against a common enemy. With the arrival of the American troops, the appealing outstretched hands of France were changed to hands of welcome, creating an atmosphere that might easily have turned the heads of men more balanced than the marines after being confined for more than two weeks aboard a ship, but—

Here, again, one comes in contact with the matter-of-fact administration of the marines. Arriving under such circumstances, the landing and encampment of the marines were effected with a military precision and businesslike efficiency which allowed no one for a moment to forget the serious nature of the mission upon which he had embarked.

Stores and supplies were loaded on trucks and, in less than three hours after the order was given to disembark, the marines, with their packs strapt over the shoulders, were marching to their camp just on the outskirts of the seaport town of ——. Within another hour the whole regiment was under canvas, field-desks and typewriter-chests were unlocked, and regimental and other department offices were running along at full swing.

And that was the beginning of the period of training during which the marine is learning everything that is to be known about waging twentieth-century warfare. He is taking a post-graduate course in the intricacies of modern trench-building, grenade-throwing, and barbed-wire entanglements. And the very best men of the French Army are his instructors.

The marine is also learning the "lingo" of this country, the nicer phrases of the language as well as the slang of the trenches. But in the majority of cases experience was his teacher. Upon the arrival of the transport liberty hours were arranged for the marines, and, armed with a "Short Vocabulary of French Words and Phrases," with which all had been supplied, they invaded the cafés, restaurants, and shops of the little old seaport town.

And it was the restaurants where one's ignorance of French was most keenly felt. All sorts of queer and yet strangely familiar noises emanated from the curtained windows of the *buvettes* along the streets. Upon investigation it would be discovered that a marine, having lost his "vocabulary," was flapping his arms and cackling for eggs, earnestly baahing for a lamb stew, or grunting to the best of his ability in a vain endeavor to make *madame* understand that he wanted roast pork. Imagine his chagrin to find that "pig" and "pork," as shown on page 16, are "*porc*" in French and are pronounced just the same as in good old American. But the scenes that presented themselves on Sundays or *fête* days—take the 4th or 14th of July, for example—were such as never had been seen in any French town before. Picture a tiny café, low and whitewashed, ancient, weather-beaten, but immaculately clean, with its heavy ceiling-beams and huge fireplace with brass and copper furnishings. With this background imagine just as many tables as the little place can hold about which are crowded French and American soldiers, sailors, and marines.

The table in the corner there, for instance: two *poilus*, two American "jackies," two marines, and an old Breton peasant farmer with his wife, fat, uncomprehending, and wild-eyed, and his daughter, red-lipped and of fair complexion—these three in from the country for a holiday, the women arrayed in the black cloth and velvet costumes, bright-colored silk aprons, and elaborate linen head-dress which identify them as native of a certain locality.

One of the "jackies" sings with gusto service songs of strong and colorful language, singing to himself save for the half-amused and wondering stares of the peasants. The younger of the Frenchmen shows by taking off his coat and unbuttoning his shirt where the shell-fragment penetrated which caused the paralysis in his left arm and sent him home on a month's furlough, and the Americans eye with interest the actual fragment itself, now doing duty as a watch-charm.

But the hubbub and racket cease, and every one rushes to the windows and door as the Marine Band comes swinging along the water-front, playing with catching rhythm "Our Director." The French burst out in cries of "*Vive l'Amérique!*" The fever spreads, and our soldiers and sailors yell "*Vive la France!*" or as near to it as they can get, as the procession marches by, and the fat old peasant woman says with full approval, "That's beautiful!"

Another letter from the permanent training-camp of the marines, published in *The Recruiters' Bulletin*, tells of an inspection of the regiment by General Pershing and General Pétain, the French Commander-in-Chief. We read "that the piercing eyes of 'Black Jack' rarely miss an unshaven face, badly polished shoes, or the sloppy appearance of any one" among the soldiers under inspection, and the writer relates:

Together with the Commander-in-Chief of all the French forces and accompanied by several French generals, representing the most important military units in France, General Pershing made one of his now famous whirlwind inspection tours and descended upon the marines amid a cloud of dust which marked the line of

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This Razor is GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

This Shumate "Barber" razor is so good that we dare guarantee it to you for *life.* Here's the reason—the blade is made from Tungsten Alloy Steel, which takes a keener edge than any ordinary steel *can*—and it holds it. You can use it for years without honing. The secret of this wonderful steel is *ours alone,* and we guard it jealously.

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Sent postpaid, $2.00 In remitting, mention your dealer's name, and a chamois lined, rust-proof case will be included with your razor.

State whether you want light, medium or heavy blade. Heavy blade for very strong beards.

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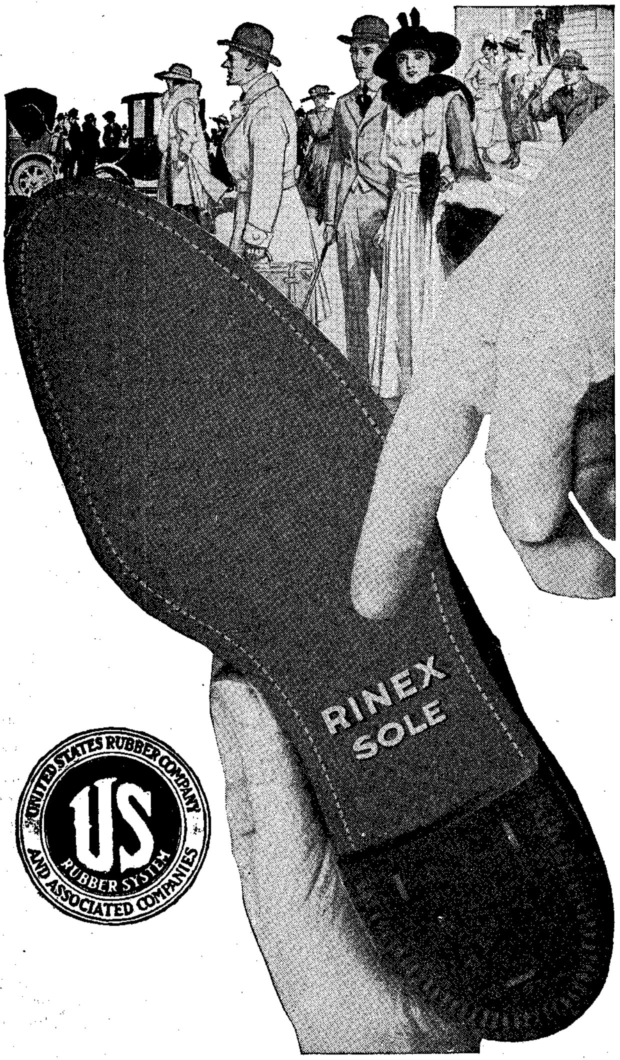
FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

travel of the high-powered French touring-cars which carried the generals. Not so very long before that the field-telephone in the regimental office rang and a voice came over the wire:

"The big blue machine is on the way down, and will probably be there in ten minutes." That was sufficient. Two or three telephone-calls were hurriedly made, and the Colonel, accompanied by his staff, proceeded on "up the line," met the General's party, and the marines were ready.

The result of the inspection is summed up in the memorandum issued to the command and which says in part: "Yesterday, at the inspection of the regiment by General ——, Commander-in-Chief of all the French forces, General Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American forces in France, and General ——, commanding the —— Division Chasseurs, who are instructing our men, General —— congratulated the Colonel of our regiment on the splendid appearance of officers and men as well as the cleanliness of the town. General Pershing personally told the regimental commander that he wished to congratulate him on having such an excellent regiment."

This announcement was read to the marines as they were lined up for their noonday meal. And where is the marine whose chest would not swell just a bit at this tribute paid by General Pershing to those upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of maintaining and perpetuating the glorious history and fine traditions of the United States Marine Corps?



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Rinex Soles do not absorb moisture. They guard the feet from dampness and cold. It's good to feel their comfortable protection on stormy, wet days.

Rinex Soles are flexible and easy. They save energy. They make walking easier. Rinex Soles are smart looking. They are a credit to any shoe, no matter what the price—$5 or $15.

Rinex is made for one purpose and only one—better shoe soles. The largest rubber manufacturers in the world are its sponsors. They stand firmly back of every pair of Rinex Soles. This is your guarantee of complete sole-satisfaction.

See that the name Rinex is stamped in the shank of the next pair of shoes you buy. And on your next visit to the cobbler for shoe-soling, tell him to put on Rinex Soles. It will start you on a new era of foot-comfort and shoe-economy.

United States Rubber Company
Sole and Heel Department, 1790 Broadway, New York
60 High Street, Boston

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Missed a Few.—BEATRICE—"Is it true that sailors have a girl in every port?"

MIDSHIPMAN HAROLD—"Well, I'd hardly say that—there were several places we didn't touch on our cruise."—*Judge.*

Had an Advantage.—HECK—"Yes, I have met your wife. In fact, I knew her before you married her."

PECK—"Ah, that's where you had the advantage of me—I didn't."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Diplomat.—"The man who gives in when he is wrong," said the street orator, "is a wise man, but he who gives in when he is right is—"

"Married!" said a meek voice in the crowd.—*Milestones.*

Will They Shrink?—A head-line in the New York *Times:*

SAYS HYLAN SUITS
WILL BE PREST

Some of them will need considerable sponging before they are prest, and even patching.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Kitchen Diplomacy.—MR. EXE—"Did you tell the cook that the beefsteak was burned?"

MRS. EXE—"Mercy, no! She would leave instantly. I told her it was just right, but that we preferred it a trifle underdone."—*Boston Transcript.*

Might Have Been True.—"Typographical errors," said William Dean Howells, "are always amusing. When I was a boy in my father's printing-office in Martin's Ferry, I once made a good typographical error. My father had written, 'The showers last week, tho copious, were not sufficient for the millmen.' I set it up 'milkmen.'"—*Christian Register.*

Lacking One Dimension.—Alfred A. Knopf, New York's Russian expert, said the other day:

"The Russian revolutionists are mystics. They're idealists. They now invite the German populace to revolt, but revolution demands a democratic spirit, and the German people, so far as a democratic spirit goes, are as deficient as the very fat old lady who got stuck in the door of a car and could get neither out nor in.

"'Sideways, ma'am. Try sideways,' the conductor shouted helpfully.

"'Oh, drat the feller,' panted the old lady. 'I ain't got no sideways.'"—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

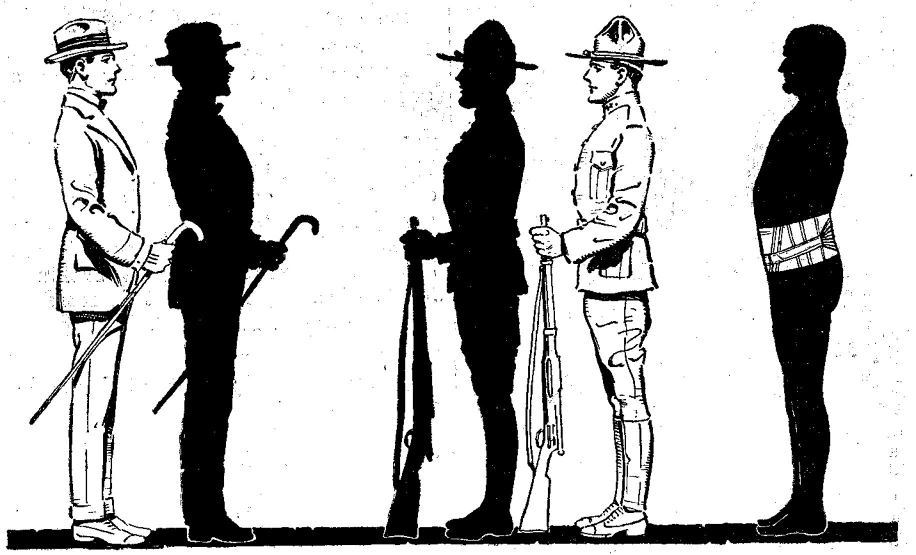
What Rockefeller's For.—John D. Rockefeller, congratulated on his recent $5,000,000 gift to the Red Cross, said in New York:

"Thank you for your congratulations. So many people, you know, take my giving as a matter of course. It rather puts me in the position of the divine. He was very charitable, and a woman said one day to one of his aged pensioners:

"'Wasn't it kind of Dr. Fifthly, on hearing you were ill, to walk six miles to your cottage in all this heat with a big basket of fruit and port wine and chicken and coffee?'

"The old woman frowned in puzzled surprise.

"'Kind?' she said. 'Why, what's he for?'"—*Washington Star.*



Does Your Silhouette Denote Perfect Health or Not?

Is your appearance an indication of your state of health? Health is always associated with the erect, upstanding figure; never with the drooping, slouching one.

Head erect, shoulders squared, chest up, *stomach in!* That's the carriage of the healthy man. "How well he carries himself!" is the way people speak of the man to whom this description applies.

A well poised figure is a big asset in life, for it is the almost unfailing sign of vigorous, normal manhood.

There are, however, many men who, because of a *large waist* or *weak back*, give every appearance of being prematurely old and weak. The protruding stomach, the slouching figure, place the possessor as among the physically unfit.

This is a condition which can, in nine cases out of ten, be easily overcome. And it requires neither drugs nor medicine nor a strenuous physical culture course to do it. Nature never intended that the delicately constructed internal organs which lie in the abdominal and pelvic cavities should be so insufficiently supported by the spinal vertebrae and abdominal muscles.

Professor Partridge, Ph.D., Lecturer in Clark University and author of "The Nervous Life," says: "The internal organs, the skeleton and muscles are still 'four-footed.' The upright position is a late acquirement in the race and indeed an anomaly in animal life. In many respects the body is but ill suited to the upright position, whether standing or sitting, and some diseases can be traced to the mechanical disadvantages under which organs work in this position."

WEIL ABDOMINAL BELT
"The Muscle That Never Tires"

Reinforces the abdominal muscles and supports the weight of the organs in a normal manner, taking the strain off the back and abdomen so completely that almost instantly you feel a new sense of vigor and strength.

It does what Nature ought to do, but unfortunately does not do in many cases. It adds a thin layer of artificial muscles to the walls of the trunk, which aid the wearer in a remarkable manner by reinforcing and supporting the back and stomach.

Give your tired body a chance! Know the zest of bounding, pulsing energy. The Weil Abdominal Belt will do all this for you so certainly and quickly that you will wish you had heard of it long ago. It never tires, never aches and never for an instant relaxes its strengthening, helping support.

Figures 1 and 2 in the illustration and their silhouettes show the correct position and ideal form which comes from wearing a Weil Belt. Figure 3 shows belt in position; how it "lifts" and supports.

It is so shaped and stitched and the reinforcing steel stays are so built into it, that it conforms to every movement of the body. It is this series of flat coil steel stays—a patented feature of the Weil Belt—that give the "lifting" support to the belt.

Don't assume that the wearing of the Weil Belt is going to make you uncomfortable for a moment. On the contrary it will give you a sense of blessed relief.

Wear it under your undervest or shirt; and occasionally have it washed just like any other garment.

Men and women both wear the Weil Belt and vouch for its benefits. For sagging, heavy stomachs—that unsightly, embarrassing deformity called a paunch—it is a certain cure.

Read What a Few Wearers Say:

"If I could not procure another I would not part with mine for $100."

"I owe the first comfortable night's sleep in twenty-five years to the Weil Abdominal Belt."

"Does all and more than you ever claimed for it."

"I cannot too strongly endorse the Weil Belt for men who suffer the physical strain and embarrassment of a large abdomen."

"I feel ten years younger. Would not go a day without it."

"My friends all comment on my improved carriage, better color and general physical appearance."

"No indigestion since wearing it."

SEND NO MONEY: Wear the Belt First.

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We are so certain that an examination and few days' wear of our belt will so convince you of its necessity that you will wish to keep it. And so we are willing to send your correct size without obligation to buy, for five days' trial. If at the end of that time you wish to keep it send us $3.50 which covers the entire cost (even though there are other belts of far less merit and of inferior materials and workmanship sold for as high as ten dollars). If you wish to return it, you can do so and there is no further obligation. Just fill in the coupon below and mail it to us today.

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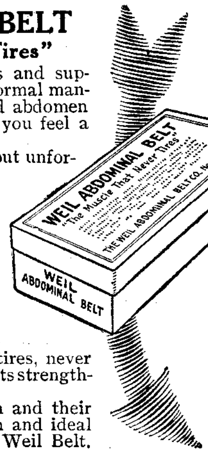
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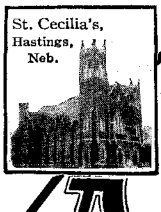

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PAPA—"When it's raining cats and dogs."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

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SECOND DITTO—"De salary ain't much, but dey makes a lot extra backin' up fellers when dey lies about de scores dey made."—*Boston Transcript.*

Appreciative.—Children at home hear and understand more than parents realize, the Moundridge *Journal* believes. The teacher of a Sunday-school class recently asked:

"What is the most wonderful thing a man ever made?" A little girl replied, "A living for a family."—*Kansas City Star.*

Wife Furnished the Will.—MRS. JINKS—"My husband was a confirmed smoker when I married him, but to-day he never smokes."

MRS. BINKS—"Good! To break off a lifetime habit like that requires a strong will."

MRS. JINKS—"Well, that's what I've got!"—*Ideas.*

Why He Wept.—The boy came into the house weeping and his mother was naturally solicitous. "What's the matter, Willie?" she asked.

"The boy across the way hit me," he replied.

"Oh, well, I wouldn't cry for that," she returned. "Show that you can be a little man."

"I ain't crying for that," he retorted. "He ran into the house before I could get at him."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Went to His Head.—"He is building castles out of clouds, and some time his creditors will come and gently ooze him onto the boundless spaces of desuetude, where the whangdoodle wears a nightcap and the daddaw swings by its tail from the swusswus tree like a pendulum with whiskers on it."

It is with these words that "State Press" of the Dallas *News* describes the fate of the country publisher who continues to try to conduct a newspaper at a loss. How awful such a fate is may be imagined by the reader—and the words of "State Press" are not exaggerated.—*Houston Post.*

Rejected the Hen's Job.—Little Tommy had been naughty. His mother did not know what to do with him. She wanted to confine him somewhere, but he showed signs of breaking everything in any room she put him into, and he threatened revenge at every suggestion. She bethought herself of a place where there was nothing to break, and where he could not work any serious revenge. He was borne into the garden and locked up in the chicken-house. He was silent—this was something beyond his capacity to talk about; but as his mother was going away his head appeared at one of the little openings.

"Mama!"

His mother stopt.

"Mama, you can lock me in here if you like, but I won't lay any eggs!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

AMERICAN OPERATIONS

October 26.—Plans to conscript the army of 400,000 workmen required to carry out the Government's ship-building program are now being considered by the War Department.

October 27.—Secretary McAdoo announces that the second Liberty Loan is an overwhelming success. The figures obtainable at the close of the campaign place the subscriptions at more than $5,000,000,000, and the subscribers at more than 10,000,000.

American troops in the trenches open fire on the Germans. A "red-headed Irishman" is credited with having sent the first American shell over No Man's Land. The official announcement from Washington says the men are "continuing their training" in the first-line trenches of a "quiet sector on the French front."

October 28.—American troops on the French front make their first expedition into No Man's Land as a part of their intensive training under fire, and return unscathed.

Washington reports that naval vigilance and depth charges are reducing the submarine menace.

The Treasury Department announces that the Government expenditures for October, including loans to the Allies, will reach $1,000,000,000, and they are expected to increase to a total of $2,000,000,000, a month.

President Wilson urges every home and public eating place in the United States to support the Food Administration, and comply with its requests.

October 29.—Senators Kendrick, of Wyoming, and Kenyon, of Iowa, and Representatives Rogers, of Massachusetts, and Parker, of New York, reach London after narrowly escaping an attack by a submarine which was driven off by the gunners on the steamship. They will visit the war-front.

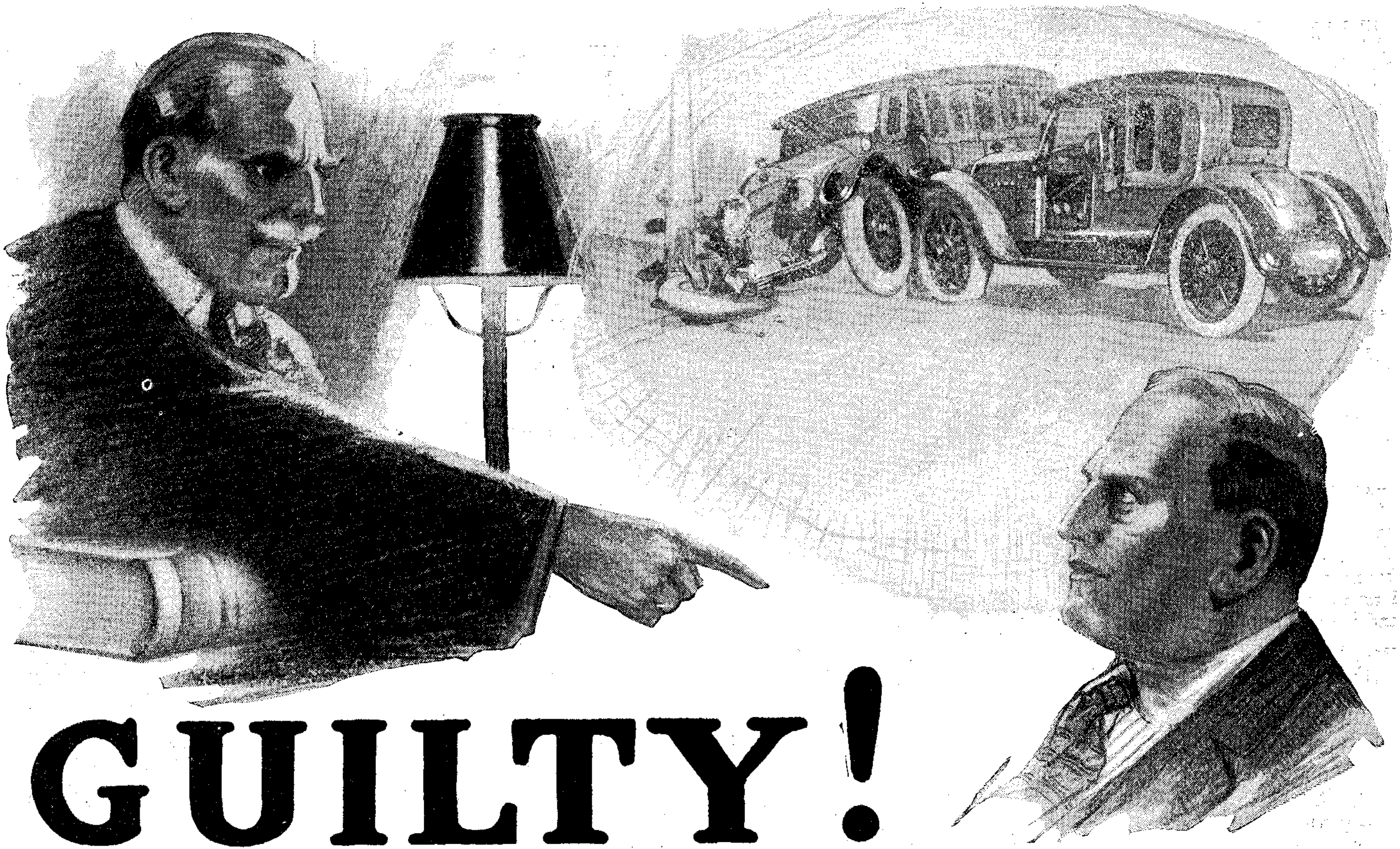
October 30.—Secretary Lansing makes public further cable correspondence between Count Luxburg and the Berlin Foreign Office in which the Count asked for *U*-boats to coerce Brazil, and declared that South-Americans were "Indians under a thin veneer."

All permits allowing Germans to enter the Brooklyn half-mile zones are revoked, and employers are notified to discharge their enemy help at once.

October 31.—Washington announces an organized movement all over the country to prevent the shipment of food and munitions to the American forces abroad and to the Allies. The burning of a British grain ship and two piers in Baltimore is declared to be part of the plot. The Government is preparing to take sterner steps with pacifists.

Italy's request for 2,000,000 tons of coal is granted by the Fuel Administration without reservation, Washington dispatches state.

More than a thousand men are discharged as the result of the order of United States Marshal Power, regarding the employment of enemy aliens in the half-mile zones in New York City.



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This scene is enacted day after day. Sometimes only a wrecked car results, often the driver and passengers are slightly injured, sometimes the accident is fatal—fatal to the innocent as well as the guilty. And yet such accidents are within the law, tho the law would get any driver that attempted to drive a car blindfolded—and you're virtually blindfolded when you drive with a rain or snow-covered windshield. *Such accidents are avoidable.* They cannot happen when the driver can clearly see the road ahead, when his car is equipped with the

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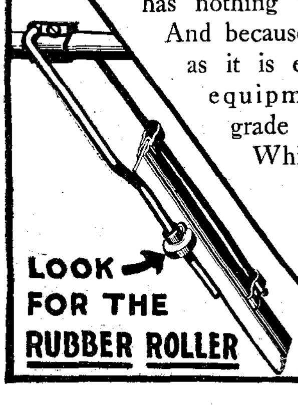
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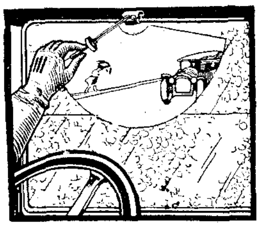
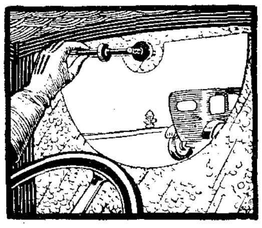


Outlook Regular—Attaches To or Thru Windshield Frame



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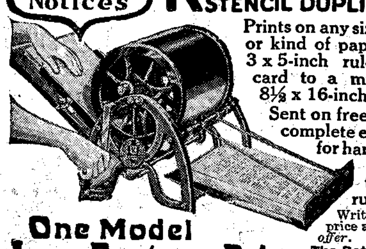

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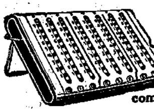

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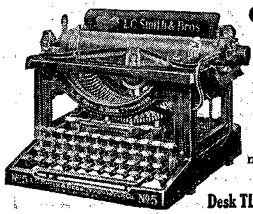

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WITH AMERICA'S ALLIES

October 24.—The British Admiralty reports an increase in losses by mine and submarine during the past week. Following are the details: Arrivals, 2,648; sailings, 2,689. British merchantmen of more than 1,600 tons sunk, 17; under 1,600 tons, 8. Merchantmen unsuccessfully attacked, including one previously, 7.

The French forces on the Aisne deal a heavy blow to the enemy, inflicting serious casualties and capturing 8,000 prisoners, London reports. Berlin admits the losses of villages and batteries, but claims to have completely ejected the enemy from the occupied section of its defense zone on the southern edge of Houtholst Wood.

October 25.—The decisive victory of the French north of the Aisne has cleared out the positions from which the Germans have been delivering a constant series of attacks, and also secured to the Allies the high plateau dominating Fort Malmaison, the real key of the ridge between the Aisne and the Ailette valleys, while the capture of the village of Chavignon brings the French within six miles of Laon.

The French Minister of Justice orders the arrest of Pierre Lenoir, a capitalist and promoter, and Guillaume Desouches on the charge of having had business relations with the enemy in connection with the purchase of the Paris *Journal*. These men are considered of even more importance than Bolo Pasha.

London reports that another German attempt to land on the mainland from the recently captured islands in the Gulf of Riga is frustrated by the Russians.

The French deliver another smashing blow to the Germans, and advance their lines a mile and a half further north, taking the villages of Pinon and Pargny-Filain. Prisoners captured bring the total for this operation up to 12,000. Copenhagen reports state that the French victory will necessitate a general German retirement to a new Hindenburg line.

October 26.—Petrograd reports the military situation in Russia as improving, the armies repulsing numerous attempts of the enemy to land on the Esthonian coast, while the Germans have been followed for fifteen miles in their retreat on the Riga front.

October 27.—The French section of the Flanders line drives forward on a front of almost three miles and to a depth of one and a third miles, taking five important villages and several fortified farms. The British section of the line repulses two heavy German counter-attacks against positions won by the British the day before. More than 1,100 prisoners are captured, including 300 taken by the French.

Petrograd reports that German war-ships bombarded the Russian positions on the coast of the Gulf of Riga, but without materially changing the situation.

October 28.—London reports that the Belgians, attacking in conjunction with the French, capture the whole Merckem Peninsula, a few miles from Dixmude. Extensive air-work was carried on by the Belgian fliers. On the Aisne front the French troops break up a strong German attack. The British improve their positions in the neighborhood of the Ypres-Roulers Railway.

Petrograd reports that Russian troops who fraternized with Germans were fired on by their own artillery. Martial law is proclaimed in many cities and towns because of disorder, and Premier Kerensky again goes to the front.

The London *Times* states that there is every reason to believe that the critical situation on the Italian front is receiving prompt and sympathetic consideration by the French and British Governments. The French Government is considering plans for cooperation.

October 29.—London reports that the Allied forces in Flanders are directing a heavy fire on the region between Houtholst Wood and the Lys. The German troops gain a footing in advanced French positions at Chaume Wood, but are driven out by counter-attacks.

October 30.—The British troops under Field-Marshal Haig drive forward half a mile into the outskirts of Passchendaele, near the end of the last ridge that separates the British forces from the plains of Flanders. The French repulse a German attack on their positions on the Aisne, and Berlin reports that the French artillery-fire on the Chemin des Dames "reached powerful proportions."

Andrew Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, moves in the British House of Commons for a credit of $2,000,000,000 to supply necessary funds until January next. He praises America's generosity in extending financial assistance.

October 31.—The British Admiralty reports a reduction in losses by *U*-boat activities. Fourteen British merchantmen of more than 1,600 tons, four of less than 1,600 tons, and no fishing-vessels were sunk during the past week.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

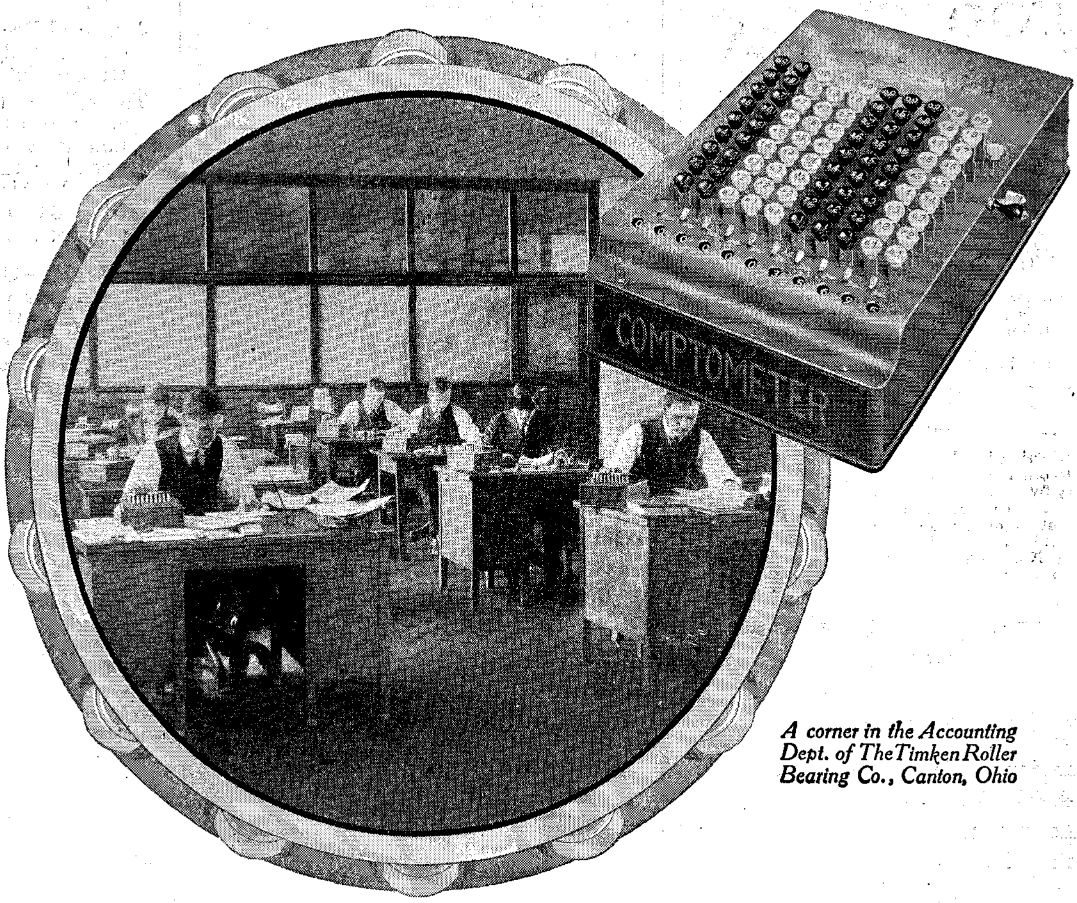
October 24.—London dispatches report that fresh German forces, operating with the Austrians, have launched a big offensive against Italy, making initial gains north of Göritz. Berlin claims that positions at Flitch and Tolmino have been taken and thousands of prisoners captured. The Italians are reported to be yielding on a twenty-three-mile front.

October 25.—The tremendous character of the blow Germany is aiming at Italy is becoming apparent. Twenty full divisions, numbering 320,000 men, together with a large force of artillery, are engaged. Berlin reports that 10,000 prisoners have been taken, including divisional and brigade staffs. The German drive extends on a twenty-five-mile front from Tolmino to the Carso.

October 26.—London reports the extent of the Italian disaster as increasing. The Germans have captured so far 30,000 prisoners and 300 guns. The Italians are reported as evacuating the Bainsizza plateau, and General Cadorna's gains, won after long campaigning, are lost. Following the announcement of the defeat the Italian Cabinet falls when a vote of confidence in the Government is lost in the House of Deputies by a vote of 314 to 96. Washington, however, looks for no change in Italy's war-policy.

October 27.—Anticipating seizure by the Brazilian authorities, Germans sink their gunboat *Eber*, a vessel of 984 tons, that has been lying in the port of Bahia.

Reports from Berlin place the number of Italian prisoners taken by the Germans



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at 65,000 and the guns captured at more than 500. The same report states that the whole line is shaken.

October 28.—London reports that Field-Marshal von Mackensen is continuing his drive against Italy with his Austro-German forces. Pressing the Italians back, Cividale is captured, and the enemy is still forging ahead with Udine, an important railroad junction, as the objective. Göritz, a strategic point of great value, is also taken. Berlin reports 100,000 prisoners and 700 guns captured, with the Second and Third Italian Armies in retreat. The official Italian statement admits retreat to prepared positions, and asserts that the troops showed cowardice in the face of the enemy, permitting the break in the left wing which gave the foe access to Cividale. The charge of cowardice is later withdrawn. The invading force now numbers 4 to 1, but Rome hopes for a rally of the Italians.

October 29.—Amsterdam reports that the German Chancellorship has been offered to the Bavarian Premier, Count von Hertling, who has asked for time to consider the matter.

The tremendous German-Austro drive into Italy continues over a sixty-five-mile front, London reports. General Cadorna is falling back toward the Tagliamento, and the extent of the disaster is said to be growing. Three enormous wedges have been driven into the Italian lines and the enemy is reported to be bringing up more troops. The Italian forces are preparing to make a stand on the Tagliamento. Rome asserts that the advance into northern Italy is being checked, and Berlin admits the Italians are making a stand at Udine.

October 30.—Count George von Hertling is appointed Imperial German Chancellor, and former Chancellor Michaelis is named Prime Minister of Prussia.

The Austro-German forces occupy Udine, London reports, and are pressing on to the plain of Venezia in the hope of reaching the Tagliamento River before the Italians can establish themselves on the powerfully defensive line prepared years ago to prevent the invasion of Italy from the east. The German advance is said to be slowing down, however. Washington takes prompt measures to aid Italy by extending an additional credit of $230,000,000, and by an agreement of the Shipping Board to turn over ships to Italy as fast as they become available.

October 31.—London reports the Italian armies still in retreat, with the German forces well within gun range of the Tagliamento. Berlin already announces successful engagements on the plain. The foe now holds 1,000 square miles of Italian territory and, according to the German War Office, a total of 120,000 Italian prisoners and 1,000 guns have been captured. The Allies are rushing plans to aid Italy, and the new Italian Premier sends an encouraging message to General Cadorna, telling him that all the people are with him in his hour of trial and will remain so until the end. Reuter's correspondent says that perfect order prevails among the Italian troops and that they are eager to again give battle to the foe from their new line of defense.

DOMESTIC

October 24.—The Bureau of Internal Revenue of the Treasury Department begins its probe into capital in order to impose corporation and excess-profits taxes as provided in the War-Revenue Bill.

J. Carroll Beckwith, the American artist, dies suddenly at his home in New York. He was sixty-five years old.

To relieve the shortage Washington announces that 100,000,000 pounds of Louisiana sugar will be started next week for the refineries in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Another 100,000,000 pounds will go to other parts of the country.

October 26.—Claus Spreckels, President of the Federal Sugar Refining Company, declares that there are 35,000,000 pounds of refined sugar held in warehouses in New York for shipment to the neutral countries of Europe. These Governments have agreed to release it in this country for distribution at cost, but the Federal Food Commission, according to Mr. Spreckels, will not permit this as the price would be a quarter of a cent a pound higher than the wholesale price fixt by the Government.

Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who declared in a speech that a "ring of New York financiers" hampered the sale of Liberty Loan bonds to force a higher rate of interest on any subsequent loan, "withdraws his criticism."

October 27.—President Wilsons signs an order authorizing a flat advance of forty-five cents a ton in the price of bituminous coal at the mines on recommendation of Fuel-Administrator Garfield.

Fuel-Administrator Garfield starts an action to abolish the great electric advertising-signs on Broadway to save the coal that furnishes the electricity.

Why Emerson Lost a Thought.—In the days of Ralph Waldo Emerson matches were not sold loose in boxes, but were made up in "cards," as they were called, of a dozen or so, connected by a common wooden base, from which they were broken off as necessity required.

Emerson, as the story goes, used to place a fresh card of matches on a table by his bedside every night, together with a candle and some writing materials, in order that he might jot down at once any valuable thought that came into his mind during the night-watches.

One night he wakened with a particularly brilliant idea and bethought himself at once of his canny preparations for such emergencies. Reaching out, he grasped his card of matches, broke off the outer one, and struck it sharply on the under side of the table. It failed to ignite. Swiftly he struck the next and the next, but with the same result.

Even so great a philosopher began to grow a little annoyed. Sitting up in bed, with grim determination he broke off one match after another until the card was gone. Not one gave the faintest spark.

By that time the idea was gone, too, and so his only recourse was to lay himself down again to ponder over a new problem, to wit, "Why wouldn't those matches light?"

Whatever his solution was, however, it probably had to be revised the next morning, when he was wakened by a startled outcry from his wife.

"Oh, what can have happened to my best tortoise-shell comb?" she said. "I left it on the table at the head of the bed last night, and this morning it's in fragments!"—*The Youth's Companion.*

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Your Lacey Bond is practically a certificate of your PART OWNERSHIP and participation in PROFITS when the timber is sold (in addition to the 6%—cumulative—interest). PROFITS alone in similar transactions by us have consistently run from 6% to 30% or more (average per annum) and, of course, loss is not even to be considered. Our record precludes it.

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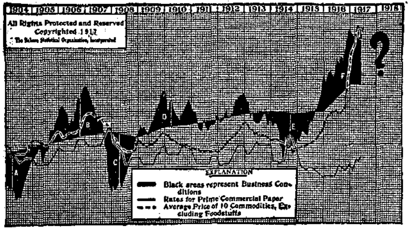

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

RECENT STOCK-EXCHANGE PRICES AND THE DECLINE IN UP-KEEP

BRADSTREET'S, in comments on the recent decline in Stock-Exchange prices, remarks that "long-continued and large declines are almost invariably the result of a number of varied causes." While these declines created "no small degree of apprehension," the symptoms of a panic "were notably absent." As far as this paper found it possible to generalize regarding such a complex matter, the recessions could be ascribed "to the withdrawal of the country's capital from the securities market on account of the war, the necessity of employing it in support of the Government's war-loans being a compelling factor." This factor was supplemented by "the uncertainty regarding the extent and effects of the heavy war-taxation upon both corporations and individuals, resulting in a heavy liquidation of both investment and speculative holdings, which gave a fair field for successful operations on the bear side of the account." Bankers and leading stock-market interests alike "preserved their equanimity under these trying circumstances." In such quarters no countenance was given to suggestions coming from outside quarters that the situation called for the closing of the Stock Exchange or the fixing of minimum prices. Drastic action of that kind was held to be unnecessary, "there being no apparent impairment of the stock-market's mechanism, while such a course would be calculated to forfeit the commanding position the United States had obtained on account of the war in the finances of the world." The extent of the declines is shown in the following tabulation embracing some of the more prominent stocks dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, the highest prices attained by each issue during the present year and the lowest quotations they had touched in the downward movement at the time the compilation was made, together with the number of points each stock declined:

Railroads	*High 1917*	*Low This Week*	*Decline, Points*
Atchison	107½	92	15½
Canadian Pacific	167⅜	146⅜	21
Chesapeake & Ohio	65¾	49¼	16½
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul, com	92	45¼	46¾
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul, pfd	125½	86½	39
Chicago & Northwestern	124¼	98	26¼
Erie	34¾	17¾	17
Great Northern, pfd	118¼	98½	19¾
Illinois Central	106⅜	97¼	9⅛
Lehigh Valley	79½	57	22½
New York Central	103⅝	70½	33⅛
N. Y., N. Haven & Hartford	52⅞	21½	31⅜
Norfolk & Western	138⅝	103⅛	35½
Northern Pacific	110¼	94½	15¾
Pennsylvania	57⅜	49⅝	7¾
Reading	104¼	70¾	33½
Southern Pacific	98½	85¾	12¾
Industrials			
American Locomotive	82¾	52	30¾
American Smelting & Refining	112¾	83¼	29½
American Sugar	126⅜	103	23⅜
American Telephone	128½	113¾	14¾
American Tobacco	220	176¼	43¾
Anaconda Copper	87	63½	23½
Bethlehem Steel, Class B	156	69⅛	87⅞
General Electric	171¾	134½	27¼
Inspiration Copper	66½	42¾	23¾
International Nickel	47⅜	28½	18⅞
Kennecott Copper	64½	31¾	32¾
Midvale Steel	67½	42¾	24¾
United States Steel	136⅝	99⅛	37½
United States Steel, pfd	121¼	111⅞	9⅜
United Fruit	154⅜	120	34¾
People's Gas	106¼	41	65¼
Consolidated Gas (N. Y.)	134⅝	87⅞	46¾
Tobacco Products	80⅝	47	33

The average decline of twenty railroad stocks was exactly 25½ points, but twenty industrials "suffered to a greater extent, their average price shrinkage having been 33¼ points." In the case of the industrials there was greater room for such a shrinkage, "as that class of stocks had taken the lead in the advancing markets during 1915 and 1916, while the rails had, to a large extent, remained passive throughout the war-boom, which was in progress in those years."

According to a writer in *The Wall Street Journal*, the railroads have been falling behind in their up-keep expenditures. Returns for all roads "show the smallest percentage of increase in maintenance." However, the net operating revenues of the roads have not been as good as they appeared to be. Reasons for this insufficient repair of property are found in shortage of labor and material of all classes. Net earnings of the railroads have been running about even with those for last year, despite the great advance in wages and material costs, but an important reason for this showing was to be found in this fact—"maintenance expenditures have been arbitrarily repressed." Railroad officers are said to have admitted that the transportation plant as a whole "is not being kept up, entirely aside from any question of expansion to meet growing traffic," and statistics "appear to bear them out in this statement." The writer continues:

"The first seven months of 1917, the latest period for which aggregated returns to the Interstate Commerce Commission are available, show the following increases in gross, maintenance of way, maintenance of equipment, transportation expenses, and taxes, comparing first with the same seven months of 1916 and then with the same period in 1915.

	Increase Over 1916	*%*	*Increase Over 1915*	*%*
Gross revenues	$246,000,000	12.3	$619,000,000	38.0
Mt. of way	18,000,000	7.4	51,000,000	24.5
Mt. of equipment	42,000,000	12.4	108,000,000	40.0
Transp. expenses	178,000,000	26.8	268,000,000	46.6
All expenses	250,000,000	18.6	437,000,000	37.8
Taxes	16,000,000	18.0	26,000,000	33.0

"With practically the same unit charges for the service rendered, and in view of the higher cost of everything entering into the production thereof, it is inevitable that total operating expenses show a considerably higher ratio of increase than gross revenues. But transportation expenses, the account that represents the movement costs and is not susceptible of arbitrary reduction or expansion according to managerial policy, show a much higher ratio of increase than either of the other large expense accounts, and a higher ratio of increase than total expenses. Inasmuch as transportation expenses furnish a rough measure of the actual increase in the cost of handling the increased traffic, it is apparent that maintenance expenditures have not expanded in proportion to the added cost of making good the wear and tear on existing facilities under the present heavy volume of traffic.

"Increase in taxes during the first seven months of $16,000,000 over those of the same period last year includes only a small part of the war-assessment on the railroads. Very few of the roads made any attempt to calculate the excess-profits tax in advance of its enactment and only a part of them included the increase in the corporation income tax, which was advanced from 2 per cent. to 6 per cent. These additional charges will be taken up in the tax items for October, November, and December.

"Failure of the railroads to keep maintenance work up to full requirements is less a matter of finance than of inability to get sufficient labor and supplies at any price. Eastern roads are paying $2.50 a day for unskilled labor and can not get what they need even at that rate. Track materials, besides being high in price, are scarce and uncertain of delivery."

A reader of the Wall Street *Journal* having asked why a high-grade investment like Central Leather preferred has declined within recent months about 10 per cent., the editor remarks that this decline is not serious, tho it may be unpleasant to owners of the stock, and then, with this stock as a text, comments on the causes which have led to declines in so many first-class stocks:

"It is far easier for us to explain some of the broad factors which have caused the decline in this high-grade investment issue than it is to furnish specific advice as to whether you should sell at this level. Central Leather preferred has simply been caught in the broad sweep of international financial conditions created by the war. It is a fixt income-bearing security. It is as safe as any industrial preferred stock which can be mentioned. It has an enormous asset value. In fact, the $33,299,000 of preferred stock is more than covered at par with net quick assets alone. By this we mean that if the company were to go out of business it could retire its bonds at par and have left more than $100 per share in net working capital for the preferred. There are mighty few companies in such a remarkably strong position. When you buy Central Leather preferred you are buying money—cash or its equivalent.

"But the war has forced up the price of money. The Government is bidding for billions. Other governments are bidding for billions. And fixt interest-bearing or dividend-bearing securities have got to adjust themselves to the price of money as measured by Governmental demand and necessity. For this reason it is perfectly understandable and rather probable that the price of such high-grade investments as Central Leather preferred will continue to decline as the war is prolonged. This does not involve the slightest indictment against the company nor its ability to continue its 7 per cent. preferred dividend.

"If you were to sell this stock, what else could you buy that was not just as likely to be caught in the broad sweep of economic war-conditions? Certainly if you bought a speculative common stock you might lose both income and principal or so much of it as to cause you grave loss. Why do you not adopt the policy of putting aside some money and, if in the course of another year or eighteen months Central Leather should sell materially lower, buy as much more as you have or as much more as you deem prudent? There is no house of refuge in these extraordinary times for the holder of high-grade investments. He will get his income. His principal may shrink in market value. Let him be patient and bide his time. And it is time which will work out an adjustment—conceivably very much in his favor."

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION'S INVESTMENTS

The value of securities in Rockefeller Foundation Funds on December 31, last, was $105,900,000. Of this sum $47,-

THE COTTON SITUATION

is one which requires long experience, an intimate knowledge of conditions and constant watching. These factors are unusually important this season.

Owing to the high cost of labor, freight insurance and so on, the capital required to move cotton is far in excess of other years. Three years ago, less than $50 a bale was required to ship cotton abroad. Today, the shipper needs about $200 for every bale exported.

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This Bank, through its Foreign Department, is equipped to handle all financial matters relating to cotton. For example—it advances money against compress or warehouse receipts, on bills of lading; offers advantages in buying foreign exchange and arranging commercial letters of credit.

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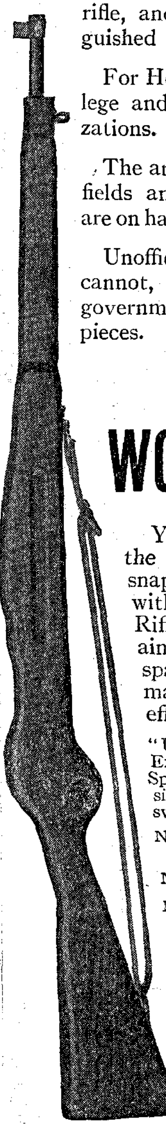

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"Uncle Sam" Model No. 100. Exact copy of the U. S. Army Springfield rifle. Regulation sight, size and design, with stacking swivel and sling $1.00

No. 75. Same, with stacking swivel but without sling . . . . 75 cents
No. 50. Same, without sling and swivel . . 50 cents
No. 25. "Rookie" Model 25 cents
(No. 25 is not an army model)

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600,000, as stated in this department last week, was in oil shares. In bonds the Foundation has $42,600,000. It appears that the Foundation made a good profit on some mercantile marine bonds it owned, whereas in 1915 it took a loss on its marine shares. In the year ended December 31, 1916, the Foundation received for securities sold, redeemed, and exchanged, $10,459,944, on which it was credited with a net gain of $432,970. This included among other items $1,581,012, representing distribution of $12.50 a share by the National Transit Co. from assets, reducing the par value of the stock to $12.50 a share. Deducting these items would give an actual total of $8,873,159 on which there was a profit of $428,180. Following is a table giving the principal securities sold, redeemed, and exchanged in 1916, the total proceeds, and profit:

	Amt. Sold	*Proceeds*	*Gain*
Int. Mer Mar. col. 4½s..	$3,692,000	$3,639,389	$1,608,789
Int. Navigation 1st 5s...	1,305,000	1,286,483	307,653
P. C. C. & St. L. Ry. 4s..	56,000	53,970	*350
St. L.-S. F. RR ref. 4s...	2,000,000	1,501,125	*18,875
St. L.-S. F.—N. O. T. & M. div. 1st 5s......	450,000	93,600	*176,000
West. Pac. Ry. 1st 5s....	4,039,000	1,340,443	*1,446,466
Cleveland St. Co. shares.	2,121	274,957	62,857
Cumberland Pipe Line sh	181	27,109	14,077
Gt. North. Ry. pfd. shrs.	500	58,018	4,993
Int. Agr. Corp. com. shs.	1,400	40,706	33,706
Int. Agr. Corp. pf. shs...	800	58,343	34,343
Nat'l. Lead com. shares..	500	35,107	10,107
Nor. Pac. Ry. com. shs..	300	32,991	5,462
Swan & Finch Co. shares	450	57,590	32,409
U. S. Steel Corp. com. sh.	200	25,296	12,296

*Loss.

The Wall Street *Journal*, in a summary of the Foundation's annual report, notes the important additions made during the year to the list of bond investments as follows:

Amount	*Bonus*	*Price*	*Cost*
$1,000,000	Armour & Co. real est. 1st 4½s	93¼	$932,500
500,000	Dominion of Canada 15-yr. 5s.	94.56	472,825
750,000	Inter. Rapid Transit 1st 5s....	98	735,000
2,848,290	Int. Mer. Marine 1st & col. 6s	97½	2,777,082
250,000	Kansas City Southern 1st 3s..	69⅜	173,437
250,000	N. Y. Connect. R. R. 1st 4½s	98	245,000
500,000	Reading—P.&R.C.&I. gen. 4s.	94¼	471,250
1,500,000	St. Louis-San F. prior lien 4s..	72¾	1,091,250
500,000	St. Louis-San F. cum. adj. 6s..	81.975	409,875
750,000	Union Pacific refunding 4s....	90⅛	675,937
700,000	United Kingdom 2-year 5s....	99.43	696,062
350,000	United Kingdom 3-year 5½s..	99⅛	346,937
350,000	United Kingdom 5-year 5½s..	98⅜	344,312

In the list of bonds were foreign bonds, as follows: Anglo-French 5s, 1920, $600,000; Dominion of Canada 15-year 5s, $500,000; Province of Quebec 5-year 5s, $500,000; United Kingdom 5s, 1918, $700,000; United Kingdom 5½s, 1919, $350,000, and United Kingdom 5½s, 1921, $350,000. The securities held by the Foundation on December 31, last, in amounts of $1,000,000 or over, follow:

Amount	*Bonds*	*Price*	*Cost*
$1,000,000	Armour & Co. r e 4½s, 1939..	93¼	$932,500
1,000,000	C., B. & Q. gen mtg. 5s, 1958..	93½	935,000
1,305,000	Chi. City & Conn. col. 3s, 1927	85	1,109,250
2,000,000	Col. Indust. Co. 1st 5s, 1934...	80	1,600,000
1,065,000	Erie R. R. conv. Ser. B.4s 1953.	74.71	795,742
1,750,000	Int. Rapid Tran. 1st 5s, 1966..	96.85	1,695,000
2,848,290	I. M. Mar. 1st & col. 6s, 1941.	97½	2,777,082
2,673,000	L. S. & Mich. So. deb. 4s, 1931	92	2,459,160
3,140,000	Magnolia Petrol. 1st 6s, 1937..	100	3,140,000
1,325,000	M., K. & T. gen. s f 4½s, 1936	84	1,115,000
2,198,000	Mo. Pacific 40-yr. col. 4s, 1945	60	1,318,800
1,303,000	N. Y. C & St. L. deb. 4s, 1931.	87	1,133,610
1,500,000	Pennsylvania gen 4½s, 1965...	98¼	1,473,750
1,000,000	Phila. Co. conv. deb. 5s, 1922.	97	970,000
1,500,000	St. L.-S. F. pr. lien A 4s, 1950..	72¾	1,091,250
1,000,000	Union Pacific ref'g 4s, 2008....	90⅛	901,250
1,032,000	West'n Maryland 1st 4s, 1952..	78.89	814,158
	Stocks		
21,100	Atchison common...........	95¼	$2,009,908
17,530	Chi. C. & Conn. pf. part ctfs..	69.18	1,212,856
20,000	Consolidated Gas of N. Y.....	127½	2,550,000
21,400	Erie first preferred..........	45.83	980,773
10,000	Manhattan Railway..........	128.77	1,287,750
29,400	National Lead common.......	50	1,470,000
20,195	Western Pacific R.R. Corp. pf.	43½	878,482
30,292½	Western Pacific R.R. common.	15¼	461,960

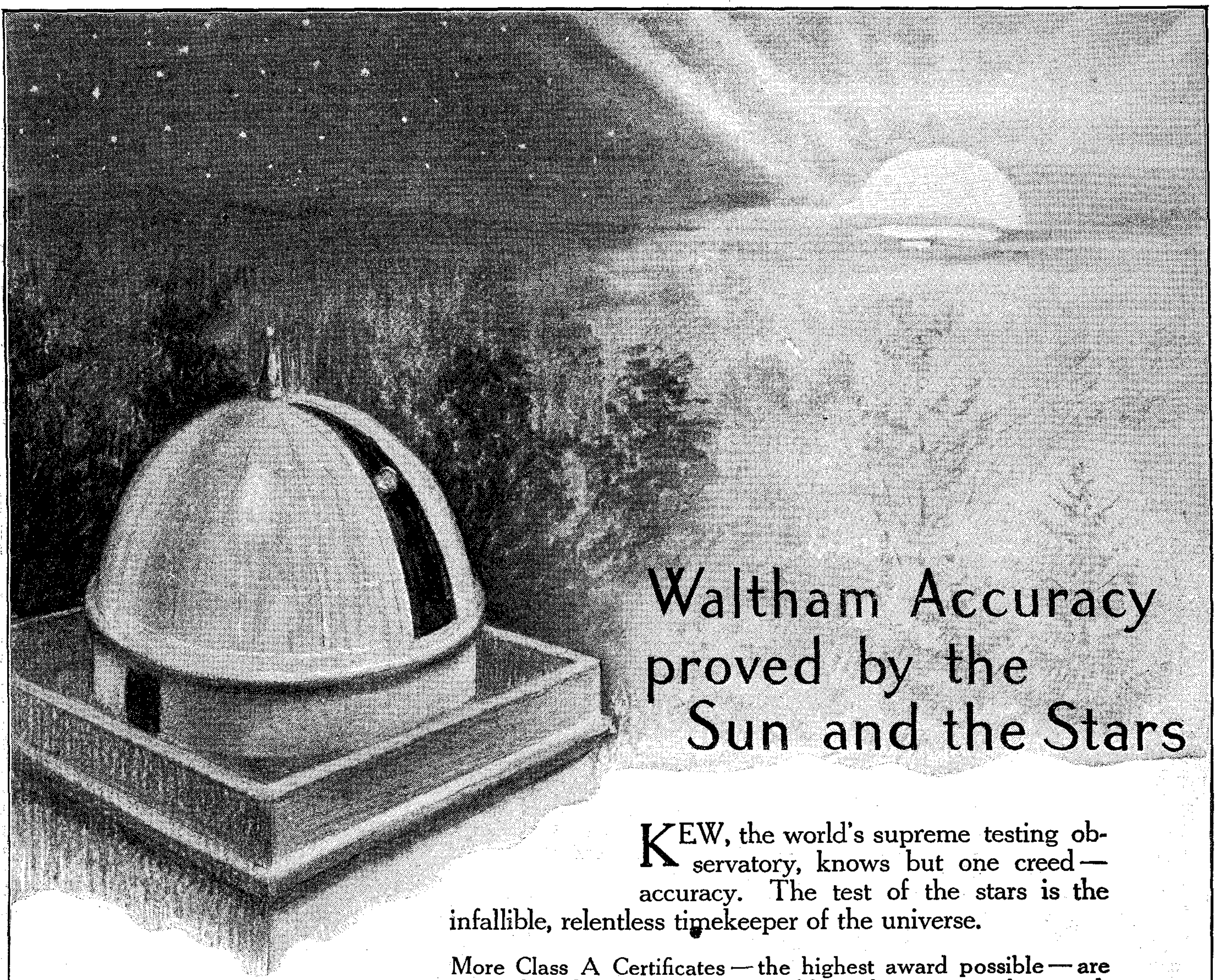
STANDARD OIL STOCK DECLINES—SUBSIDIARIES THE OLD COMPANY STILL HAS

During the October decline in stocks, most Standard Oil issues suffered with other high-grade stocks and with many first-class bonds. Some of the stocks in this decline lost more than $300 per share. Then a recovery from the low point set in. The big earnings of the current year and a lack of price-fixing caused good buying. Prices, however, remained much below the high level of the year. Standard of New Jersey and Continental Oil led in the recovery. As much as $80 a share was made in some oil stocks. Big Standard Oil stockholders were credited with most of the buying. Large earnings were made by these companies in 1917. A probable record high level, surpassing previous records made in 1916 by a liberal margin, is predicted for the present year. Following is a table compiled for the Wall Street *Journal*, showing the decline and recovery made by some of these stocks:

	1917		*Decline*	*Rec'ry*	
			from	*Present*	*from*
	High	*Low*	*High*	*Price*	*Low*
Atlantic Refining Co......	1150	815	335	850	35
Buckeye Pipe Line Co.....	123	82	39	82	..
Continental Oil Co., Col...	660	420	240	500	80
Illinois Pipe Line Co......	250	190	60	200	10
Northern Pipe Line Co....	110	96	14	97	1
Ohio Oil Co..............	435	300	135	320	20
Prairie Oil & Gas Co......	700	435	265	445	10
Prairie Pipe Line Co......	345	240	105	250	10
Solar Refining Co.........	420	290	130	290	..
South Penn Oil Co........	*349	260	89	265	5
Stand. Oil Co. of Cal......	*307	210	97	228	18
Stand. Oil Co. of Ind......	945	630	315	665	35
Stand. Oil Co. of Kan.....	640	415	225	485	70
Stand. Oil Co. of Ky......	*385	325	60	340	15
Stand. Oil Co. of Neb......	650	450	200	450	..
Stand. Oil Co. of N. Y.....	345	220	125	248	28
Stand. Oil Co. of N. J......	803	475	328	543	68
Stand. Oil Co. of Ohio.....	540	415	125	450	35
Vacuum Oil Co...........	490	322	168	345	23

*Ex. stock dividend.

Atlantic Refining Co. showed the largest decline, its loss being $335. Continental Oil Co. showed the best recovery from the low. Another article in the same paper points to the proposed increase in the capital stock of the Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana, owned by the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, as "additional evidence of the remarkable growth of the parent company since 1911, when thirty-three subsidiaries were shorn from it by order of the Supreme Court." It was feared at that time that the New Jersey company remained as "only a shell as a result of the dissolution decree." Most observers overlooked the fact that the court allowed the parent company to retain twenty-five of its subsidiary companies as largely unimportant. Just how much of a "shell" the shorn company was "can be gained from the fact that to-day the present Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey has attained an earning power greater than that before the thirty-three big subsidiaries were organized out of the parent company." In 1915, four years after the dissolution year, Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey earned $51,591,000 net on its $98,338,383 capital stock, or at the rate of 52 per cent. From 1899 to 1906, the years covered by the Government's dissolution suit, the old New Jersey company averaged $51,000,000 net annually, or $591,000 less than the shorn company earned in 1915. Of its present subsidiaries, Carter Oil Co., Imperial Oil Co. of Canada, and Standard of Louisiana are the most important. The complete list



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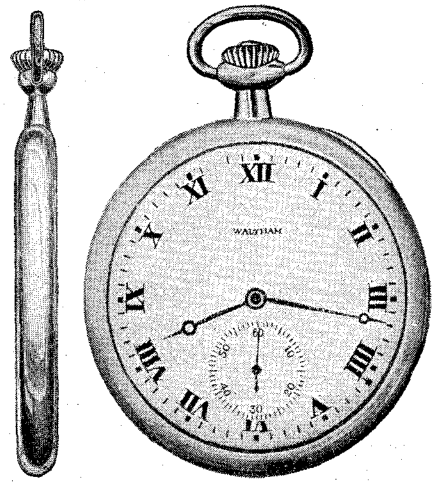

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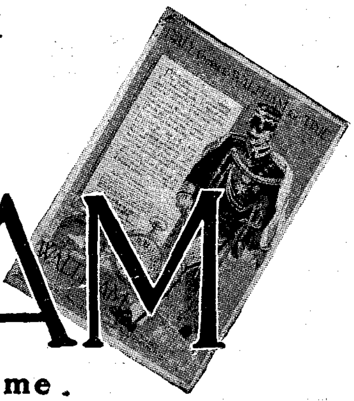

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Rock Island

was given by *The Journal* in the following table:

Company	*Capital Stock*	*Per Cent Owned by S. O. of N. J.*
American Petroleum	$3,140,000	51.3
Bedford Petroleum	350,000	99.3
Carter Oil	2,000,000	100.0
Clarksburg L. & H.	100,000	51.0
*Deutsch American	7,140,000	100.0
Gilbert & Barker	40,000	100.0
Hazlewood Oil	....	.....
Hope Natural Gas	500,000	100.0
Imperial Oil	50,000,000	80.0
Interstate Cooperage	200,000	100.0
Marion Oil	100,000	50.0
Oklahoma Pipe Line	5,000,000	100.0
Penna. Lubricating	50,000	60.0
People's Natural Gas	1,000,000	100.0
River Gas	190,000	52.6
Romana Americana	5,000,000	.....
S. O. Co. of Brazil	500,000	100.0
S. O. Co. of Louisiana	5,000,000	100.0
Soc. Italian American	1,000,000	60.0
Taylorstown Nat. Gas	10,000	30.0
Underhay Oil	25,000	98.8
United Oil	3,000,000	.....
West India Oil	3,000,000	99.3
West India Oil Ref.	300,000	50.0
West Va. Oil	200,000	50.6

*Reported to have been sold.

AS TO PAYING A WAR-DEBT BY CONSCRIPTION OF WEALTH

Cable dispatches have reported discussion in England, and newspapers have discust here, a suggestion that Great Britain, when the war is over, should make a drastic conscription of private wealth in order to write off at once the enormous cost of the war so that its burden of debt, with heavy taxes for years to come, shall not handicap British industry and enterprise in future generations. A writer in *Two Americas* notes that this demand first arose as a Radical measure and was then taken up by organized labor forces. Conservative property-owning elements had generally been inclined to oppose the idea, but in a reasonable way, without bitterness, so that "a remarkably dispassionate discussion was going on." The wisdom of the proposal was questioned on the ground of "its doubtful practicability of execution."

The writer sets forth some interesting phases of the subject. He writes that as the total capital wealth of Great Britain is estimated at from one hundred to one hundred and forty billion dollars, English economists are agreeing that "a levy of 10 to 12½ per cent. on every kind of property, if it could be done practically, would pay off the war-debt, which they say would amount to about fifteen billions if the war should end quickly, requiring, roughly, a billion dollars a year for interest payments alone, in addition to other taxation, which they say would bring Great Britain's annual requirement of taxation up to $2,500,000,000 a year." Radical advocates have urged that as the man-power of the country was conscripted for military services, without laying a burden on the future, British property should also give up its share at once and for all. Others who have argued for conscription with reference to its purely economic features have remarked that as the wealthy people of England will pay the bulk of the income taxes to support the service of the great debt in future, why should it not be made virtually a bookkeeping transaction, future payments being capitalized with present property.

The writer has found that the most effective opposition to the scheme comes from public men and economic authorities who regard the proposal as meriting every favorable consideration "but question how an 8 or 10 per cent. levy on capital wealth could be carried out."

"The wealth of England is not in money—it would be easy to take that—but in lands and houses, merchandise, stocks, going business enterprises. The owners of that capital wealth could not raise the money to pay. They might be compelled to turn over to the Government a share in their ownership, but if this were not liquidated, the debt of England could not be paid. And if the Government took an eighth of the lands, cattle, stocks, business equity, etc., of its wealthy people, how could it realize? While the advocates of the plan say that the realization is practicable, that much of the levy could be made against easily negotiable wealth and the rest could be effected as an adjustment or exchange of the war-bonds for properties and equities, those who ask the embarrassing questions have the advantage, because the questions are difficult to answer in a way to convince the doubtful."

A London correspondent of the New York *Times Annalist* remarks that "the idea that the war can be paid for by a levy on the capital wealth of the country has been found so engaging with the advanced school of political thought that the popularity is not altogether surprizing." Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, at a congress of British Trade Unions declared that he did not believe in the practicability of this particular specific for the financial and economic ills which the conflict had produced. Altho not totally rejecting the idea, he was "emphatic in his disapproval of any such revolutionary procedure while the war still absorbs every attention."

He "based his arguments chiefly on the danger to the credit structure should any endeavor be made to interfere with its foundations, and could clearly foresee a serious derangement of the fiscal machinery if the experiment were tried of causing capital to do something which it was never intended to do, and which, to the majority of people, must seem quite impracticable." The *Annalist* correspondent writes further on this topic:

"Capital is only income, the product of energy invested in a permanent form, and, when it has been so employed, it can not be used afresh for some totally new purpose. A great deal of confusion exists regarding wealth, or capital, and what actually represents it. The capitalized possessions of any nation consist of land, railways, buildings, works of art, and the heap of miscellaneous belongings of a modern community, and such other assets as it may have acquired in countries in need of development. 'He's worth a lot of money and could easily spare a part of his fortune,' is a remark frequently heard from the less thinking. And it is undoubtedly the popular idea that 'a man with money' always has it readily accessible; in fact, that it consists of currency rendering perfectly simple the business of applying it in any direction either voluntarily or under compulsion.

"It must be largely due to the fact that such notions are entertained that the capital levy, or tax on wealth, finds so many adherents, and until they can be dispossessed of such uneconomic doctrines the theory will continue to find many supporters. There are those who believe that the current war expenditure might be met by a tax on capital, and others who think the business of paying off the war-debt when the contest is ended can be accomplished by similar means. But both parties seem to be indulging in an entirely false reasoning. Immovable, or even portable, assets can not be used to pay daily maturing liabilities or to liquidate accumulated debts; not, at least, by any financial method which would be unlikely to cause a great deal of mischief.

"Those possest of property might be compelled by the Government to pay more taxation than their less fortunate, or perhaps only less thrifty, neighbors, but they can not accomplish that with any capital that has been already allocated. They would have to utilize income. No method exists by which property (securities represent property) can be turned back into liquid capital and applied to a fresh purpose. There can be no liquidation of assets in the sense referred to, only an exchange for currency, real or created, and if any sort of value is to be maintained, there must be a rigid limit to this sort of conversion, and no great turnover of property is possible, such as would be necessary to meet war liabilities from past accumulations. It is demonstrably true that the war can be paid for only with current income, a man giving his energies and receiving his reward from what he has produced. War expenditure is met by the continuous movement of income, and the size of that income is dependent on the nature of the effort which the nation is required to put forth. The condition of inflation which results, and which some writers can not refrain from bringing into the discussion, is hardly relevant: the same reasoning would seem to apply if the alternative of paying for the war after it is over by a tax on capital is the solution to be applied.

"There does not seem to be any feasible plan by which a portion of the existing national wealth can be thrown into a huge pool and used to cancel war-securities. Its conversion into some form of money would be necessary, and what the situation would be after the State had collected a vast amount of property, and distributed the equivalent of its assumed value to the holders of war-securities is beyond imagining. There is the suggestion that under the plan the holders of war-debt would merely surrender their bonds, but to differentiate between various classes of property would only make confusion worse confounded. The valuation alone would be a work of years, and might be rendered impossible by the modification of values to which the attempt to confiscate capital would inevitably lead, and by fluctuations resulting from general causes.

"What has been spent on the war must be paid for by current and future efforts and increased production. The liabilities can not be juggled out of existence."

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I've beamed when you hollered, "Oh, Girlie!"
I've hopped when you bellowed, "Oh, say!"
I've fallen for "Dearie" and "Missus,"
And everything else till to-day.
But there's one thing that's got to be different,
From now till the Great War is done—
Unless you're prepared for a riot,
You've got to quit calling me "Hun!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

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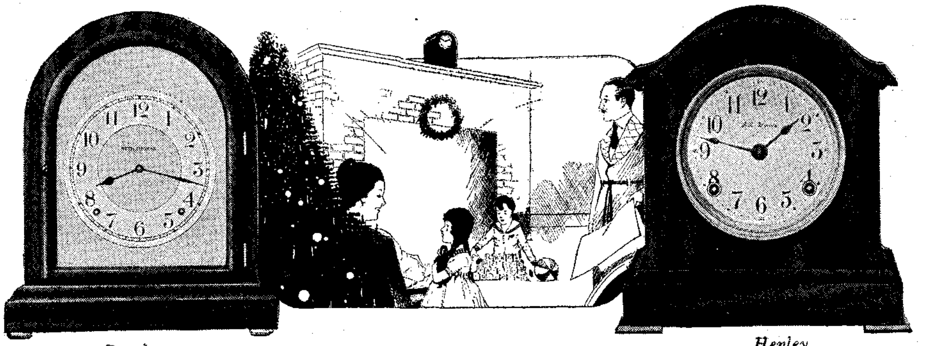
"What was it?" asked Jinks, eagerly.

"Why," said Brown, "whenever there's anything particular I want the missus to remember I write it on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking-glass."

Jinks is now a contented man.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*



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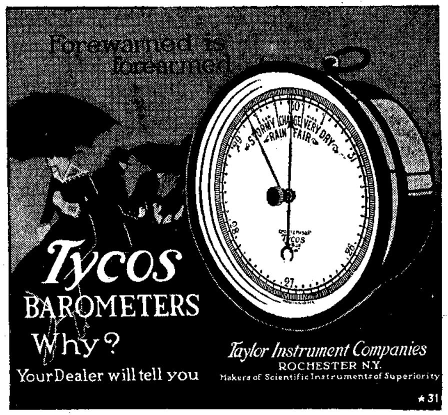

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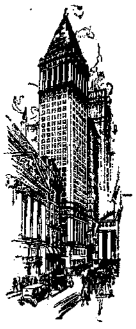

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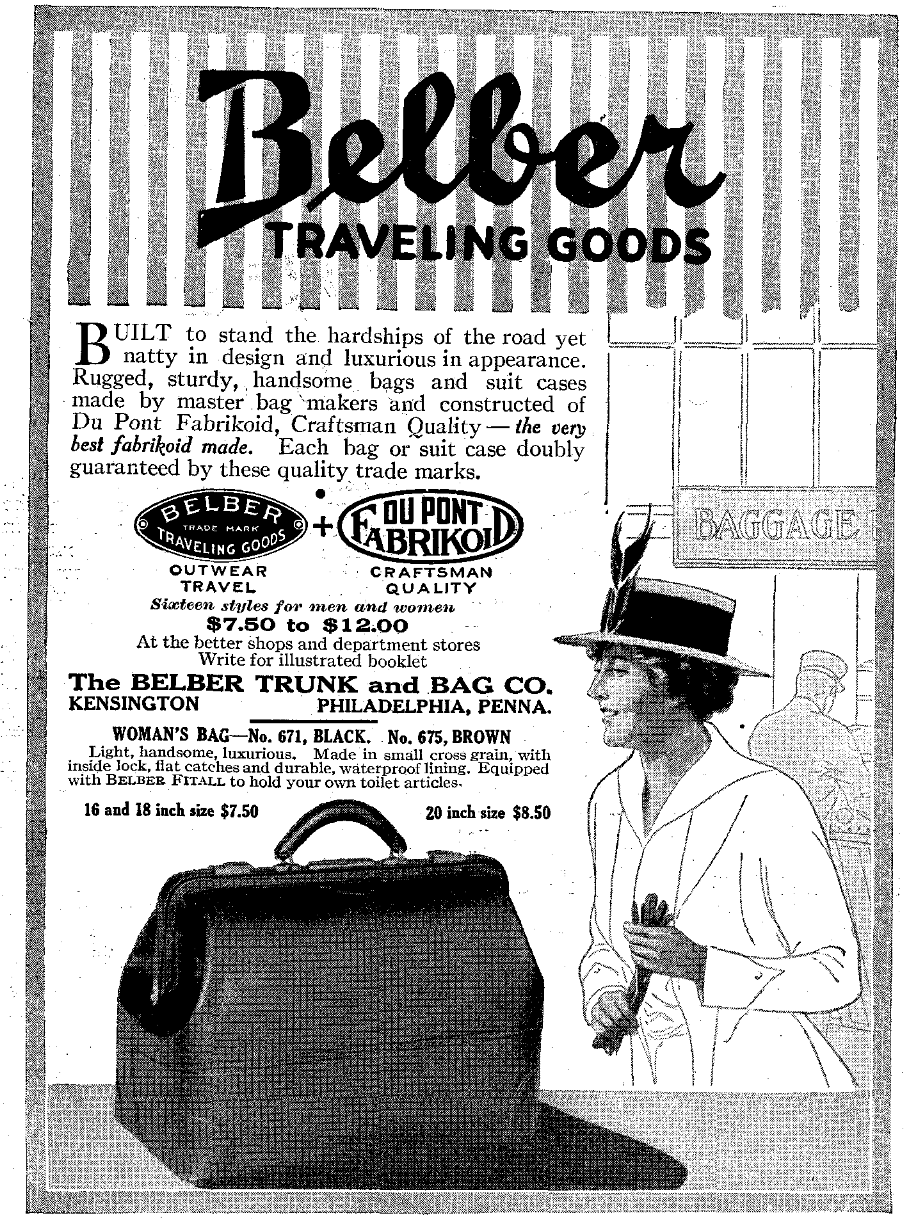

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

To SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—The LEXICOGRAPHER takes pleasure in citing the following extracts from a letter received from Dr. Marion Mills Miller concerning the quotation "You can fool some of the people some of the time, etc." Dr. Miller says: "Henry C. Whitney, a friend and legal colleague of Lincoln, is the said authority for the statement. . . . He noted the speech at Clinton, and gave his reasons why Lincoln must have uttered in it his saying about 'fooling the people.' The chief reason was that, when the maxim became current, several persons who had heard the Clinton speech declared that Lincoln had exprest the sentiment then and there. Unfortunately, Mr. Whitney did not give even the names of these persons, not to speak of securing their attested testimony, and from the circumstances attending the speech, its following hard upon the Freeport debate in which Lincoln had forced the shifty Douglas to the doctrine of 'unfriendly legislation' by the Territorial assemblies against slavery, as well as from the matter of the subject as reported in the *Pantagraph*, Whitney believed that the remembrance of these auditors was correct, and that the maxim was directed against Lincoln's opponent in the Senatorial race. . . . Whitney *assumed* that Lincoln had uttered the maxim, and that the place and time of its utterance were alone in question. Since he was a close friend of Lincoln, and knew all of Lincoln's friends, among whom the maxim became current in subsequent years as one of Lincoln's characteristic sayings, and since no one besides Lincoln ever laid claim to its paternity, this assumption seems to me to be quite warranted."

But this does not explain why the statement was made that the words in question appeared in a report in the Bloomington, Ill., *Pantagraph* of September, 1858, which, after all, is the point at issue. Dr. Miller shows clearly that we have no printed proof that Lincoln ever uttered the words commonly attributed to him, as pointed out by the LEXICOGRAPHER in THE LITERARY DIGEST of September 1, 1917.

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"H. G. F.," New York.—"Why does *The Congressional Record* print a comma after *yours* in 'Yours, truly' or after *sincerely*, in 'Sincerely, yours'?"

The LEXICOGRAPHER does not know, but finds the following forms of complimentary close in the Manual of Style in the Government Printing-Office, Washington, D. C. "Very respectfully"; "I am, very respectfully, yours," etc.; "I have the *honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant*"; "I am, General, your obedient servant." Writing on the subject in his "Effective Business Letters," Professor Gardner says (p. 43): "The complimentary close may be any one of the many courteous phrases dictated by custom. The usual forms are Yours truly, Yours very truly, Very truly yours, Yours respectfully, and Respectfully yours. . . . In personal matters the forms permissible in social letters, . . . Sincerely yours and Faithfully yours, may be used."

None of hand-books on style and punctuation consulted advocate or indicate the usage adopted by *The Congressional Record*, which appears to be arbitrary.

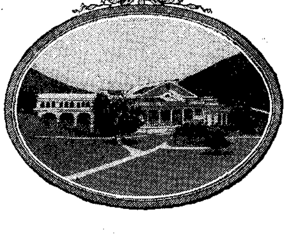
"A. U. U.," Pittsburg, Pa.—"In the sentence you submit *shall* is used to foretell or to express the opinion of the speaker. By substituting *should* you indicate a possibility, using the word in a conditional or subjunctive sense in which the idea of past time is completely lost. For an exposition of the use of *shall* and *will*, *should* and *would*, see THE LITERARY DIGEST for October 28, 1916, page 1142. You can no doubt consult this in the Pittsburg Public Library.

"L. K. O'B.," Corydon, Ind.—(1) The Secretary of the Treasury or the officer in charge of any one of the United States mints can tell you whether United States coinage of 1851, 1861, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1876, and 1877 are at a premium. (2) The "D" on coins is the mint mark of the Denver Mint. (3) Inquiries relative to the minting of certain coins should be addressed to the Treasury Department, Bureau of the Mint.

"W. P. P.," Mokpo, Korea.—(1) "A participle used as a noun may be preceded by the possessive case of a noun or pronoun." So rules Dr. James C. Fernald in his "English Grammar Simplified," p. 181. He adds "*His* buying the property was a mistake. This is the regular construction and any other would ordinarily be inaccurate. The same rule holds in the predicate. Do not say, 'What do you think of *him* selling the property?' but 'of *his* selling the property.'" (2) The word *limited* following the name of a company indicates that the liability of a partner or stockholder in the business is limited to the amount of capital contributed by him. (3) "S. O. S." has erroneously been explained as an abbreviation for "Suspend other service." It is nothing of the kind, but is an arbitrary code-signal summoning assistance, used because most easily transmitted. (4) The "Encyclopedia Britannica" was first published between 1768 and 1771 in Edinburgh, Scotland. It consisted of three volumes quarto. The second edition was begun in 1776 and completed in 1784. It consisted of ten volumes quarto, which were produced in eight years; the third edition, 1788, completed 1797 (eighteen volumes); the fourth, 1800, completed, 1810 (twenty volumes); the fifth, 1812, completed, 1817 (twenty volumes); the sixth, completed, 1823; the seventh begun 1827, completed, 1842 (twenty-one volumes); the eighth, 1853–1860; the ninth, 1875–1889 (twenty-four volumes); the tenth, 1902; the eleventh, 1903–1909 (twenty-nine volumes). An American edition was printed and copyrighted in the United States, 1910–1911.

"M. R.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—You will find the irregular active verb *see* conjugated affirmatively on pages 371 and 372 of Goold Brown's "Grammar of English Grammars," published by William Wood & Co., New York.

"J. F. H.," Easton, Md.—In the sentence "Beside dreadnoughts were also battle-cruisers and three *of them* were sunk," the words printed in italics refer to the cruisers. The word "there" is understood to follow "dreadnoughts." The use of "beside" is evidence that the writer wished to indicate that the cruisers were at or by the side of the dreadnoughts, otherwise, near-by, *not* that in addition to "the dreadnoughts there were cruisers, for then the preposition *besides* would have been used.



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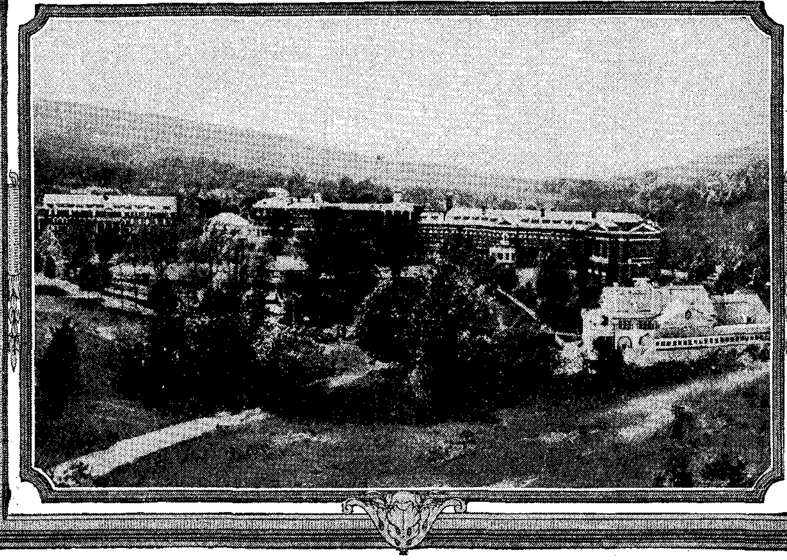

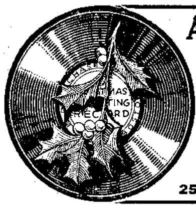

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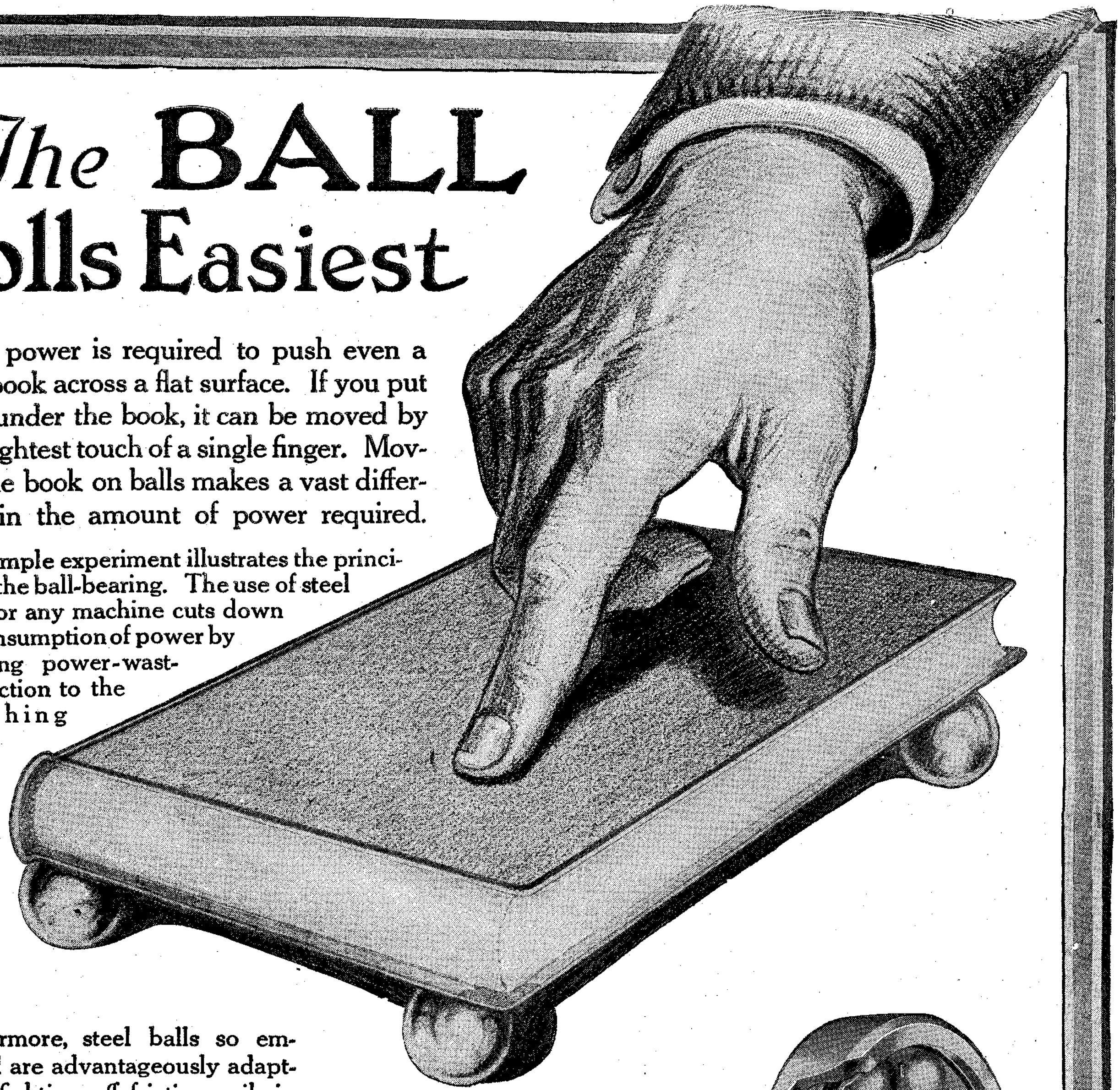

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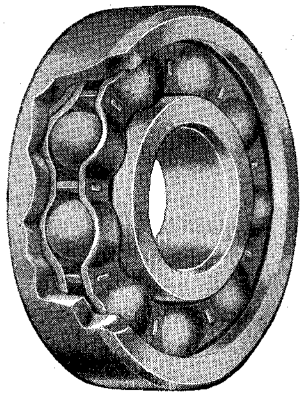

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